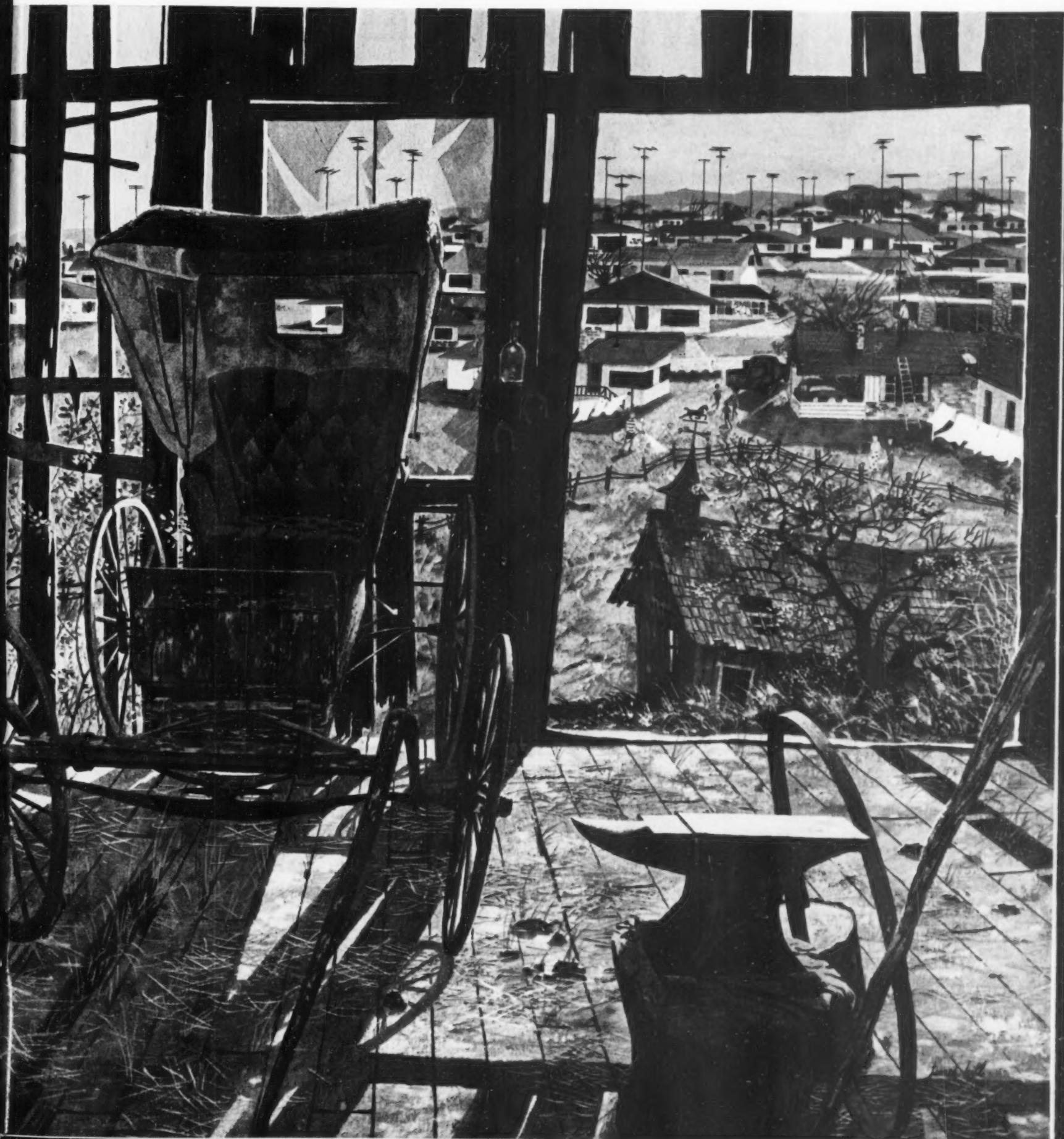


# MACLEAN'S

JUNE 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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CONTROVERSY

By ERIC HUTTON



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**T**o stimulate interest in the best Canadian fiction both in and beyond their own pages, the editors of Maclean's have announced the establishment of a continuing award for Canadian novels of high literary quality. Awards are available, effective immediately, to any Canadian citizen who writes a novel on any theme or in any setting which the editors feel should be brought to the attention of the widest possible audience. They are also available to non-Canadians whose novels carry a strong Canadian theme.

Each Award will be of five thousand dollars. The editors expect to make at least one Award each year and, if the entries so warrant, are prepared to make as many as three a year. Award-winning novels will be first published in Maclean's, possibly in the form of condensations or excerpts, but all further rights will revert thereafter to the authors, who will be free to make their own arrangements for book publication both in Canada and elsewhere.

Literary merit will be the chief criterion for Award-winning manuscripts. The editors are interested primarily in fresh and original creative writing; their dual purpose is to improve the quality of fiction in Maclean's and to offer added incentives for the writing and reading of good Canadian books.

Entries will be welcomed from professional, nonprofessional and part-time writers. A new Award will be granted each time the editors feel a submission justifies it, and each submission will be considered immediately, on its own merits.

There are no limitations of length. The editors realize that some excellent books are simply too long for magazine publication; in many such cases it is their hope that they and the author will be able to select and agree on portions which can be presented effectively in Maclean's in advance of complete book publication.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor of Maclean's and marked "Novel Award." They may be submitted directly by the author or through his agent or book publisher. All rejected manuscripts will be returned, but sufficient return postage must be included.

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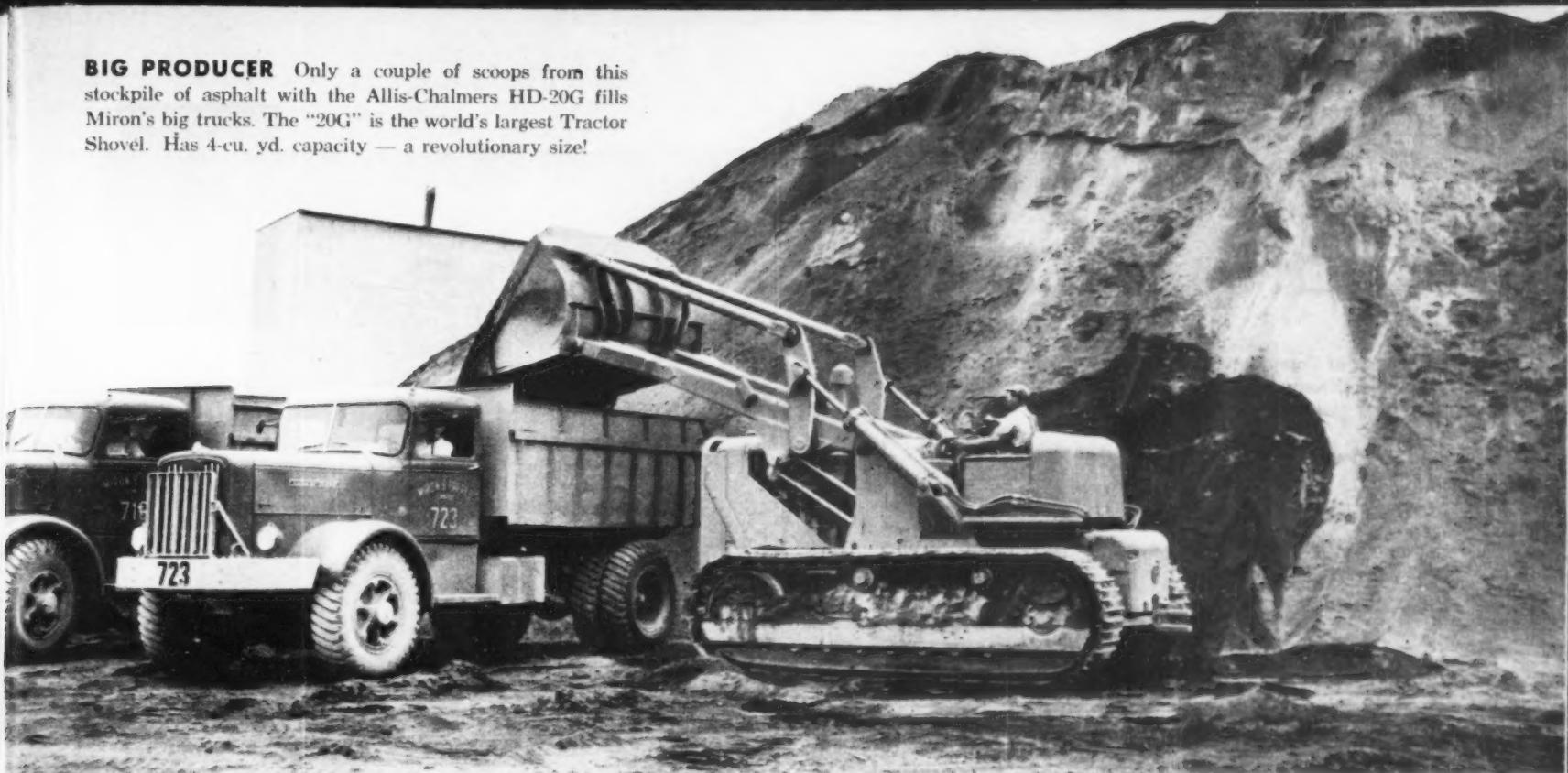
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Canada's great progress in recent years is dramatized by the phenomenal growth of Miron & Freres Ltd., Montreal, who went from a pick-and-shovel beginning to one of Canada's largest contracting firms.

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Just as Miron & Freres is a fast-growing concern, so is Montreal a fast-growing city — each has contributed to the other's progress. Businesses and communities throughout Canada depend on one another. They also can make rapid strides together by making full use of natural resources, modern operating methods and time-saving power equipment.

# How to enjoy a Safe Vacation

**Thousands of Canadians** are now looking forward to their vacations . . . relaxing on sunswept ocean shores, camping in cool mountain country, or fishing in clear blue lakes and streams.

No matter what point of the compass lures you, there are many things that you can do to make your vacation happy, healthful, and safe. Indeed, you can make your *entire* summer more enjoyable if you plan now against the hazards of this season. Some of these are listed below—with suggestions about how to guard against them or what to do if they should occur.



**Accidents in the water . . .** About half of the 1,200 drownings that take place each year occur during June, July, and August. Safety authorities say that many drownings could be prevented through these simple precautions: *never swim alone or when tired, overheated, or too soon after eating*. Above all, learn how to give artificial respiration, and always observe safety rules posted on beaches.



**Burns from the sun . . .** Never over-expose yourself to the sun, especially during the hottest part of the day. Begin your tanning with brief periods, no more than 10 minutes the first day, with gradual increases thereafter. If long periods are spent in the sun, use a sun-screening lotion or cream. Apply it after each swim—and every two hours while sunning.



**Injuries from outdoor activities . . .** Over-stretching can *strain* a muscle. Should this occur, rest the muscle and apply heat. Should a sudden wrench *sprain* a joint, it is best to elevate it and use cold applications. Cover bruises with an ice bag or coldcloths. Cuts and scratches should be treated promptly with an antiseptic such as 2-percent solution of iodine. Always have *deep wounds* and other serious injuries treated by a doctor.

**Hazards of the highway . . .** Too often automobile accidents mar the family vacation. So, have your car thoroughly checked for safety before starting off. Particular attention should be given to the steering wheel, brakes, tires, lights, horn, windshield wipers and door locks. Drive at a safe speed, obey all traffic signals, and stop driving or rest whenever you feel fatigued. Remember, even if you are driving safely, watch out for other cars.

**Moreover**, it is wise not to try to crowd too much activity into too little time. Take it easy . . . if you want your vacation to give you that refreshed, rested and relaxed feeling.

Finally, wherever you go—whatever you do—take along a newly stocked first-aid kit and a first-aid booklet. Metropolitan will be glad to send you a copy of its free booklet on the subject. This booklet tells how to handle many accidental injuries, emergencies and hazards of the summer and vacation season.

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## London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



## LITTLE MEN, SHARP SWORDS

**A**CCORDING to scientists the human race is growing taller. In fact when science is not engaged on preparing new devices for destroying man it is finding ways and means of prolonging his years and adding to his inches.

Yet, from my personal observation and a certain amount of historical research, I have reached the conclusion that the dynamic leadership of the world will continue to come—not from the six-footers, but from the five-foot-sevens. In manly pursuits the tall 'uns may excel but when it comes to controlling human destiny the little 'uns will take charge.

I was reminded of this when I had the pleasure of meeting President Tito on his official visit to London. Here was a man who, with a few thousand patriots, pinned down several German and Italian divisions in the war. Every day he walked with death and every night he slept with it. When the war was over he liquidated his rivals and formed a Communist dictatorship. He plundered the Roman Catholic Church and conducted trials on the approved Communist system. Stalin regarded him as one of the brightest jewels in his crown.

You will recall the astonishment and the doubts with which the world heard the news that he had broken with the Kremlin. The experts said that it was a trick to cheat the West. How could Yugoslavia, surrounded by hostile Soviet satellites, make open breach with the Communist Tsar in the Kremlin?

"He wants our dollars," said the Americans—and it was quite true. "He wants armaments from the West," said the British—and it was quite true. "I am a Communist," said Tito, "but I refuse to bow the knee to Russian imperialism"—and it turned out to be quite true.

Tito's defiance of the Kremlin was the biggest blow Stalin suffered after his rise to power. By that rebellious gesture Tito declared that Communism was not a creed which rose above national ambitions. "He is suffering from grandee-ism," said Stalin scornfully, but no pistol shots rang out in Belgrade.

Therefore when I was invited with other MPs to meet Tito I had more than the usual curiosity when a famous foreigner comes to London. Was he a mountebank or a genius, a patriot or an opportunist? My first answer to these questions is that he was of the required height for men of destiny—five foot seven.

He is thickset, but not gross. In fact he looks splendidly fit. But the most remarkable feature of his appearance is his face. First, it is healthily tanned which gives a sense of physical fitness. The features are strong and regular and his eyes are full of understanding. It was in no sense a brutal face. On the contrary it was calm, dignified and intelligent.

The Roman Catholics of Britain had inundated their MPs with letters of protest against his visit. Here was a man who was not only an enemy of freedom but an enemy of the Vatican. "Why did you rob the church of their lands?" asked one of my parliamentary colleagues. Without any hesitation Tito replied: "I took the land from the church and gave it to the peasants who are all Roman Catholics. So far there has been no move by the peasants to restore the land to the church."

He spoke English slowly, and quaintly, but he was prepared to answer anything. Undoubtedly he was much impressed by what he saw of Great Britain even if, as a matter of precaution, we gave a good imitation of a police state. The original idea of the visit seemed wrong but it came right. Of that I am certain.

But how was it that this man, this son of a peasant, was able to defy the Axis armies, seize power in a country that was monarchial in tradition, destroy his enemies, defy Stalin and build up the strongest military force in Central and Western Europe?

To help answer that query let us look at some of those who set the design for dictatorship. In January 1939 I went to Rome on the occasion of Neville Chamberlain's visit

*Continued on page 55*



**This man is his own worst enemy!** Yet most of us can sympathize with him—for most of us don't "run to the doctor" every time we have an ache or pain.

We're much more likely to say: "Oh, I'm all right. It's really nothing." Or to tell ourselves: "I'm too busy . . . haven't time to bother with doctors."

Yet, the man (or woman) who ignores seemingly minor symptoms often runs the risk of inviting much more serious ailments. That's

because most diseases thrive on neglect; the worst thing we can do is to ignore warning symptoms until it may be too late for the doctor to help.

Medical research in America today is writing one of the most heart-warming chapters in the story of mankind. Our great laboratories, our hospitals, universities, and a host of governmental and private organizations are cooperating as never before to improve our chances of living a longer, healthier life.

Your own doctor has at his disposal all of the discoveries, all of the knowledge, of modern medical science. But you are the only one who can put these vast resources to work to help you.

So next time you are tempted to ignore warning symptoms, remember that your greatest danger lies in neglect and delay. Remember—in your physician's hands, you're in good hands. But only by acting promptly can you take advantage of the help he can give you now.

*This message is published in the public interest by Parke, Davis & Company.*

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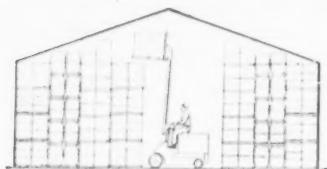
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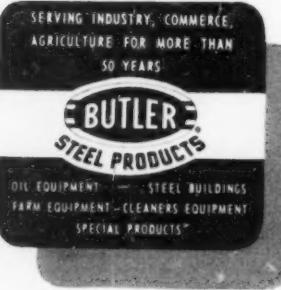
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## BACKSTAGE at Washington

### *A Vacancy on Massachusetts Ave.*

**B**Y AUTUMN Canada may have an entirely new team in Washington to deal with the new Eisenhower team in the U. S. Administration.

Hume Wrong has been Ambassador since 1946, when L. B. Pearson was recalled to Ottawa to become Under-Secretary for External Affairs. Even rumor doesn't say where he is going, but after seven years in one post it's taken for granted that he will be going somewhere.

Sidney D. Pierce, who is No. 2 man with the rank of minister, will leave by September to become ambassador in a South American capital. His destination has not been officially announced, since it has still to be cleared with the host government, but it's said to be Brazil.

John English, commercial counselor, is already back in Ottawa replacing George Heasman as director of the Trade Commissioner Service. (Heasman is off to Indonesia as Canada's first Ambassador to that brand-new country.) George Ignatieff, counselor, will be back at a desk in the East Block, Ottawa, by September. And those four men are the top of the Canadian diplomatic list in Washington. Next in seniority, among those now on duty at our embassy on Massachusetts Avenue, is a relative newcomer, Douglas Lepan.

Friendly observers of other nationalities think it's just as well that the Canadian Embassy will have a new set of tenants. They say the present group in general, and Ambassador Wrong in particular, are too closely identified with the Acheson regime to get on well with the Republicans.

Hume Wrong and Dean Acheson

son, President Truman's Secretary of State, have been friends since childhood, when Wrong's father was one of Acheson's teachers. Canadian officials say this has never meant any advantage to Canada so far as getting favors is concerned—indeed, they say the two old friends rather leaned over backwards not to seek any advantage of each other. But it did mean a very close personal contact which, if it did nothing else, helped to keep Ottawa extraordinarily well informed about American policies and intentions.

Canadians have no complaint about the way they are treated by the Republican regime. Many Canadians, and notably L. B. Pearson, have known John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower's Secretary of State, for years. But such close friends of the arch-foe Acheson can't help but be suspect, if not to a friendly Republican Secretary of state, at least to a hostile Republican senator.

At the slightly lower levels in the State Department where the personnel is still unchanged, there's a different hazard.

"It's very misleading to talk to old friends here," said an official from Ottawa. "You always find them very glum and pessimistic nowadays. But you can't be sure whether it's because they think the world is going to hell in a handbasket, or just because they think the Republicans are going to fire them."

**AN UNPUBLISHED TOPIC** of conversation during Prime Minister St. Laurent's visit was the question: "Does the United States really want a truce in Korea?"

There were those in Washington who didn't *Continued on page 85*



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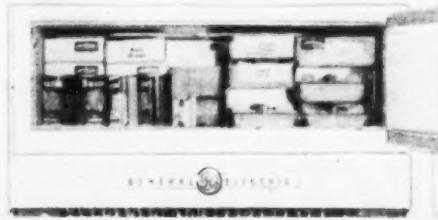
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 15, 1953

# THE FIGHT OVER VITAMIN E

BY ERIC HUTTON

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

FOR THREE YEARS now a Huntsville, Ont., lumber wholesaler named Patrick McIlroy has been keeping a grim box score. In that time thirty-three of his friends—local residents and summer home owners in that Muskoka resort area—have suffered heart attacks. Twenty of them have recovered, thirteen have died. "The twenty who are alive," McIlroy told me, "were treated with Vitamin E. The thirteen who are dead were not treated with Vitamin E."

McIlroy takes more than the average layman's interest in the fate of his friends because he credits Vitamin E with saving his own life, and he has become an enthusiastic missionary for Vitamin E. "I was as near death as a man can be," he said. "My doctor said there was nothing more he could do for me. I had about twenty-four hours to live when Dr. Wilfrid Shute, vacationing nearby, was called. That was three years ago. Today I'm not only alive, but pretty spry for a man of sixty-four."

By believing that Vitamin E saved his life, and by saying so to others, McIlroy has taken sides in one of the most violent and baffling controversies in the history of Canadian medicine. The basic battle lines of the controversy are well defined:

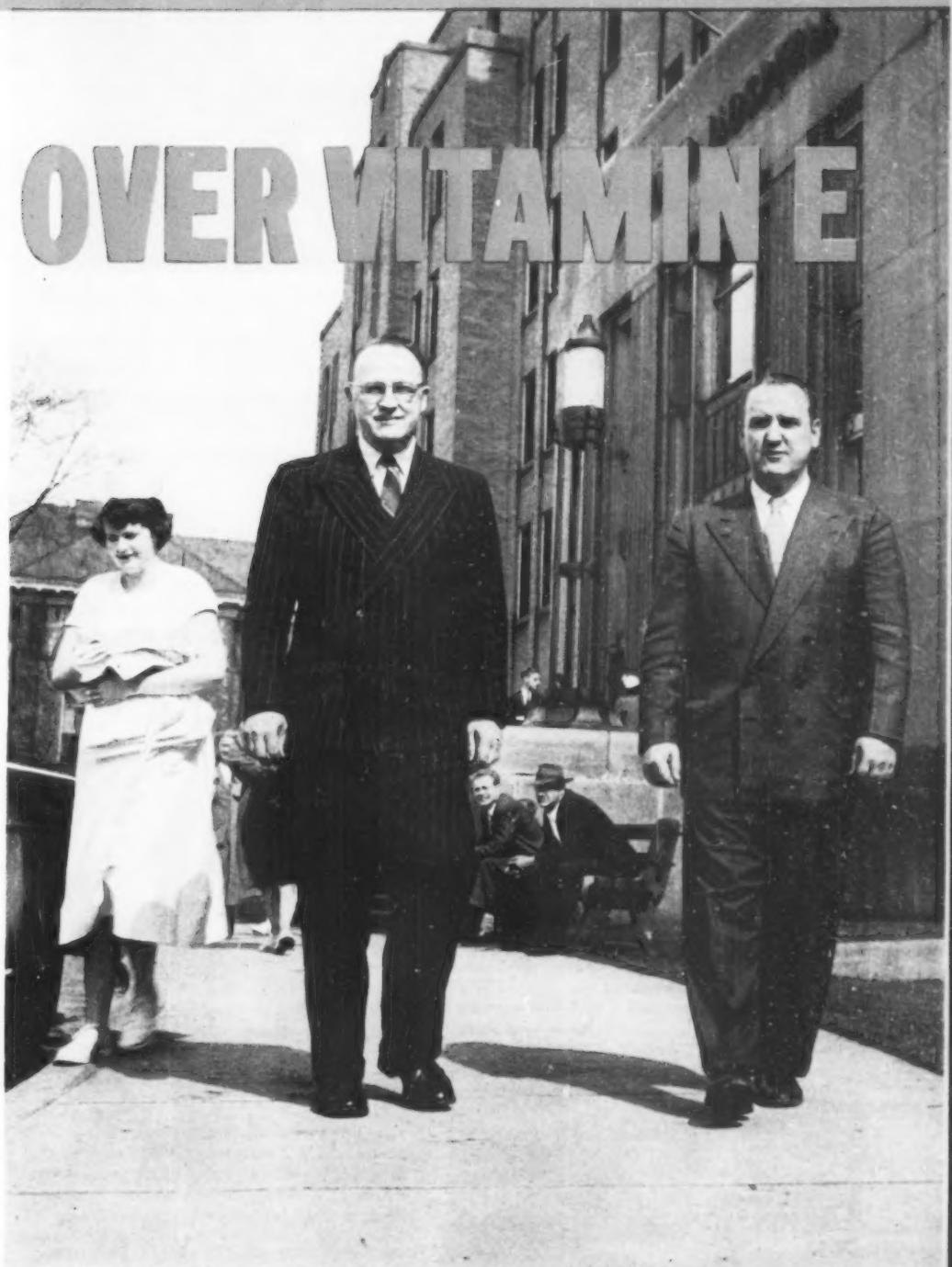
On the one hand, Dr. Evan Shute and Dr. Wilfrid Shute of the Shute Institute for Clinical and Laboratory Medicine, London, Ont., claim that Vitamin E administered according to their procedures is an effective treatment for diseases of the heart and blood vessels. They claim that in the last seven years they have treated ten thousand persons with "excellent" to "satisfactory" results in more than three out of four cases. They say they have collected one hundred and twenty-eight papers published in medical and scientific journals in the United States, Britain, Italy and other countries describing clinical and laboratory tests of Vitamin E which partly or wholly support their findings. The Shutes claim that they offer the full documentation of their methods, experiences and case histories to any doctor or medical group as well as offering for examination and interview all their patients who agree to be examined and questioned.

Many other Canadian doctors, eminently qualified and eminently reputable, either discount the Shutes' claims for Vitamin E entirely or maintain that the claims have not yet been scientifically proved.

Seven months after the Shutes started to use Vitamin E on their heart patients, they were summoned before the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, the governing body of all physicians practicing in Ontario. The Shutes submitted briefs, case histories and a diary of their experiences with Vitamin E. These documents the council turned over to a committee of six medical professors, two each from the Universities of Western Ontario, Toronto and Queen's. On the same day the committee made its report:

"On evidence submitted the committee is convinced that Vitamin E has no place in the treatment of cardiovascular (heart and blood vessel) disease."

Two years later a test was conducted at Toronto



Dr. Evan Shute, left, and Dr. Wilfrid Shute leaving Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.

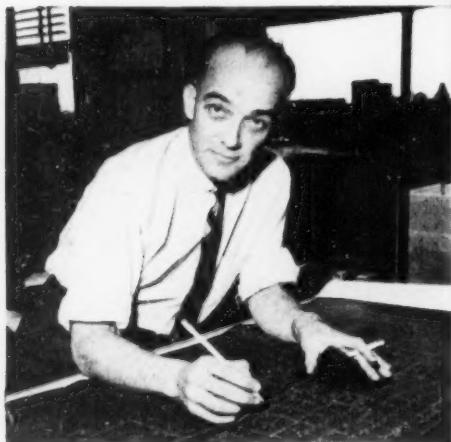
These two doctors claim that a vegetable extract called Vitamin E helps many heart cases and in seven years they've treated ten thousand patients. But the official medical view is that the substance has not been proved of value in treating heart disease. A layman examines the bitter controversy behind this stalemate

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

**Although many heart doctors say it's useless, these people are convinced that Vitamin E helped them**



**Mrs. R. J. Shute, 78, mother of the two "Vitamin E doctors":** "My heart was so bad I couldn't walk across a room. I was gardening four weeks after I started taking Vitamin E."



**Harold Magnan, engineer:** "An attack of heart trouble made me go straight to bed after work each day. I could feel improvement after three months on Vitamin E. Now I golf."



**Peter Bauslaugh's mother:** "At fifteen months Peter, a 'blue baby,' couldn't play without fainting. Vitamin E cured that and built him up for an operation. Now he is quite an average normal schoolboy."



**Mary Salmond:** "Coronary thrombosis put me on my back for four months and I was told never to work again. After Vitamin E treatment I've been back at my job in a Toronto carpet plant for five years."



**Father C. A. MacKinnon:** "Phlebitis in my legs made me a bed case. The Shutes treated me with Vitamin E and now I find that I can put in an average priest's day comfortably."

General Hospital. Of fifty consecutive patients admitted with various conditions resulting in heart failure, half were given a daily dosage of three hundred international units of Vitamin E. The other half were given capsules similar in appearance but containing no active ingredient. When the test had proceeded for seven months a report was issued stating that there was no significant difference in the death rate (five in one group, six in the other), or process of recovery between the group treated with Vitamin E and the group not so treated.

The Shutes regard the report of the professors to the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, and the Toronto General Hospital report, as the reasons why the majority of Canadian doctors do not prescribe Vitamin E, why Vitamin E therapy is not taught in Canadian medical schools, and why little research is being done on the effects of Vitamin E in this country. They deny the validity of both reports but meanwhile they claim to be treating more cardiovascular patients every year, with "living proof" of success in more than three out of four cases.

Dr. W. F. Greenwood, who conducted the hospital test, recently stated that he had followed up the patients involved in the test for several months after the report was made public and had "found no reason to modify the original findings."

Perhaps the strangest fact about the Vitamin E controversy is that seven years after it started it remains current and hot. As this is written, two groups of English doctors are politely calling each other names in the austere columns of *The Lancet*, the widely known British medical journal, over the question of whether Vitamin E is good for intermittent claudication.

This disease belongs in the vascular branch of cardiovascular diseases. It results in severe crippling pain and weakness in the legs, caused by arteriosclerosis or by spasm of the blood vessels, due to an inadequate supply of blood to the muscles. Dr. A. M. Boyd, professor of surgery of Manchester University, checking a claim made by the Shutes that Vitamin E helped intermittent claudication, formed a team with three medical associates, Dr. R. P. Jepson, Dr. A. H. Ratcliffe and Dr. G. W. H. James, to put Vitamin E to the test. They published in the *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery* their finding that Vitamin E "is the only substance that has given consistently good results . . . of seventy-two patients, twenty-seven were completely relieved and thirty-two were markedly improved."

Next, Dr. M. Hamilton of St. Mary's Hospital, London, Dr. G. M. Wilson of the University of Sheffield, and two members of the statistical unit of the Medical Research Council, divided forty-one patients with intermittent claudication into treatment and control groups. One group was given "blank" capsules containing peanut oil, the other got Vitamin E in similar capsules. This medical team reported in *The Lancet*:

"No appreciable difference was found between the response of the two groups. It is concluded that Vitamin E is of no value in the treatment of intermittent claudication."

Since then both groups have written to *The Lancet*, Professor Boyd and Co. (a) defending Vitamin E's efficacy and (b) attacking Dr. Hamilton's "negative methods"; Dr. Hamilton and his associates (a) attacking Vitamin E and (b) defending their clinical methods.

On the layman's level, however, it is difficult for a man like Cyril Ford, of 83 Laws Street, Toronto, to agree that "Vitamin E is of no value in the treatment of intermittent claudication." Ford is a postman, a strapping six feet three inches tall and weighing more than two hundred pounds. Last Christmas was anything but a festive season for Ford; at the time when his bag was heaviest, his legs gave out from intermittent claudication. He was in imminent danger of having to quit his job, since he could scarcely hobble three blocks. "It was torture," Ford told me. "I was like a man with one leg three inches shorter than the other. In fact, I was completely crippled."

Mrs. Ford, a former nurse, heard from her sister,

a Windsor, Ont., nurse, of cases of intermittent claudication she had seen relieved by Vitamin E. Ford visited the Shutes and was put on Vitamin E, he told me. "Two weeks later the pain was gone," he added. I spoke to Ford on April 17, a few minutes after his return from an early vacation. "Day before yesterday," he told me, "I climbed seven miles up and down through Mammoth Cave, Kentucky—without so much as a twinge of pain."

Again from the layman's viewpoint, it might seem a fairly simple matter to determine, once and for all, whether a specific substance checks certain diseases. But hundreds of laboratory and clinical experiments still leave Vitamin E a controversial subject. Recently Distillation Products Industries, manufacturers of basic vitamin materials and a division of Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N.Y., issued a compilation of all known Vitamin E research throughout the world during 1950 and 1951—some six hundred medical, chemical, pharmacological and veterinary findings. There were forty-five reports on cardiovascular diseases by researchers other than the Shutes, thirty-eight of them wholly or partly favorable to Vitamin E, seven of them derogatory.

It was typical of these reports that while Dr. V. R. O'Connor felt called upon to report in *Medical World* "twenty-five case histories, illustrative of many others, showing the invariable and sometimes dramatic beneficial effects of Vitamin E treatment of various types of heart disease," Dr. S. H. Rinzler and his associates, after testing nineteen pairs of patients with chest pains from heart disease, found that "the results fail to indicate benefits of Vitamin E."

There the baffled layman might well let the matter lie as just another case of "the doctors disagree"—if the dispute were over some rare or obscure disease. But it happens that the diseases which the Shutes claim to combat, by methods they say any general practitioner could master in a very short time, are the diseases which today kill more people than any other single cause of death. This year forty thousand Canadians will die of cardiovascular diseases. In the past fifteen years cardiovascular diseases have killed, on the average, a thousand more Canadians each year than during the previous year.

#### Getting By on Less Oxygen

Vitamin E, the subject of this life-or-death controversy, is a highly concentrated vegetable product made by distillation from wheat germ, soy beans, margarine byproducts and other vegetable sources. One carload of raw material is converted into two and one fifth pounds of Vitamin E.

It has one noncontroversial use: It is a fertility agent—in fact, it was first known as the fertility vitamin. It is also used by a number of obstetricians against pre-natal complications.

The Shutes' theory about Vitamin E is this: It is not specifically a heart medication; that is, Vitamin E has no affinity for the heart as insulin has for the pancreas or iodine for the thyroid gland. The chief effect of Vitamin E is to reduce the amount of oxygen which the cells and tissues of the body and its organs require for efficient, healthy functioning. Heart diseases happen to be the most dramatic example of the result of oxygen deprivation, and Vitamin E's effect, simply stated, is to condition the tissues involved so that they are able to function normally, or at any rate to survive, on the greatly reduced amount of oxygen available to them when a coronary clot cuts down the oxygen-bearing blood supply reaching them.

Even more simply stated, it is as though a man suddenly found himself able to obtain only one meal a month. Normally, he would quickly die of starvation. But if he could find a pill which reduced his body's need for food to one meal a month, then his extremely limited food supply would not cause disaster.

In keeping with their theory that Vitamin E enables body cells to survive and function on a reduced oxygen supply, the Shutes and other investigators claim it is effective in a wide variety of other conditions: burns, *Continued on page 75*

## Not taking sides, says Medical Association

**Because Drs. Evan and Wilfrid Shute and their supporters have been quoted extensively in Eric Hutton's article, and because of the controversial nature of their statements, Maclean's asked the Canadian Medical Association if it would care to comment on the article. The association's comment follows.**

THE Canadian Medical Association welcomes the opportunity to comment on Mr. Hutton's provocative article. The assessment of new medical products is a complex and difficult undertaking which for its proper discharge requires extensive laboratory and clinical facilities. As such facilities are not maintained by the association, we do not undertake to evaluate remedies or methods of treatment. In conformity with this policy no declaration on the merits of alpha-tocopherol in the treatment of heart disease or any other condition has been made and hence it is axiomatic that the Canadian Medical Association does not endorse or condemn the use of this substance in the hands of the medical profession.

It follows that the suggestion is unfounded that pressure has been brought to bear on doctors to prevent their use of Vitamin E in their practices. Canadian physicians are free agents in deciding for themselves what medicine best suits the particular needs of their patients and any infringement of this right would be rigorously resisted.

The history of recent discoveries of new drugs and other agents for the treatment of disease shows clearly the pattern of medical reaction and the manner in which a new treatment eventually finds its true place in established practice. Some new drugs are accepted universally and rapidly by the medical profession, particularly if they prove useful in treating a common disease. Penicillin and insulin are examples of immediate acceptance and both have proved invaluable. Some are accepted immediately and with enthusiasm only to prove eventually to be of limited use. Cortisone, or Compound E, is such a one. The medical profession and lay public were led to believe that a cure for certain forms of chronic arthritis was at hand. It has now been found that it is an aid but does not cure rheumatoid arthritis; there are very definite limitations to its use and it is finding its proper level in the treatment of a variety of conditions.

Although most worthwhile discoveries are accepted rapidly, occasionally the acceptance is slow and it may take several years to arrive in common use. There may be many factors causing this and one must not believe that prejudice, if it exists, is going to deter a doctor for very long from

using a drug which makes a patient well. Actually when one reviews the history of inoculations and the pasteurization of milk one finds the public is quite capable of developing its own strong prejudices.

This process of investigation and assessment of new therapeutic substances is the method by which their true worth is established. Divergent views are commonly expressed and this may convey to lay observers the impression that doctors are resistant sceptics since it contrasts so markedly with their own enthusiastic reception of new treatments in which their experience is limited. Endorsement by testimonial is no substitute for objective appraisal at the hands of individual doctors in their own practices.

The psychological lift which many patients experience when a new substance is prescribed with assurance is a well-known phenomenon. All investigators are aware of it and they rely on longer periods of observation and on the analysis of end results to determine whether the original improvement is sustained. In so stating it is not the intention to belittle the importance of psychogenic factors in the treatment of disease, but to emphasize that any testing procedure must rest on objective rather than subjective findings.

Your readers may be assured that there is no conspiracy on the part of the organized medical profession to discredit the advocates of Vitamin E. It is true that in 1946 an article submitted to the Canadian Medical Association Journal was not accepted, but in this instance the manuscript was accompanied by a demand for immediate publication and, in the opinion of the editor, the paper did not warrant this priority. Two recent annual meetings of the Ontario Division have provided the opportunity for proponents of Vitamin E therapy to present their findings. No branch society has been denied the right to hear the topic discussed.

It is our hope that this statement will serve to correct the impression that the Canadian Medical Association has taken sides in a controversy so graphically and emotionally portrayed in this article.

Vitamin E will find its true place in the realm of therapeutic agents when the physicians of the world have made a careful appraisal in their own practices based on their own observations. ★

# THE CORPSE THAT HOAXED THE AXIS

How could the British secret service believe that one dead Englishman with a phony name and some incriminating letters would hoodwink the German High Command? The astonishing fact is that "Major Bill Martin" did exactly that. Here is the most fascinating spy story of World War II



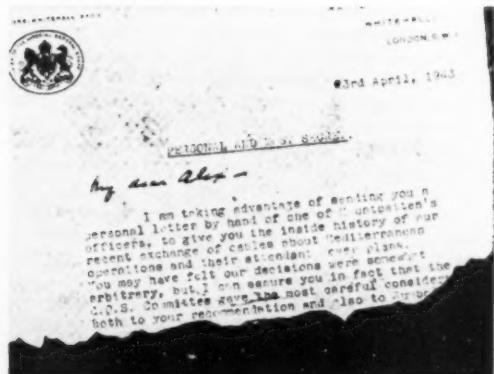
A former naval intelligence officer and now Judge Advocate of the Fleet, Montagu, who is fifty-two, planned and guided the amazing mission of "Major Martin."



PART ONE

BY THE HON. EWEN E. S. MONTAGU

These Letters and Documents Held the Seeds of the Audacious Plot



This personal letter to Gen. Alexander from Sir Archibald Nye carried vital "news" that the Allies would be invading Sardinia, not Sicily.

**I**N THE graveyard of the Spanish town of Huelva, one hundred and thirty miles north of Gibraltar on the Atlantic coast, there lies a British subject. He died alone in the foggy damp of England in the autumn of 1942.

As he died he would never have believed that he would lie for ever under the sunny skies of Spain after a funeral with full military honors. Or that he would, after death, render a service that probably saved many thousands of British and American lives.

In life he had done nothing for his country. After his death he did more than most of us have done by a lifetime of service.

Here, then, is the full and true story of one of the best-kept and most fascinating secrets of the war.

It discloses the details of an exploit which succeeded beyond our wildest hopes in misleading not only the German generals and admirals who directed the war but even Hitler himself. Its success can be measured in the words of Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel whose personal papers contain an admission that, when the Western Allies invaded Europe through Sicily in 1943, the German defenses were led astray "as a result of a diplomatic courier's body being washed up off Spain."

The tale begins in the autumn of 1942 when the invasion of North Africa was moving forward steadily to victory. By November the planners were facing the momentous decision: after North Africa where do we strike next in the Mediterranean?

The decision had already been made tentatively: Sicily. The secret code name Husky had already been given to the plan. The problem was how to conceal from the enemy where the blow would fall. Not merely to conceal the facts but to mystify and dupe him into believing that it would be elsewhere than in Sicily. If we could do so we would fox him into withdrawing vitally needed strength from Sicily and scattering it in distant places.

Our plan began as the result of a talk between a brother officer and myself. We were both concerned with questions of the security of intended operations. Our job was to prevent leakage of Allied intentions during the time of preparation. But it developed into much more than that.

It seemed to everyone that the Germans would be bound to "appreciate" that Sicily was an objective that would have to be taken and their preparations would be based on that assumption. How could we convince them otherwise?

Some time previously when a new order had been issued to try to prevent officers traveling by air from carrying secret papers, one member of our team had suggested we might one day drop a dead man with his pockets full of doctored papers which the Germans might accept as genuine. This idea

had been discarded at the time but now it came up again. Why not take advantage of the fact that officers were continually being flown around the coast of Spain to North Africa?

The security of Operation Husky was important enough for us to hope to be able to arrange for the body to be placed in the sea by a submarine, flying boat, or even warship. If it floated ashore in Spain it was a good bet that any papers on the body would fall into the hands of the German espionage organization which we knew had penetrated Spain so completely.

But first there were many practical questions to answer—most of them answerable only by a pathologist of great experience. The obvious man to consult was Sir Bernard Spilsbury, honorary pathologist to the Home Office and Britain's foremost medico-legal expert. I went to his club, the Junior Carlton, and over a sherry I asked him about the signs and physical changes detectable in bodies of persons who died in accidents at sea.

My reasons were these. When a man drowns his lungs fill with water. A dead man does not breathe and if his body is placed in the sea the lungs remain empty. If we wished to imply that our body had crashed into the sea in an aircraft, it might be possible for the finder, at a post mortem, to establish that the body was dead when it entered the water because the lungs would be empty. The finder would suspect a "plant" and our plan might be exposed.

Sir Bernard was encouraging. "It is a fact," he said, "that many people who die when an airliner crashes into the sea do actually die from shock and are therefore lifeless when they come to float in the water. Their lungs are empty."

So far so good. But we still had to find a suitable body. Very tentatively we opened enquiries in Service medical circles. It was a very odd question we had to ask. Could we obtain possession of a body whose cause of death could be confused with shock or drowning or injury?

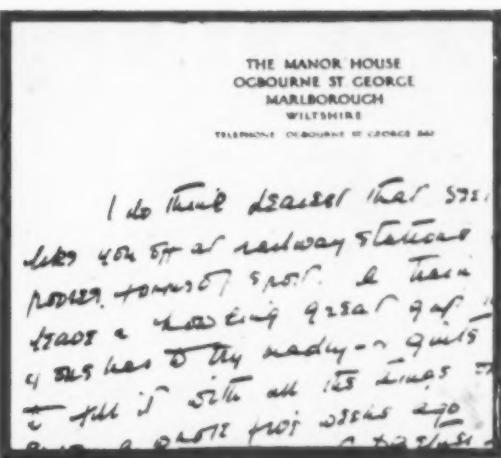
We encountered deep suspicion, but finally a report came through about someone who had just died from pneumonia in which form of death there is liquid in the lungs.

Feverishly we searched through his personal records. His next of kin were alive and we decided to take a chance on their agreeing to our plan. We could not disclose its details but it could be made clear how vitally important to the nation it was that we should have the body.

After much discussion we obtained the necessary consent, but only on an undertaking that the true identity of the body would always remain secret. All I need say here is that the dead man, who was in his early thirties, from that time forward became "Major William Martin, Royal Marines."

I again consulted *Continued on page 56*

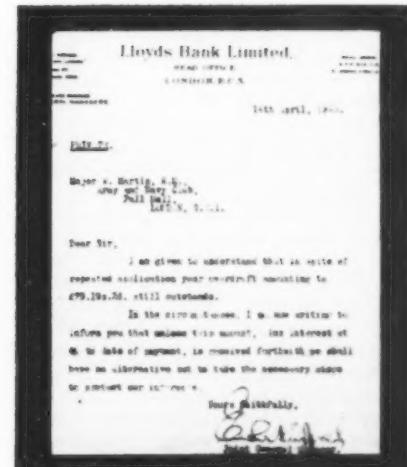
## Even a Romance was Cooked Up in a Masterpiece of Deception



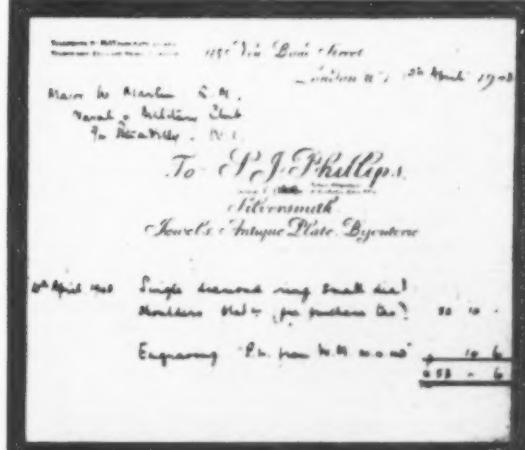
Love letters with an amazingly authentic ring were written by girls at War Office.



This was "Pam," the girl in the dead man's wallet. She said that she adored diamonds.



At left: Admiral Mountbatten wrote to Admiral Cunningham establishing "Martin's" bona fides. Above: Lloyds Bank obligingly wrote to inform the Major that his account was sadly overdrawn.



Jeweler's bill for an engagement ring was added — a solid reason for the overdraft.

# ANNA HAD TO BE A CLOWN

**Claudia Anna Russell-Brown tried hard to scale the concert stage but sooner or later the audience started to laugh. So she became just Anna Russell and made her flair for the hilarious pay off at the box office**

By CLYDE GILMOUR

PHOTO BY PAUL ROCKETT

**B**OTH THE folly and the futility of resisting manifest destiny are clearly exemplified in the bizarre career of Anna Russell, the Canadian concert comedienne.

Today there is substantial evidence that millions on both sides of the international boundary consider her one of the funniest women in the world. She is a star of stage, television and recordings, and will appear on Broadway this fall in her own intimate revue. Her devastating take-offs of such species as the shrieking Wagnerian soprano and the morose cabaret *chanteuse* are enjoyed alike by the sophisticated and the naïve.

Yet the ironic truth is that she herself endeavored for years to become exactly the kind of dead-serious *artiste* whom she now lampoons with such hilarious results. Fortunately her irrepressible flair for the ludicrous was forever sabotaging her own classical performances, so she finally quit trying to be serious. Now her audiences laugh with her instead of at her.

Her entire life has been a pattern of good-humored revolt against her environment. An incorrigible tomboy and chatterbox in her formative years in England, when she was Claudia Anna Russell-Brown, the first girl in three generations of stiff professional soldiers, she was educated to be a refined gentlewoman, perhaps eventually a governess. Her parents' plans, however, were rudely jolted when she was expelled from a school in Sussex after handing the frosty headmistress an *apologia* consisting of various exalted sentiments written in tidy Gothic script on a scroll of toilet paper fifty yards long.

She later became a London debutante. But if, like the other girls in her set, she was hoping to catch a rich husband, she was quickly disappointed. She was too tall ("damned near six feet on my high heels"), too massive ("I weighed 180 in those days and was strong as a Percheron mare"), and too boisterous to enchant the young bluebloods of her generation. Even when she was presented at court in Buckingham Palace, one June evening in 1934, an incongruously farcical incident sullied the dignity of the occasion. One of the wind players in the orchestra, spurred by a dare from another musician who knew the young lady, blew a coarse "razzberry" just as she was in the act of curtseying before George V and Queen Mary. She giggled and almost fell over.

At London's Royal College of Music the ob-

streperous Anna studied voice, piano, and composition for five years. She became a competent pianist and developed into a soprano good enough to sing regularly over the BBC and to present a respectable solo recital in Wigmore Hall. All the while, though, she had difficulty in keeping a straight face, and so did her audiences. Even when she tried her utmost to be completely serious, something was always happening to involve her in buffoonery.

Once, as Santuzza, the despondent peasant lass in Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, she tripped and crashed heavily into a prop church in a Birmingham production of the opera, bringing the scenery down in ruins across the footlights. At a Coronation Day concert in 1937, she stepped forward to sing an excerpt from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and looked so much bigger and fiercer than the pint-sized conductor and the trumpet soloist who were standing near her that the audience spontaneously burst into laughter. They kept on snickering all during the aria. Probably never before in the history of the oratorio had *Let the Bright Seraphim* been presented as a comedy number.

## Something Fabulous Would Happen

"I'm afraid I just don't sell *any* kind of earnestness," Anna remarked recently in explaining how and why she became a musical cartoonist who has been widely acclaimed as one of the most amusing entertainers now before the public. Apart from her singing satires she also lampoons piano styles and does a very funny skit on *How to Play the French Horn*.

"Any time I even thought of giving a performance that was meant to be taken solemnly something *fabulous* would happen." Frequent use of italics and capitals is necessary to reproduce Anna's intense conversation. "Somehow I just *knew* it was going to turn out absurdly; I could *feel* it coming on; and I would give the show away. I couldn't fool the audience for *ten seconds*. They'd be *on* to me in a flash and laughing their heads off, and of course the conductor and my colleagues would be dying a thousand *deaths* and wishing they'd never been *BORN*! It was most unfair to the poor dears, really, and I would always *hate* myself in the morning."

The turning point in her career came in 1939.

Her first marriage, to a rather sober-sided musician who played the French horn in the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, wasn't working out very well. Her father, Col. Claude Russell-Brown, DSO, a retired army officer, had just died in England. Her mother, the former Beatrice Magdalen Tandy, of Kingston, Ont., had returned to her native Canada. Anna followed her across the Atlantic for what she thought would be a temporary visit, and never went back.

Within a year she had an apartment in Toronto and was doing a bit of singing around town, most of it conventional in style. Tenor William Morton, now teaching in Vancouver, remembers however that there was always something "a little off-base and screwball" about her public behavior, although she was obviously a well-trained singer with a strong and flexible voice. Morton tells of the time Anna was singing the title role of *Carmen* in a series of scenes from the Bizet opera at Harbord Collegiate Institute. In Act 3 she spreads out a pack of cards, foresees in them an early and violent death for her lover and herself, and then sings the slow and ominous *Card Song*, one of the highlights of the opera. The full-bosomed Miss Russell, Morton relates, couldn't find her cards at first and groped around for them inside her low-cut blouse while the audience and the other singers in the wings slowly went into hysterics. The flustered Carmen finally discovered enough cards to go ahead with her aria but didn't get the rest out until the scene was over.

Not long after this, Anna was doing occasional comedy bits over the radio, egged on by Canadian friends who told her she was a panic when she made fun of chirping coloraturas and other familiar cultural phenomena.

Her mother, who now lives at Unionville, Ont., had become an energetic war-worker for the IODE. "She was more or less the Leather Waistcoat Queen of the IODE, and was given the MBE for it when the war was over," says Anna proudly. Anna used to wrap a lot of parcels herself and gradually fell into the habit of entertaining the patriotic workers with impromptu gags and take-offs based on her years of study in classical music.

"One day in 1942," she recalls, "one of the sweet old souls came up to me, all smiles and chuckles, and said, 'Look, dear, why don't you put on a little show for us to raise funds? Just some of the cute things you've been doing.' *Continued on page 72*



At this year's Spring Thaw, produced by Toronto's New Play Society, Anna did an act with bagpipes that even Sir Harry Lauder couldn't have topped.



THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE  
PART SEVEN — CONCLUSION

# THE MAN



On all official occasions — like this address at Windsor, Ont. — the Duke stands a few paces to the rear. But in what private family life they have he makes his wishes felt.

*Alone in a nation where the male is supreme the Duke of Edinburgh must take orders from his wife. Yet it seems certain that this strong-minded man will leave his stamp on the monarchy of the future*

By PIERRE BERTON

HERE ARE times when Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, must feel that in his position as consort to Queen Elizabeth II he is teetering on a gossamer strand. For only a slack-wire artist knows the sense of precarious poise that is the lot of the husband of a British queen. On one hand he must never give the impression that he is trying to run the show. On the other he must never let his countrymen think that he is tied to a woman's apron strings.

In a country where the male is still recognized as supreme he alone must take orders gracefully from his wife. In an age in which each man's task is defined with pigeonhole efficiency his is vague and nebulous. Constitutionally he is a nobody. Historically he is a freak. Politically he is a cipher.

The last consort, Albert, was a man with Joblike patience and consummate tact whose whole upbringing had been a preparation for the task. Philip, on the other hand, can be both impatient and tactless and his own upbringing has been the exact opposite of Albert's. Yet at the outset of his career he is already more popular than Albert was at the end of his.

Even if he were an ordinary young Englishman Philip's background would seem unconventional. He is Danish and German by blood, Greek by birth and British by breeding. His father was an exile and his mother is a nun. Until his marriage in 1947 he had never known a real home of his own. His uncle, who brought him up, is one of the most unorthodox and strongest-willed members of the British peerage. The school which he went to is in many ways the antithesis of all the other public schools in Britain for it places the accent on the individual rather than on the team. From his childhood days until his wartime naval service, when he got used to making quick decisions and having his orders obeyed, Philip has been reared to think and act for himself. The irony is that he now finds himself in the one job in Britain where it is difficult to do either.

Outwardly this does not seem to bother Philip of Edinburgh, late of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glückburg. He climbs amiably down mine shafts, saunters cheerfully through bazaars and exhibitions, makes his breezy offhand speeches and keeps a pace or two behind his Queen. His extemporaneous witticisms have been widely circulated. In Washington, D.C., a young woman about to be introduced to him murmurs "Mmm!" Philip looks her over and responds: "Mmmm-mmmm!" In Victoria, B.C., a co-ed on the sidelines pretends to swoon. Philip

# BEHIND THE QUEEN



Philip takes his work seriously. As patron of the Federation of Boys' Clubs he watched this boxing tourney in an old public house.

spots her at once and grins: "Steady now!" On the prairies a woman calls out: "I've got a life-size picture of you!" Philip calls back: "How ghastly!" In Paris, as the crowds cheer, he turns to a French cabinet minister and says: "Too bad you sent your royal family to the guillotine." In London, during a garden party, he winks at a woman reporter and whispers, *sotto voce*, "When do we get to the gin?" In the Midlands in a textile mill he comes upon a girl inspecting checked tweeds and asks: "Does it give you spots before your eyes? Be awkward if you'd been out the night before, eh?" In Windsor, Ont., at the railway station a dog makes straight for him during a ceremony. The crowd stands petrified while a soldier does his best to lure the offending animal away. Only those closest to Philip notice that while he is staring innocently at the sky he is also snapping his fingers to attract the dog's attention.

This is all very unconventional, coming from the midst of a royal family noted for its public reserve,

and it has helped make Philip the delight of the masses. But it is not the only unconventional thing about him. Behind the outer garment of amiability, behind the pliable grin and the jaunty air, there is a harder core of alloy much less pliable. Of all the members of the family in the palace (always excepting the Duke of Windsor) Philip alone has thoroughly rubbed his shoulders against the world. Thousands of people in the realm seem to know him or to know somebody who knows him. Yet nobody knows him well. England is full of men who have brushed past him at school, in the navy, on the playing fields, in a club. But none of them can tell what he is really thinking or exactly what makes him tick. At school at Gordonstoun he knew everybody and everybody liked him, but he had no confidants and he had no nicknames. In the bull sessions at school, and later in the navy, he was careful to express no opinions. One of his former classmates puts it this way: "Philip had a great deal of superficial charm but underneath that charm there was a constant wall of reserve, and beyond that barrier you simply could not go."

The barrier is still there. This tall young man with the long German neck, the straight profile, the quizzical look and the penetrating blue eyes is still an unknown quantity on the British scene. One thing is sure: He is a man who likes to do things for himself. It sometimes irks him when he finds he can't. Before his career is ended the smiling Duke could change the nature of British monarchy.

He recently gave some hint of his feelings in this respect to an acquaintance. They were discussing the various ceremonies to which the Duke has been lending his presence and which as a rule are arranged for him by the palace. "They give me lists of places to go but I really feel that I should decide for myself where to go," Philip said. "That's the best way to put over this idea of the monarchy."

Within the palace it has been noticed that he likes to run the ornate cage-style lifts on his own and open doors for himself. "I've got arms, you know," he'll say. "I'm not bloody helpless." He likes to mix pink gins on his own, rather than have a butler do it, and he has on occasion prowled into the cavernous palace kitchens to do his own cooking.

His actions are always direct. Instead of calling an equerry or an aide to get something done he will often scribble a note conveying the order and send it directly to the person involved. In Scotland, when he wants the head stalker, Big Donal McHardy, he does not send for him, as George VI would have done, he merely whistles for his dog



Following the lead of his uncle and sponsor, Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Duke plays polo.



At a model engineers' display at the Imperial Institute he drives a three-quarter-inch scale model of a Princess Elizabeth engine.

and goes off to find him for himself. At Sandringham, where he is called The Squire, he likes to trundle his family about on his own in a jeep. At Balmoral he likes to pack them into his pastel green Ford Zephyr, drive out along a public road and picnic by the side.

He would prefer to answer the phone himself. Once, after a minor accident in which he was involved, a reporter phoned Clarence House, where he lived with Elizabeth before her accession, and asked for details. Philip took the call himself, told the reporter what he wanted to know and rang off without revealing his identity. One London morning paper got a two-day scoop on his engagement to Elizabeth. It heard there was an announcement coming and phoned Philip, who confirmed it.

In matters mechanical, from the running of a movie projector to the driving of a car, he likes to have his way. Not long ago the royal couple on a holiday were entertained to an evening of movies. Philip insisted on handling *Continued on page 38*



In his wedding-present yacht Philip gets set to "go about." He learned sailing at school.

# CAN THE WEST

The experts say we can — but *will* we? With economic storm signals already flying, will Malenkov's peace offensive increase the danger of a slump and turn it into a propaganda victory for the Communists? Or can the West, with boldness and imagination, defeat these ends?

By BLAIR FRASER

*Maclean's Ottawa Editor*

WASHINGTON

UNLESS the Western nations are extremely wise or the Kremlin is extremely stupid, we are threatened with a serious defeat in the cold war.

Malenkov's "peace offensive," forecast by Stalin in his last public utterance in October, aims to prove that only Communist economies can stand peace. Communists say capitalism must have war in order to keep going. Without the stimulus of defense spending, they say, capitalist boom must inevitably topple into capitalist bust. This isn't so, but there is danger that developments of the next few months might make it appear so. As John Foster Dulles, United States Secretary of State, said last month to a congressional committee, "we could by our own mistakes make Stalin's predictions come true."

It needn't happen. Once already since World War II the West has proved the Communists wrong in their view of fundamental economics. All signs pointed to an old-fashioned capitalist depression in 1946, but it didn't come. It was averted by rare wisdom and unique generosity on the part of the United States. Through the Marshall Plan, the Point Four program and other devices of foreign aid the United States restored the machinery and maintained the buying power of the free world. It cost the American taxpayer more than thirty billion dollars, but it saved Western Europe and dealt a crushing defeat to international Communism.

By contrast with 1946 the economic problems of 1953 look trivial. War had been eating up half the budgets of United Nations; suddenly defense spending shrank to less than a tenth of the average government's outlay. Millions of men had to be got out of uniforms and into jobs. Millions of refugees had to be returned or resettled, millions of homes and factories rebuilt. All these challenges were met.

This time, no matter how far the Russians press their "peace offensive," the adjustments in defense spending will be gradual. Korea, for example, accounts for only about ten percent of the current American defense budget. A very large fraction of defense spending in all Western countries is made up of contracts already let for equipment permanently required. No imaginable offer from Malenkov, in the Far East or in Europe or both,

could bring the vast program to a sudden standstill.

Yet the defense program itself is trifling by wartime standards. Eighty-five to ninety percent of Western output is civilian goods and services. Most Western countries are busy and prosperous, with living standards higher than ever before. It seems absurd to suggest that all this would be blighted by gradual reduction in one field of activity. But Malenkov, by good luck or good management, timed his "peace offensive" well. If he is shrewd enough to press it, and to make sure of real progress toward peace in the coming months, he has a good chance of making this progress coincide with economic trouble in the West.

Peace won't be the cause of it. Signs of economic difficulty are there anyway, truce or no truce. The difficulties are not insuperable but they are complicated, and they call for treatment more subtle than the heroic surgery of the postwar years.

To begin with, the period of "dollar aid" is just about over. The United States is still budgeting for a mutual security program of more than five billion dollars, less than last year's appropriation but about as much as the amount actually spent. But almost all of this vast sum now goes to military aid, whereas half of last year's spending was for economic aid. Even in the so-called "Truman Budget" of last January, economic aid had been sharply cut. John Foster Dulles told Congress he had "cut in half" the Truman allocation. Congressmen like Senator Joe McCarthy promptly threatened "ruthless" cuts in the amount Dulles had left. Final figures are not yet known, but even at the April meeting of NATO, in Paris, Dulles gave European allies a breakdown which showed economic aid very near the vanishing point. For the British, who got four hundred and eleven million dollars altogether in 1952, the new schedule was a severe blow which will knock their foreign exchange position out of its new, precarious balance.

No country has any real right to complain about this, though. The American taxpayer has done more for the rest of the world in the last six or seven years than anyone in history, and gets very little gratitude for it in many recipient countries. These ex-beneficiaries needn't, and don't, grieve because the flow of direct aid is dwindling. They do complain that U. S. trade policy prevents them from earning the dollars which are no longer to be given. Earning more dollars means selling more goods to the United States. This is the very thing Congress seems determined to forestall.

John Foster Dulles has a weakness for preaching at people, and he made himself unpopular at the NATO conference by moral lectures to the

Europeans. He went on at length about the need to "stand on your own feet."

"He kept telling us to walk without crutches," one delegate said, "while Congress was plowing up the road he wanted us to walk on." This was an exaggeration. Congress had before it several bills to raise tariffs and exclude foreign goods. Congress was studying, in a notably unfriendly committee, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act under which all the tariff cuts of the past eighteen years have been obtained, and which would have expired on the twelfth of this month.

But Congress had not yet, in fact, taken any hostile action at all. The U. S. tariff was still what it had been all along, under a Democratic administration dedicated to freedom of trade.

Unhappily that is not enough. It will not be enough for the liberal wing of the Republican Party to "hold the line" against Old Guard demands for higher tariffs. To replace dollar aid with dollar trade, the Allies must have sharp reduction or even elimination of the U. S. tariff wall. Prospects for that are not very bright, to say the least, but attempts are being made, even in the harsh climate of Republican Washington. Senator Ralph Flanders, liberal vice-chairman of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, sent out a letter on April 28 asking the committee for an immediate, intensive study of foreign trade.

Senator Flanders drew attention to the fact that little is known about the probable effects of a sudden drop in U. S. exports. If other countries have to balance their trading account with the United States, and if they are not to be allowed to earn more dollars, they must obviously cut down on their buying of U. S. goods. Senator Flanders wants to know what that will do to the United States' own economy. He also wants to know what would happen if the accounts were balanced the other way—if the United States allowed imports to go up by some five billion dollars, to equal her current exports.

## A Faint Chance for More Imports

"What particular areas or industries would be injured by each policy?" Flanders asked. "How serious would be the injury in each case? How could the injury be alleviated? To what extent have we 'unnecessary' tariffs and other restrictions to imports which are not particularly competitive with domestic producers, or cover commodities exported in world markets in heavy volume by American producers? To what extent are claims for protection made by domestic producers who have not kept up technologically, or who have

# SHOULD WE STAND PEACE?

not exhibited enterprise in meeting the changing demands of the market?"

These questions indicate the line of Flanders' own thinking. He is one of those Americans who think the United States must buy more goods from other countries. Unfortunately there is no evidence that Flanders speaks for a majority in Congress. I talked to an economist on Flanders' committee staff, one who had prepared a good deal of the material on which Flanders' letter was based.

"I think there's a chance, just a faint chance of our letting in more imports if we don't have a slump," he said. "But if we do have a slump this fall or next spring, then there isn't a hope in the world." And like all the other economists to whom I spoke, he thought a recession by next spring is all too likely.

All the signs are there. Business inventories are as high now as they were in the so-called "inventory recession" of 1949, which was followed by the Korean War boom. There is no such backlog of pent-up civilian demand as followed World War II — on the contrary, civilian goods are plentiful while civilian demand is slackening. "No Down Payment, Thirty-six Months to Pay" signs are popping up on shop windows all over the continent.

Almost every normal index of business activity is down below the Korea peak. Farm prices in the U. S. are down sixteen percent, farm exports down thirty percent, all exports down nineteen percent, wholesale prices down four percent, stock-market average down seven percent.

Employment is still high on an over-all basis, but soft spots are cropping up in certain regions. Even before the end of 1952, for example, base-metal prices had weakened enough to put a lot of high-cost lead, zinc and copper mines out of action. Generally when a mine closes, a whole town is hit. The immediate reaction to the lead and zinc situation was ominous — the "Simpson Bill," which would have slapped on a sliding-scale tariff high enough to keep out all Canadian lead and zinc. Last year Canada sold ninety-three million dollars' worth in the United States.

Evidently we can expect instant pressure for tariffs and embargoes whenever any United States product is threatened by a slump in prices. Whether the pressure is successful or not, it creates a poor climate for tariff reductions. Nor has the climate been very good for other devices or even negotiations to stimulate international trade.

The British have not been publicizing the fact, but the spring visit to Washington of Right Hon. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a total failure. He laid before the Eisenhower administration a scheme, still secret in detail, for making the pound sterling convertible into dollars. It would have called for American support — not necessarily a large outlay of cash, but a guarantee to keep the pound from being bid down below its real value.

Butler got absolutely nowhere. Reports at the time spoke of his having "a sympathetic hearing," but there is now plenty of reason to doubt that the hearing was even sympathetic. The whole incident left a bad taste in both British and American mouths.

There has been no change yet in British trade policy, but some change is inevitable if no constructive solution to Britain's dollar problem can

be found. If Britain cannot earn more dollars in the U. S., and if Britain cannot get the necessary help to make the pound and the dollar interchangeable, then Britain will have only one course left open to her: cut dollar imports to the bone, turn the sterling bloc into a closed trading area which would be as nearly self-sufficient as possible, and would trade with the rest of the world on a straight barter basis — in so far as it would trade at all.

This makes a gloomy prospect for Canada. It would be quite impossible for Canada to enter such a closed sterling bloc — more than three quarters of all that we buy abroad comes from the United States, and nearly two thirds of what we sell abroad is sold to the United States. But Britain is still the major market for some of Canada's most important products, notably wheat.

## Another Straw for a Tired Camel

Politicians who say that Canada has already "lost the British market" haven't seen anything yet. If Britain is ever forced to cut her Canadian purchases to the level of her Canadian sales, Canadian farmers and other exporters would take a real beating. In the first three months of this year Canada's sales to Britain exceeded her purchases from Britain by fifty-seven millions.

Moreover, chances are poor for making up any reduction in sales to Britain by an increase of sales to the United States. Basic items like newsprint, nickel and aluminum might not be much affected by a leveling off in the American economy, but they certainly wouldn't go up. Marginal items like lead and zinc, and especially farm products of all kinds, would be almost sure to go down. With an elaborate and expensive price support program to keep American farm prices high, the U. S. can hardly be expected to let cheaper foods in from other countries while buying huge "surpluses" of her own.

This is the basic economic situation on which Malenkov's "peace offensive" falls. The opportunities it presents to Communist propaganda, for a major Communist victory in the cold war for men's minds, are all too painfully obvious. Even a slight decline in defense spending at this moment, when a fourteen-year boom is showing signs of nearing its end, would be one more straw on the back of an already overloaded camel.

However, the Communist challenge has its good side as well as its bad side for the West. The Soviet Union has unintentionally helped us before, and may do so again. In February 1947, Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia spurred the Marshall Plan through Congress. Stalin captured one small country which lay within his grasp anyway; he lost Western Europe.

We can't depend on Malenkov to be as short-sighted as that. But even the obvious threat of a cold war defeat, the obvious advantage that Communism might expect to gain from a Western depression, may well stir the West into action to prevent it.

### What action?

When you put that question to economists in either Washington or Ottawa, they all reply that it must be American action in the main. The U. S. is the keystone of the Western arch, economically as well as militarily. The American market,

the American dollar, the American willingness to invest overseas — these are the major factors in the problem of the Western world.

There isn't a great deal Canada can do by itself. But there are a few important things we can do, and some even more important things we can take care not to do.

First, we can take care not to get into a premature panic. Several important figures for the calendar year 1953 are certain to be lower than the records of 1952, for several separate reasons. The 1952 crop was an all-time record, following on another bumper crop which wasn't all harvested in 1951. The 1952 autumn was the mildest and longest in sixty-eight years, allowing construction jobs to go on for weeks longer than is normally possible. A combination of circumstances made ordinary consumer buying in 1952 abnormally high. Nothing but a miracle could make the 1953 figures equal any of these — but the "slump" won't necessarily mean a thing. By crying before we are hurt, we might set off a deflationary spiral that would end in a real recession.

Second, we can make careful and thoughtful use of our friendship with the United States. Canadians are fond of talking, even boasting, about our influence in Washington which, as we smugly remark, is "out of all proportion to our size." It really is, too. But Canadians sometimes forget that this influence depends wholly on mutual friendliness, and not at all on puffing and pounding the desk.

When Prime Minister St. Laurent went to Washington last month to see President Eisenhower and discuss trade among other things, parliament sent him off with a unanimous resolution deplored United States restrictions on imports. Parliament evidently felt, as you can see from Hansard, that it was taking a strong stand and generally asserting itself, and that the United States would pay respectful attention. No Washington paper carried a single line about that unanimous resolution, though they all had stories about the Prime Minister's visit. The New York Times, which tries to publish all the news, managed to print four short paragraphs about it under a small heading on page twenty. President Eisenhower doubtless heard about it from his distinguished guest, but President Eisenhower is on our side already in this argument. The senators and congressmen who write the tariff and trade legislation are still sublimely unaware that the Parliament of Canada rebuked them.

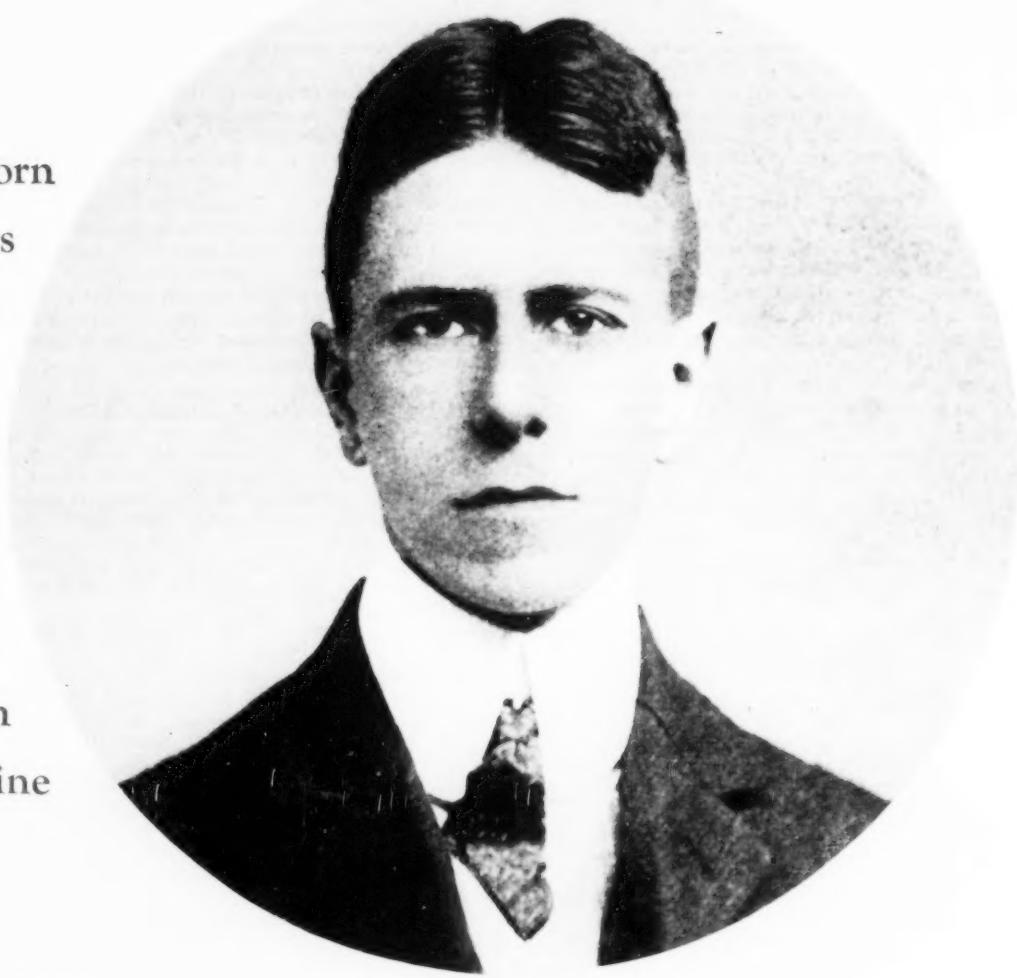
Perhaps that's just as well. Americans are generally more polite to us than we are to them, and they don't always say what they think as candidly as we do, but they do get tired of Canadian self-righteousness. To hear the average Canadian talk, you'd think the United States was the only country in the world with a tariff wall.

At dinner one night with a Washington reporter who spent several years in Canada, and who is one of my best friends, I remarked that Canadians were rather sanctimonious about free trade. The American grinned. "I never dared say it before," he said, "but that's the word. Sanctimonious."

He could have made it even stronger, and said "hypocritical." The cold fact is that in matters of trade, Canadians behave in much the same way as Americans. To take a recent example, not long ago the United States *Continued on page 86*

# Louis Hémon: VAGABOND GENIUS

The amused scorn  
that the villagers  
of Lake St. John  
poured on Louis Hémon  
turned to anger when  
they found that  
"the world's worst  
hired man" had  
immortalized them  
in *Maria Chapdelaine*



By MARGARET K. ZIEMAN

**N**THE summer of 1912 pioneer farmers north of Lake St. John in Quebec, following the river road into the village of Peribonca on Saturday afternoons, invariably slowed up their farm carts as they approached the Bédard farm, three miles outside of town. Yes, that "fool of Bédard's" was sitting as usual on the riverbank, a stone's throw from the farmhouse, writing in his small notebook. His bare feet dangled in water and on his head he wore a red bandanna handkerchief knotted at the four corners as protection against the black flies and mosquitoes.

He was obviously a fool, this queer hired man. Didn't Madame Bédard's story prove it?

He was sitting there writing one Saturday afternoon when Laura Bédard called excitedly from the farmhouse door. "Monsieur Hémon, Monsieur Hémon! The cows are getting into the grain!"

Not a sign from the man on the riverbank to show that he'd heard.

"Monsieur Hémon," Madame Bédard called again, this time running toward the river. "Quick, quick! the cows are in the grain!"

He didn't turn his head.

"But the cows are eating our grain, Monsieur Hémon," Laura Bédard cried.

"Oh well, Madame, what they eat this summer, they won't be able to eat next winter," he replied and went on writing.

Madame Bédard chased the cows herself.

That "fool of Bédard's" was thirty-two-year-old Louis Hémon. On the riverbank that summer of 1912 he was writing Canada's great *habitant* classic, *Maria Chapdelaine*. When translated into English in 1921, readers across Canada acclaimed it as the "Great Canadian Novel."

Yet Hémon spent less than eighteen months in this country. His book was the result of his six-month stay near Peribonca, in the backlands of Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles north of Quebec City. He immortalized the Lake St. John country and its people, but is remembered there mainly as the worst hired man ever seen north of the lake, as the halfwit who harnessed a horse backward reversing the collar, who couldn't cut a straight shingle or drive a nail without crushing his fingers. The outside world, Lake St. John folk decided, must be crazy to consider him a literary genius.

When these Canadiens discovered that Hémon's book was about them and their way of life, they were enraged. When members of Quebec's Society of Arts, Sciences and Letters arrived in 1919 and dedicated a monument to



On the front steps of the Peribonca church one summer Louis Hémon watched the *habitants* trade pigs and listened with great care to the Sunday chatter. It all went into his notebook.

Hémon in the centre of the village, Peribonca folk twice dumped the monument into the river. When retrieved and set up again, its inscription was whitewashed over and the monument continually befouled.

Many such paradoxes mark the career of Louis Hémon. He did not live to see *Maria Chapdelaine* in print. Its publication in 1914 as a serial in *Le Temps*, Paris, created no stir. It was not until it was reprinted in 1921 that its success was assured. It was later translated into German, Spanish, Dutch, Swiss, Gaelic, Catalan, Czech, Hungarian, Italian, Swedish, Polish and Russian. Its sales in English and French alone totaled well over a million copies. The book is still actively in demand. The latest movie version was made four years ago, with Michèle Morgan starring as Maria.

Nonetheless Lake St. John folk still insist that its author, the slight clefted young Frenchman with his small mustache—his hair always neatly parted in the middle—didn't earn the eight dollars a month Samuel Bédard paid him. Oldtimers still tell stories of his incredible awkwardness, of his uselessness at heavy tasks like clearing and stumping. But the very tasks Hémon made such a mess of, he describes so realistically in his book that readers literally strain and sweat with Samuel Chapdelaine, his three sons and hired man as they wrestle with the stubborn stumps on their primitive bush homestead.

Hémon used the pioneers' struggle with the forest as background for the story of *Maria Chapdelaine*. Maria's tragic loss of her lover, François Paradis, who went astray in the winter forests and never returned, is the simplest of tales—scarcely a novel at all with its scant forty-eight thousand words. But in Hémon's hands it takes on a deeper, national significance.

Maria's numbed grief turns into hatred of the grim land which has taken her lover's life. Since she must marry—the village *curé* points out this is the duty of a strong healthy girl like herself—she first decides to accept the expatriate Canadien suitor from the States, who paints a glowing picture of the comforts and allurements of life there. She feels that Eutrope Gagnon, her farmer suitor, can only offer a continuing life of rude toil. Her mother's agonizing death on the Chapdelaines' primitive bush farm, without proper medical care, strengthens Maria's longing to escape.

Yet in the end Maria does remain. She accepts Gagnon, knowing that her life will be one of cruel hardship like her mother's. Instinct, duty, her mother's example all influence Maria's choice. But her final decision stems from the *habitant's* almost mystic devotion to land, language and religion.

As the "most perceptive interpretation of the soul of Quebec" Hémon's book won its place as a classic. Yet it aroused indignation, controversy and outright antagonism among the Quebec rank and file. The first edition of

Hémon, who was once a sports writer in France, swam in the Peribonca and scribbled his little classic while sitting on its banks. This turbulent reach is above Honfleur.



Eva Bouchard, whose claim to be "Maria Chapdelaine" was vague at best, later opened a souvenir store and happily signed the famous name in books.

*Maria Chapdelaine*, two thousand copies printed in 1916 especially for French Canada, had practically no buyers. Later, individual copies of this first printing sold for thirty-five dollars.

Lake St. John folk repudiated Hémon's picture of their lives. And yet journalists arriving in Peribonca in 1921, on the heels of the book's fame, saw the village just as Hémon had pictured it in the opening chapter of *Maria Chapdelaine*. It was the same straggling assortment of scarcely more than a score of unpainted wooden houses, scattered along the bank of the Peribonca, where that great river empties into Lake St. John. Its wooden sidewalks and tiny frame church, set by the roadside on the high bank of the river, were unchanged.

Most of the information about Hémon's stay near Peribonca nine years before came from Samuel and Laura Bédard. M. Bédard expressed astonishment in discovering they'd been harboring a genius: "I never knew he had so much popularity. He did not look like it."

Bédard hadn't been impressed by the slim and shy Frenchman when he saw him for the first time aboard the small lake packet *Le Petit Nord* as it pulled out from the southern side of the lake a grey day in June 1912 and headed for the Peribonca, twenty-five miles away. The boat's few passengers were farmer settlers, returning home with farm supplies and livestock purchased in Roberval, then and now the market centre for most of this area. They were a rough-looking lot and Hémon in his straw hat and city clothes must have stuck out like a sore thumb.

The young writer, who had won some reputation in his native France as a journalist, mostly in the field of sport, had arrived in Canada just four months before from England. In London's East End he'd been living for eight years the queer haphazard kind of existence he always preferred.

Hémon seemed to be seeking more from life than the conventional success his rather stuffy middle-class family

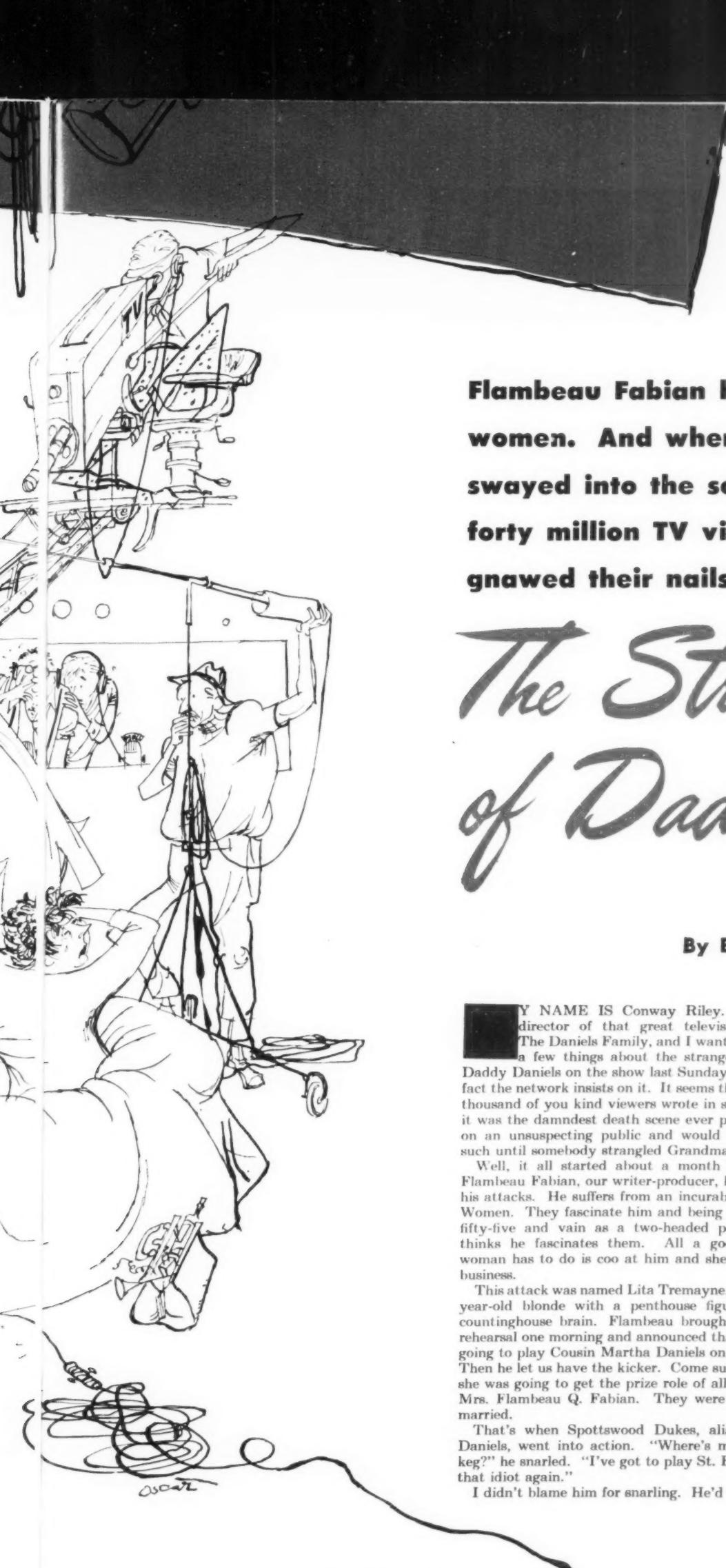
*Continued on page 32*

The Bédards' tiny farmhouse (at left) draws tourists eager to trace the shy Parisian who found "the soul of Quebec."





Fabian found Lita smooching backstage just as Daddy was supposed to be dying.



**Flambeau Fabian had an incurable ailment —  
women. And when the luscious Lita  
swayed into the soap opera  
forty million TV viewers  
gnawed their nails over**

# *The Strange Death of Daddy Daniels*

**By B. M. ATKINSON Jr.**

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

Y NAME IS Conway Riley. I'm the director of that great television classic *The Daniels Family*, and I want to explain a few things about the strange death of Daddy Daniels on the show last Sunday night. In fact the network insists on it. It seems that twenty thousand of you kind viewers wrote in saying that it was the damndest death scene ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting public and would remain as such until somebody strangled Grandma Moses.

Well, it all started about a month ago when Flambeau Fabian, our writer-producer, had one of his attacks. He suffers from an incurable disease. Women. They fascinate him and being short, fat, fifty-five and vain as a two-headed peacock he thinks he fascinates them. All a good-looking woman has to do is coo at him and she's in show business.

This attack was named Lita Tremayne. A thirty-year-old blonde with a penthouse figure and a countinghouse brain. Flambeau brought her into rehearsal one morning and announced that she was going to play Cousin Martha Daniels on the show. Then he let us have the kicker. Come summer and she was going to get the prize role of all. That of Mrs. Flambeau Q. Fabian. They were gonna be married.

That's when Spottswood Dukes, alias Daddy Daniels, went into action. "Where's my brandy keg?" he snarled. "I've got to play St. Bernard to that idiot again."

I didn't blame him for snarling. He'd been with

the show ever since Flambeau had swiped the idea from *One Man's Family* fifteen years before. He'd made Daddy Daniels a national institution a blend of Scrooge, Dr. Gillespie, Father Bobbsey, Old King Cole and Old King Lear. His toughest job, though, had been playing friend and guardian to Flambeau. A sort of reverse English St. George. Instead of rescuing him from dragons he rescued him from maidens.

Of course it wasn't all a labor of love. By rescuing Flambeau from the maiden he was at the same time rescuing himself and the rest of us from the scripts that Flambeau turned out for the maiden. He would invariably have her spurning some young Lochinvar and falling in love with a small fat man. The small fat man always bore a striking resemblance to Flambeau. Not even other small fat men could swallow it and the sponsor would start looking up his option date.

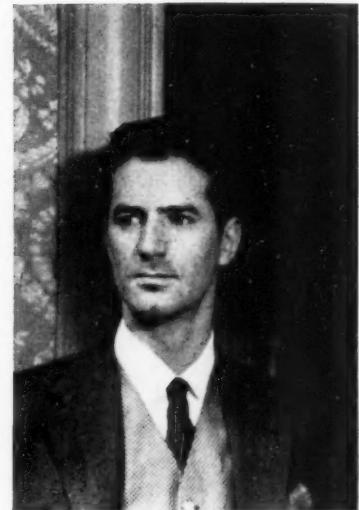
Always before, Spottswood had been able to sit down and talk Flambeau out of the maiden's clutches. Not this time. Flambeau told him that Lita was the loveliest thing in Cupid's quiver. She loved him not for his show or his money but for his own sweet self. A real lady. And if Spottswood tried proving to him that she wasn't a real lady he was going to kill him. He was tired of being rescued.

Spottswood had heard that before. He just bided his time. Four days later Flambeau had to take a little trip to Boston. That afternoon after rehearsal I got a call from Spottswood. *Continued on page 48*



Bartlett Morgan discusses model's "coronation sapphire" fox cape with fur manager F. E. Dodman.

# "Bargain" *it*



From Montreal beach head, Morgan's is expanding. David runs the Ottawa shop.

***But nevertheless  
this family of  
shopkeepers  
who typify  
the high society  
of the new world  
manage to reap  
the harvest  
of \$1.98s  
that follows the  
Montreal  
carriage trade***

# 'is a Naughty Word at Morgan's

By MCKENZIE PORTER

HENRY MORGAN and Company Limited, of Montreal, are the oldest and most courtly department-store keepers in Canada. They were the first to sell coachmen's liveries and will probably be the last to sell chauffeurs' uniforms. For one hundred and eight years they have catered to the *beau monde* without snubbing off the business of the *bourgeoisie*. None but a Morgan has ever presided over the board and the family today has many characteristics of the classic Galsworthian dynasty.

Their red sandstone and marble seven-story building on St. Catherine Street West encloses the murmured ceremonial of commerce as it used to be in Victoria's day and is as inseparable from the history and nature of Montreal as Mount Royal itself.

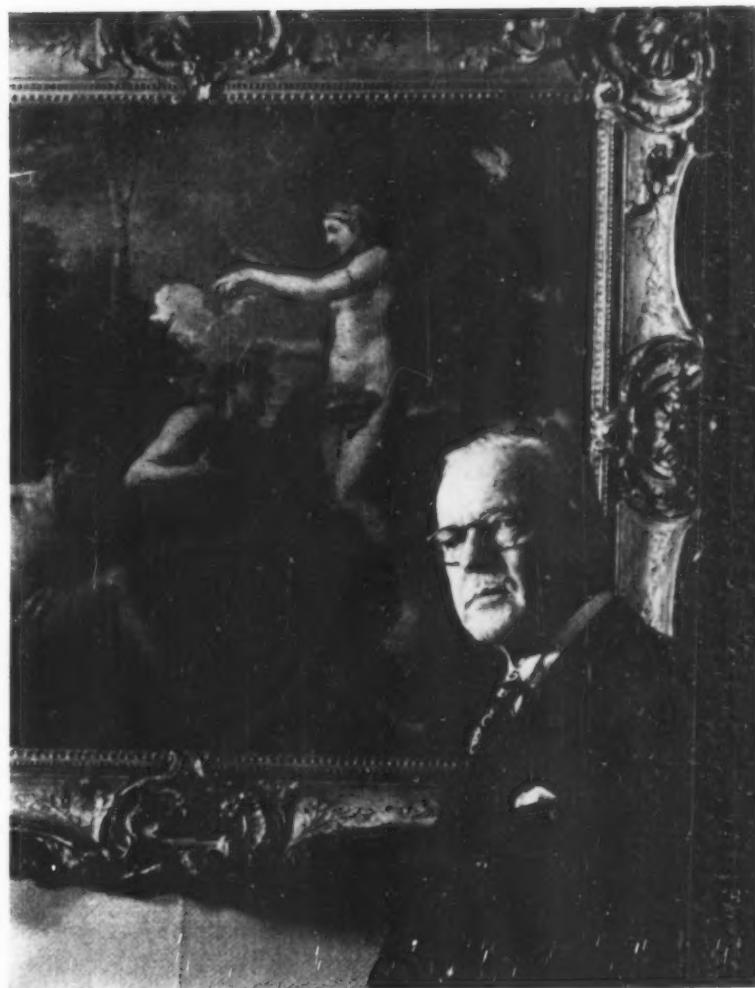
"When you speak of Eaton's or Simpson's," said the late Lord Atholstan, "I think of turbulent young Toronto. But when you speak of Morgan's . . . ah, then I think of mellow old Montreal."

Atholstan, a former proprietor of the Montreal Star, waged a bitter feud against the Morgans for six years. He even goaded them into a rash diversion from their vocation—an attempt to whip him in the newspaper trade—and he laughed at their disastrous failure. But his admiration for their rectitude, punctilio and sagacity as retailers of garments and chattels never diminished.

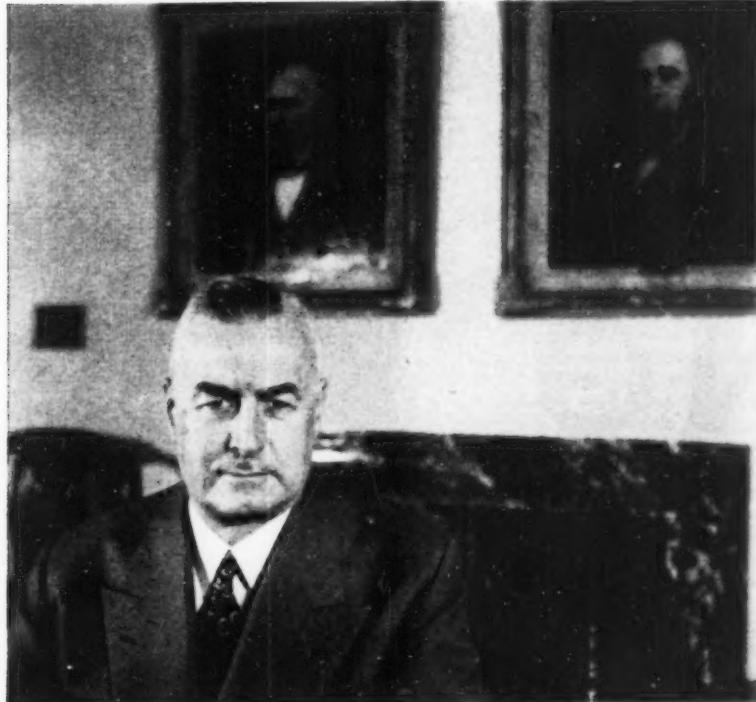
The first Henry Morgan, a Scotsman in spite of his Welsh name, was born in 1819, the same year as Queen Victoria, and was the personification of the social values honored during her reign. He left the United Kingdom of the "Hungry Forties" in a sailing ship and opened his first Montreal store in 1845 when the Canadian currency was still pounds, shillings and pence. Advertising his "intimate connections with the great fashion centres of Scotland, England and France" he flourished on the carriage trade and cannily employed the resulting prestige to coax business from what were then known as the middle and lower classes.

"Where the quality shops," he once said, "the quantity will seek to follow."

This policy is sustained today under the presidential authority of Henry Morgan II. Morgan's in Ottawa—formerly R. J. Devlin and Company—is a miniature of the Montreal headquarters store in its capacity to meet every grade of customer. Morgan's in Toronto is a smart specialty shop for the upper crust. Morgan's in the Montreal middle-class suburb of Snowden is for modest-income groups. A new Morgan's is to



Cleveland Morgan is president of Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. He stands by the museum's Venus and Aeneas by Nicolas Poussin.



Henry Morgan II, company president, poses before family portraits in Montreal board room. His namesake began the business in 1845.

be opened this fall on Pie IX Boulevard, in a mushrooming French artisan quarter of Montreal.

Six Morgans of the third and fourth generations, standing in relation to each other as father, son, uncle, nephew, brother, cousin, half-cousin and quarter-cousin, now hold key positions in the firm and preserve all the still agreeable traditions of old Henry I. Ask any one of them: "But isn't the carriage trade dead?" and he will reply, "Why no, it's growing all the time." In the days of Morgan's founder only one Canadian family in a thousand owned a carriage. Now one family in two owns a carriage, horseless though it may be.

Morgan's has created a business which today employs three thousand people, owns nine million dollars of fixed assets, sells thirty million dollars' worth of goods a year and plans eventually to challenge competitors in many centres outside Ontario and Quebec.

Edward VII, George V and Elizabeth II have all patronized Morgan's during visits to Canada. When the Queen was here in 1951 the skirt and blouse she wore at a square dance in Rideau Hall, Ottawa, were bought for her at Morgan's by Lady Alexander, wife of the then Governor-General. Every governor-general since 1845, five years after the union of Upper and Lower Canada and twenty-two years before Confederation, has been a customer of Morgan's. Every foreign ambassador and Canadian cabinet minister since 1858, when Ottawa became the capital, has shopped at Morgan's. Countless traveling dukes, lords, baronets and knights have made purchases over Morgan's counters. Rich Americans throng the store every summer seeking the choice British imports in which Morgan's specializes. And most of Canada's native millionaires residing anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific maintain charge accounts at Morgan's.

Morgan's has even sold goods created by

Continued on page 64



Anything you say will be taken down and used against you, when you least expect it.

**Robert Thomas Allen says**

# NEVER TELL A WOMAN ANYTHING

After a tough day, for instance, don't snarl  
that you're going to quit your job and move to Capri.  
Next day she'll probably have the movers in

**A**NOTHER thing about women I'll never understand, that causes more fights in my family than balancing boxes of curlers over the toilet seat, is the way they take everything a man says seriously.

I'll come home some night of a big blizzard, say, after an hour and a half struggle with snow, slipping wheels and snarled traffic, and say:

"This settles it! This is it! I'm finished! All the sunny countries in the world, why we gotta live like Eskimos? We're going to Bermuda. Seventy-five degrees all year, no taxes, and you need a blanket at night."

Next day it's clear, crisp and the traffic has all started again. I feel good. When I get home I ask my wife if she'd like to go to a show.

"I can't," she says, "I'm too busy getting ready."

"You going somewhere?" I say.

She turns slowly, frowning at an old coat of mine which she holds out as if she were going to do an old-fashioned waltz with it, bites her lip, and says: "Are you ever going to wear this again? If you're not, let's throw it out. We're not going to have much room in our luggage as it is."

"Look," I yelp, "where we going?"

"To Bermuda, of course," my wife says.

"When are we going to Bermuda? You nuts or something?"

My wife drops the coat and looks at me, slightly flushed. "Do you mean to stand there and say you don't remember deciding last night to live in Bermuda?"

"For the love of Pete," I say. "All I was saying was that I didn't like blizzards."

"You said we were going to Bermuda."

I can't seem to get it across to my wife that this is the sort of thing that men do all day at work. One guy will say, without looking up from his desk, "You know, a guy's nuts to keep working for a salary. You know what I'm gonna do?"

"No," the other guy says.

"I'm going to quit my job, borrow ten thousand dollars and open up a little motor court somewhere, say on Lake Couchiching."

The other guy looks out the window at some pigeons and says thoughtfully, "It might go, George. Canada is still short of good motor courts.



Tell you what I'm going to do. Matter of fact, I'm seeing a guy about it at noon. There's another expedition starting for Mount Everest and they need an accountant. Thought I'd look into it. I'm in a rut."

Neither of them ever mentions this conversation again, of course. There's a sort of code of ethics among men that you never hold them to anything they say they're going to do, any more than you'd expect a ballet dancer to spend the rest of her life with one leg up in the air just because you caught her doing her exercises. Enthusiasm is a form of recreation known to all men.

### It's Just Like Quitting Cigarettes

I remember one time I said to my wife, after I'd been snarled up in traffic for two hours, "Well, this settles it. I'm going to sell the car and put all the money in a big pot. From then on, every time I want to go somewhere I'm going to put my hand in the pot and take out enough for taxi fare."

My wife watched me solemnly. I immediately forgot the whole thing. Next night I find my wife scouring out a pot.

"I phoned Betty and Charlie," she says.

"Uhuh," I said, opening up an envelope and looking at a very pink notice.

"I told them that we were sorry but we wouldn't be up to the cottage."

"You told them what?" All week I've had visions of Charlie and me sitting in the woods improvising xylophones by leaving various amounts of liquid in bottles and playing duets with Wild Bill Davidson, getting better and better as we sharpen the pitch of the xylophone.

"I told them that we wouldn't be at the cottage. You didn't intend to walk, did you?"

"Look. Have you been sitting under a drier too long or something? We drive the way we always have."

"How can we without a car?"

"WHO'S GOT THE CAR?"

"Nobody has the car. But you're going to sell it, and I know you wouldn't want to pay for a taxi all that distance."

My two daughters take one look at me, move up, put their arms around my wife and say, "We're



If women do have a one-track mind how come that men find it so hard to understand them?

on Mummy's side. You said you were going to make the car into a pot."

It's the same with personal matters of self-management. The guys at work are always talking about quitting smoking, quitting drinking, learning to play the flute and getting up early and exercising, without worrying too much about what happens. I've seen five men all vow solemnly to quit smoking at nine in the morning, agreeing that anyone who broke the vow would have to put a dollar in a cigar box and at noon the whole five of them walk up, pay a dollar, light cigarettes, smile at one another and all go to separate lunches.

I remember the time I quit smoking at home. I told my wife I was soaked in nicotine, my lungs were all brown, my arteries hardening and, at last, I had fought this craving for cigarettes to a standstill and was a free man. I took one more deep drag and flipped my cigarette away. I started immediately eating little pieces of bread and peanut butter, peppermints, gum, arrowroots and matches. I thought I'd make use of my discomfort and use it as a warning to my kids. I told my daughters, "You see the trouble Daddy is having fighting the grip of cigarettes? Once you start, you have to be a superman, like Daddy, to stop."

When I started smoking again next day we had just finished lunch. I was talking away and pulled out a package of fine cut, rolled a cigarette and

was in the act of licking the paper when I noticed that I could hear the clock tick. I looked up. My wife and daughters were all staring at me, with expressions of horror. My youngest started to sob.

"Look! For . . . ! I know smoking isn't a very good habit," I said. "I'd just as soon you kids didn't smoke, but it's not that bad. I mean, lots of men smoke."

My wife is looking at me with the expression she sometimes has when reading a complicated instruction for a new prune whip. My daughters had the expression that temperance workers used to paint on the faces of little kids in posters, who were pleading between swinging doors for their Daddy to come home.

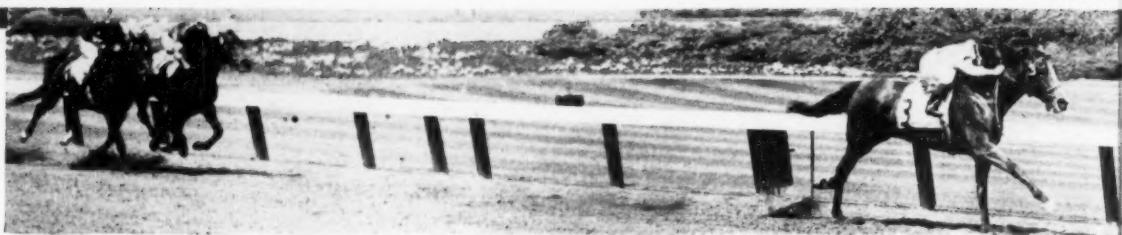
I lean forward. I roll my eyes like a wetums doll. "For crying out loud! You think all those ads about smoking are wrong. How about all those doctors—in white coats. Look—I bet Santa Claus smokes."

It ended up with me sneaking upstairs into my room every time I wanted to light a cigarette, or stepping out behind the garage. One day the kids caught me smoking there when they tripped lightly around the garage chasing a cat. They stopped, round-eyed, and slowly backed around the corner. We have never mentioned it since. Which is a wonderful idea when you're dealing with women.

Never mention anything. ★



Johnny Longden won the George Woolf Memorial Award as most sportsmanlike jockey of 1951. Right: Mrs. Longden with their two children.



His 4000th win was a breeze when Fleet Driver outclassed the field at Hollywood Park in 1952.



*Around the tracks they say that Johnny Longden still has the first of the one million two hundred thousand dollars he has earned in kicking home more winners than anyone else on the continent. He's come a long way since Alberta railbirds used to call him Jockey Fall-Off*

# The Fastest Man on Four Legs

By JIM COLEMAN

**L**AST MARCH'S San Juan Capistrano Handicap was a grueling run of one mile and six furlongs and Eddie Arcaro was a tired little man as he slid from Intent's back in the winner's circle. It was quite a moment for Arcaro because Intent's victory had made him the first jockey ever to win four one-hundred-thousand-dollar stakes in the course of a single race meeting.

Arcaro gave Intent an affectionate pat and turned to the racing scribes who were seeking a deathless quote. Did the race give him a thrill? Did he wish to send a message of love to his dear old mother?

"Well, boys," said Arcaro, tugging his banana-curved nose thoughtfully, "if this keeps up, soon I'll be as rich as Johnny Longden!"

The legend of Longden's wealth always is with him and will pursue him long after he retires from the saddle. Veteran horsemen who remember Longden's first season in western Canada certainly wouldn't have tabbed him as a coming Croesus. Life-insurance agents blanched when tiny Johnny's name was mentioned—they had heard about him taking five falls in one week at Winnipeg's Whittier Park. Among his associates he was known jocularly as Jockey Fall-off and the handicappers who charted his life expectancy predicted that he wouldn't be around long enough to pay his current hotel bills.

Yet Longden still is healthy at forty-three and he

has won more races than any jockey in North American history. Only England's Gordon Richards surpasses him in total number of winners. Just about the time you're reading this, the *petit* pony-pilot from the Alberta sugar-beet country will have recorded win No. 4,200. Up until March 26, he had accepted 21,660 mounts and had won with 4,165 of them. He had finished second 3,369 times and third 2,943 times. Summarizing it, he had been in the money with almost fifty percent of his mounts.

His winning purses had totaled almost twelve million dollars. A rider of his eminence usually collects ten percent of a winning purse which means that Longden has earned at least \$1,200,000 as a saddlesmith—but that is only half the story.

Extracting the other half of the story from Longden personally is similar to attempting to extract the bicuspids from a reluctant dinosaur. Little John isn't exactly a raconteur and when he talks to you he has a preoccupied air which suggests he is wondering what the hell happened to Indian Hemp when he coughed out the bit at the eighth-pole in yesterday's sixth race. He is polite and affable but, almost invariably, he is single-minded in his interest in his immediate business. Accordingly, it is necessary to obtain much of his story from his closest friend, Max Bell, the Calgary publisher, who has had the opportunity to spend countless months with him and who, from snatches

of conversation, has pieced it together. For instance I have known him since 1927 and, although Longden gives me what is known on Broadway as "the large hello," after we part he asks Bell to tell him my name. It is simply a matter of fact that Longden is a public figure in a business where he meets thousands of persons every month and he is concerned primarily with those who may offer him a "hot" mount in tomorrow's handicap. His conversation is inclined to be monosyllabic. Half a dozen years ago he was one of the featured humans in a motion-picture short feature titled *The Winner's Circle* and his dialogue was reminiscent of an impressionable high-school student reciting Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. Longden's business is riding, not talking.

The secret of his remarkable success as a winning jockey defies technical analysis. There are a few human beings who are *en rapport* with horses. There are gnarled old grooms who, in some mysterious language of their own, talk with horses. Possibly, a wayfaring gypsy placed his hands on Johnny Longden when the latter was a baby. There is indisputable evidence that horses which have run like billy-goats when other jockeys were guiding them have run faster and farther when Longden was in the saddle. If Longden's ability can be pinpointed in any respect, it must be said that he has an extraordinary ability to keep a sprinter running well beyond that sprinter's ordinary capabilities.

Only England's Gordon Richards (below, right) has more winners than Longden. In 1949 the two champions met at Bath. They are both exactly the same height and weight.



Now forty-three, Johnny Longden has no plans for retirement. And when he does, his big investments will keep him in clover.

After a big win his son by his first marriage, Vance, flanks Johnny and the second Mrs. Longden. Johnny wears built-up heels on size-four shoes to increase his height. His wife co-operates with low heels.



When he is riding what the industry calls a front-runner Johnny has that uncanny knack of keeping him in front for seven furlongs or even a mile when, under another jockey's guidance, the horse couldn't travel more than six furlongs if he was being towed by a bulldozer. There is no man in his hazardous business who can outguess him as a judge of pace on a horse that likes to run in front of the pack.

Longden will have to retire before his remarkable record comes into true focus. While he's still active, horsemen will joke about his riding ability and riches, just as envious merry-andrews in the entertainment world joke about Bing Crosby's wigs and his vast store of boodle.

The truth of the matter is that Longden isn't the best rider in America. He rides with none of the grim ferocity of Arcaro. There have been unkind critics who insisted, privately, that, when he sits on a horse, he looks like a small sack of cement wearing a peaked cap. His legs are so short that, when he lifts himself in the irons, it appears that he is sitting on his steed's neck whispering sweet nothings into the equine's ear. But, there is the indisputable fact that horses run for him and, even if his seat doesn't conform with the standards of perfect horsemanship, his record indicates that it's about time someone rewrote the textbook on equitation.

The truth of the matter, too, is that Longden isn't a millionaire. He is wealthier than ninety percent of

Canadians but much of his money is tied up in such perishables as thoroughbred racing stock and registered cattle. However, if pressed, he could put his hands on a couple of hundred thousand dollars and there is little possibility of him ending his days in the county almshouse.

He was born in Wakefield, England, on St. Valentine's Day, 1910. He has his birth certificate to prove it although incredulous turf writers whisper that he is as old as Connie Mack. The rigorous reducing exercises which jockeys take to maintain their riding weight frequently age their appearance before their time and John's wizened humorous physiognomy long ago earned him the nickname of Prune-face.

His parents brought him to Canada when he was no taller than a bootjack and the family hired out to a farmer in the Taber district of Alberta. Johnny

inherited his diminutive stature; his father was a wee man, too. As soon as he left school Johnny went to work in a southern Alberta coal mine and, for the first time in his life, his size was a blessing rather than a handicap. He was the only miner who could stand upright in the underground workings, and, as he wielded the pick, he developed those tremendous arm and shoulder muscles which have contributed to his proficiency as a jockey.

How Longden got out of that dark coal mine and into the bright sunlight of the race track is a two-fold story. In his school days on the farm he had discovered that there were such beasts as horses and he had experimented by climbing on their backs. From that he had graduated to a bit of bareback riding in cayuse races around country fairs. In the summer of 1925, when he was fifteen, Johnny tossed aside his pick, crawled into an empty boxcar and lit out in the general direction of Salt Lake City, prompted by an urge to visit the Mother Temple of the Mormon faith.

There was a race meeting in progress at Salt Lake City and Longden's fate was decided when he slipped past the gateman early one morning and sniffed the air of a recognized race track for the first time. That is the time of day when the race track casts its strongest spell. Little Johnny watched the old men and the boys going about their jobs and listened to the soft, unhurried voices. He walked timidly over to a stall

*Continued on page 62*



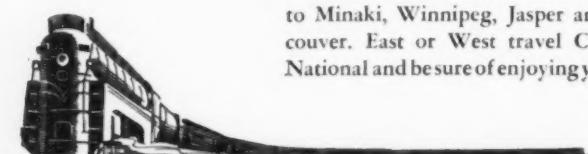
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Clifton Webb takes a trip in the *Titanic*. Ex-Thin Man Bill Powell at odds with Latin Lamas. Barbara Stanwyck is in *Jeopardy* with a killer.

## Maclean's Movies

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**ANNA:** Silvana Mangano, the *signorina* who drove the fieldhands mad in *Bitter Rice*, somewhat implausibly pops up as a would-be nun in this slick, pretentious Italian melodrama. Her lurid past as a sultry cabaret singer, however, is amply documented in flashback scenes for the benefit of Miss M.'s special admirers.

**THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING:** Old-timer William Powell, still spry and lean and debonair, likeably portrays a big-league lawyer whose motherless daughter (Elizabeth Taylor) is dangerously fascinated by a ruthless racketeer (Fernando Lamas). The cast performs competently but the story is hackneyed and predictable.

**HOUSE OF WAX:** A three-dimensional item of horror and suspense. As a 3-D spectacle, it is technically far ahead of the recent *Bwana Devil*, and the corny story is at least up to the average chiller-diller. It's about an insane waxworker (Vincent Price) who steals bodies from the city morgue.

**JEOPARDY:** Although weakened by composer Dimitri Tiomkin's too-strident music on the sound track, this is a tightly knit yarn about a frantic holidayer (Barbara Stanwyck) who tries to persuade a fugitive killer (Ralph Meeker) to rescue her husband, trapped under a fallen jetty with the tide coming in.

**NO TIME FOR FLOWERS:** Much of the irony is fairly heavy in style in this romantic comedy about love and politics on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Two loyal Czech Communists (Viveca Lindfors and Paul Christian) are set to spying on each other, with results not likely to astonish anyone.

**SALOME:** Sex and religion, with more emphasis on the latter, are awkwardly but handsomely blended in a surprising version of the scriptural tale. Rita Hayworth, as Salome, dances suggestively but only for a Very Good Cause, and generally is depicted as a nice wholesome girl. Stewart Grainger is prominent in the all-star cast.

**SPLIT SECOND:** Actor Dick Powell's first effort as a director is a brisk, believable suspense story about an escaped convict (Stephen McNally) who hides with a group of captives in a ghost town which is about to be vaporized by an atomic bomb.

**TITANIC:** The disastrous sinking of the great ocean liner south of Newfoundland in 1912 is here recorded with enough tension and drama to compensate for a lot of fictional hokum behind the scenes. Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Thelma Ritter and Brian Aherne are among passengers and crew.

### Gilmour Rates

Angel Face: Crime melodrama. Fair.	Long Memory: British drama. Fair.
Battle Circus: Love and war. Fair.	Magnetic Monster: Suspense. Fair.
Bwana Devil: 3-D jungle drama. Poor.	Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.	The Naked Spur: Western. Good.
City Beneath the Sea: Action. Fair.	The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
The Clown: Comedy-drama. Fair.	Niagara: Sexy melodrama. Good.
Confidentially Connie: Comedy. Good.	Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.
Desert Legion: Adventure. Fair.	Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Desperate Search: Drama. Fair.	The President's Lady: American historical drama. Good.
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.	The Star: Movieland drama. Good.
Farmer Takes a Wife: Betty Grable in costume musical. Fair.	Stolen Face: Drama. Poor.
Gunsmoke: Western. Fair.	Taxi: Manhattan comedy. Good.
Hans Christian Andersen: Danny Kaye in fairy-tale musical. Good.	Thief of Venice: Drama. Fair.
The Hitchhiker: Suspense. Excellent.	Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.
Home at Seven: Suspense. Fair.	Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
I Confess: Suspense drama. Good.	Treasure of the Golden Condor: Costume adventure drama. Fair.
I Love Melvin: Musical. Fair.	The War of the Worlds: Science-fiction thriller. Tops.
Last of the Comanches: Western. Fair.	Without Warning: Suspense. Fair.



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SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

### The Vagabond Genius

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

valued so highly. "Life is not money," he remarked once in refusing double his salary if he would stick to one of the various city jobs he took to finance further periods of wandering. "Life is going here and there, seeing and understanding."

Trained first for the law, Hémon gave that up because, as he explained, he refused to be poured into the mass mold of middle-class French officialdom. Then he studied oriental languages in preparation for a career in the French Colonial Service, but threw that up equally abruptly and left for England. In London he supported himself by working as a minor office clerk and writing on the side.

His departure for Canada when he was thirty-one confirmed his family's growing conviction that their son was a drifter and a misfit. While his writings showed literary promise (he had won several prizes) he had sold altogether only forty-nine articles. His one published book, *Lizzie Blakeston*, a novel of London slum life, had won little attention. While in England he had married a young Irish girl but, when she died soon after the birth of their child, he sent his daughter home to France for his family to rear.

In Canada Hémon drifted from Montreal to the hinterland beyond Lake St. John. He hated cities. He was fortunate in meeting Samuel Bédard aboard the small lake boat—compared to the other settlers Bédard was a man of the world. He had been a salesman in smaller Quebec centres, and latterly a guide to anglers and hunters and government survey parties north of the lake. After marrying Laura Bouchard he had settled near Peribonca on a farm beside his father-in-law's. A restless man, he was even then toying with the idea of selling his farm, for he didn't like the rough heavy work. For this reason he usually hired farm hands, few of whom stood the hard life long.

Hémon's Parisian accent didn't surprise Bédard too much, for at this time Quebec was encouraging French immi-

gration. Already one French family, a father and two sons, had settled near Honfleur, a still more primitive settlement east along the river. These are the same French immigrants Hémon put into his book to illustrate how near to hopeless pioneering this rough bush country was for anyone but the hardy.

In Hémon, Bédard probably scented a prospective buyer for his farm. He asked the stranger if he was planning to remain in Peribonca.

"I'm planning to hire myself out as a farm hand," Hémon told him.

"That's smart of you!" Bédard still figured Hémon as a possible buyer, but that he was wisely trying to gain experience first.

He told Hémon that he had contracted to work with a survey party sometime that summer—that he would need someone to leave behind to help *Mme* Bédard with the heavy farm work. How would Hémon like to work for him?

"For you or another," Hémon said bluntly, "though I prefer you, since I know you."

"What about wages?" Bédard queried.

"Can you pay me eight dollars—?"

"By the week?" Oh, no," Bédard countered, not letting Hémon finish. Actually the usual rate for farm help was twenty-five to thirty dollars a month and Bédard was prepared to bargain.

"By the month, M. Bédard, by the month," was Hémon's startling reply.

Bédard was always eager to tell questioners that Hémon set this low rate himself. However, the stranger set one condition: each Saturday afternoon was to be solely his own. The bargain was struck. Bédard returned home with his new farm hand whose possessions consisted of only a steamer rug, some handkerchiefs and a toothbrush.

Relations between the Bédards and their new hired man were necessarily close. The main part of their home was a single room, divided by a curtain to provide sleeping quarters for Samuel and his wife. Their two adopted children, Thomas and Roland Maroux, slept like the *Chapdelaine* boys in the loft. The cramped farmhouse cor-



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responds almost exactly with Hémon's Chapdelaine home. In a kitchen lean-to, so small that Madame could stretch out her arms and touch all four walls, Hémon slept on a camp cot in a kind of nook, with his steamer rug for blanket. The three-decked stove, which supplied heat for the house, can still be seen in its original position in the present Hémon museum, the former Bédard homestead.

Privacy, of course, was nil. Hémon usually sat on the side of his bed to eat. And it was here after the evening chores were done and on Sundays after

church, in the midst of the family conversation, with the two small children playing about, that Hémon jotted down those day-to-day observations which serve to give almost documentary accuracy to his portrayal of pioneer life.

During the day he set himself to the farm chores with energy and stubborn persistence—if also with incredible awkwardness. Sometimes *Mme Bédard* grumbled about his ineptness. "But we just had to put up with him," she explained naïvely to interviewers years later. "Naturally we couldn't

drive him because of the small wages he got."

Hémon's first job on the day he arrived was to roll some cut logs from the bank into the river. Panting and pulling, he was struggling with them without success, when Ernest Muré, the Bouchards' hired man, came to his assistance. Muré thought it a joke to let the rough logs fall back on Hémon's soft white hands. "Curé Hémon," he nicknamed his puny partner. Hémon later depicted Muré as Edwige Légaré, the Chapdelaines' hired man. He mentions his bright blue eyes, "a thing

rare in Quebec," Hémon notes, but due of course to a Scottish strain, for Muré was descended from one of Wolfe's soldiers, who settled around Lake St. John and married there.

Hémon seemed to fall easily into the routine of the Bédard farm. He rose at 4.30 a.m., then went out to the poor shed which served as barn and fed the two horses, three cows and chickens before breakfasting on porridge, *crêpes au lard*, bacon and eggs. Writing home to his family he mentioned the pork liver, black pudding, homemade head cheese . . . and *autres compositions succulentes* which he teasingly refused to describe. He mentioned that his employer cut his hair, that *Mme Bédard* washed his linen. Hémon, though nondescript in dress, was always scrupulously neat and clean. He once remarked ironically that his unconventionalities was not sufficient to mark him as a genius. "Whoever heard of a real genius wearing proper linen?" he asked.

Saturday mornings Hémon drove Old Katie—the Bédards never trusted him with the filly Coquette—when he took the milk to the village cheese plant. It was Katie, the steady old mare who practically knew the way home without directions from the driver, whom Hémon immortalized as the Chapdelaines' smart old horse Charles Eugène.

The village folk were getting a closer look at the Bédards' new hired man. Anything different appeared ridiculous to them, so they laughed at his straw hat; and when he draped it with mosquito netting they laughed still harder.

#### No Faddy City Folk

But Hémon cared not at all what people thought of him. He finally acquired a cap, but wore it backwards, the long back-flap drooping over his eyes.

"What *innocent* has Samuel hired now?" *Eva Bouchard* asked her sister, *Laura Bédard*. *Eva*, a twenty-eight-year-old country schoolteacher who only came home week ends, was very conscious of her convent breeding.

The Lake St. John folk ridiculed the military gait that Hémon had acquired through his army service in France. His Parisian accent sounded affected to them. They did not know that he could also speak German and English.

Hémon told his neighbors, even the Bédards, very little about himself. Occasionally when he received letters from his family, he mentioned his mother, his sister, his little daughter *Marie*, for whose care he sent each month most of the wages Bédard paid him. They knew he received French papers and magazines from time to time, and that he contributed to *Le Temps*.

Did they know he was writing a book about them? It's doubtful. Hémon never confided in anyone. And at times he used his slight deafness—result of a childish infection of scarlatina—to discourage questions.

His silence was balanced at times by a sardonic humor.

Once when *Mme Bédard* became disturbed because their filly Coquette had gone astray in the wild bush country, Hémon merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "Never mind. The summer is long. I have lots of time to find her."

His fatalism was edged with irony. "What pleases me here," he wrote his family in France, "is their simple unaffected ways. When anyone has anything in the bottom of his cup, he simply empties it over his shoulder. And when there are flies in the soup—well, these are not faddy city folk who would insist on removing them."



## Sinking in a sea of confusion

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Here one sleeps completely clothed—it saves dressing in the morning. And one has a grand wash on Sundays—that's all."

On Sundays Hémon invariably attended church with his employer. "He wouldn't have lasted a day longer otherwise," the determined and devout *Mme Bédard* said. She wondered about the state of Hémon's soul and looked with disapproving eye at *Le Temps* unfolded on the bed in her back kitchen—there were questions about its free-mason opinions.

Hémon gave readers in the opening chapter of *Maria Chapdelaine* an unforgettable picture of the gathering of village and farm folk after service "visiting" and gossiping with friends on the broad plank steps. The very first Sunday after his arrival in Peribonca he saw three little pigs sold there; heard the announcement of parish news; of the auction sale to be held the following week, of the proposed work on the wharf. Reading this later in *Maria Chapdelaine* Samuel Bédard said: "Now I know why he was the last to go in—and the first out. He was spying on us."

The woods and out-of-doors had always held magic for Hémon. His first published article, which won him a prize awarded by a French magazine, had been entitled *La Rivière*. And so the Peribonca becomes almost a personality in *Maria Chapdelaine*. The sound of its falls is a "sort of intermittent bass" throughout the story. Hémon walked every foot of the six miles between Peribonca and Honfleur. At times he went swimming in the Peribonca near the Bédard homestead. *Mme Bédard* at first watched him very closely. "But he was very *propre*," she said. "He always kept on his short underdrawers."

Laura Bédard was a careful mother to her two adopted small boys, Roland, eight, and Thomas, three. The younger was called Tit'homme (little man), though, like many Canadian boys, he had long curls and wore dresses. Tit'homme became Alma Rose, Maria's baby sister in Hémon's book. The older boy apparently served as the model for mischievous Telesphore, Maria's small brother.

Hémon and Tit'homme were particular friends. Each Sunday the boy waited for Hémon's return from church. Then Hémon would say, "Here, little one, would you like some sweets?"

Together they went to the trapdoor of the loft, from which a long string hung. Hémon always repeated the same hocus-pocus, "Taquini, taquino . . . le chocolat sortira."

"Pull the cord," he told Tit'homme. Then the chocolate would fall from Hémon's sleeve where it was concealed. All the rest of the week, *Mme Bédard* recalled, Tit'homme kept pulling in vain at the trapdoor cord.

Hémon lived with the Bédards through June, July and August. One of his last jobs was helping to pick blueberries. Bédard realized by this time that he could not leave his farm to this inept hired man, with the heavy work of haying now due, so he suggested that Hémon take his place with the survey party he himself had planned to join.

Hémon reported to his family that he spent from September to the end of November in the bush. On his return he insisted on handing over to Bédard the eighty-five dollars he had earned. "I am supposed to be working for you for eight dollars per month," he explained.

Hémon spent Christmas with the Bédards at Peribonca, then he arranged for Samuel Bédard to drive him by sleigh to the southern side of the lake. His work was accomplished: he carried

with him nine dollars and the rough manuscript of *Maria Chapdelaine*.

Hémon stayed in a *pension* at St. Gedeon for three weeks, seldom leaving his room. He probably worked up his notes there and, later that winter, while working for a lumber firm in Kenogami, completed his book. He called it *A Tale of the Lake St. John Country*. He typed it up when he returned to Montreal in April 1913, while he was working as a translator for a wholesale hardware firm. He was allowed to use a typewriter after hours, though he was meticulous about supplying his own

paper. Then he shipped the story to *Le Temps* in Paris.

Restlessness gripped him again. After a few months of office work he had saved enough to finance further wanderings. Toward the end of June 1913 he traded his battered old grip for a fishing rod and set out for the west with a knapsack. He told acquaintances in Montreal that he hoped to get as far as the Rockies. In a letter to his mother at this time he said:

Some things may make me appear unbalanced. Oh well, **ma petite ma-**

**man**, I'm going to tell you a secret. I am not unbalanced at all. I know what I'm doing. While I cannot give you all the details, I have not lost the essential purpose . . . nor one whit of confidence. There will be good news for you some day. Not for a long time perhaps . . . but it is necessary to await it patiently, without ever giving up hope. And if these good days do not come, it will be something to have awaited them with courage until the end . . .

There was tragic poignancy in that prophecy. Hémon was dead less than



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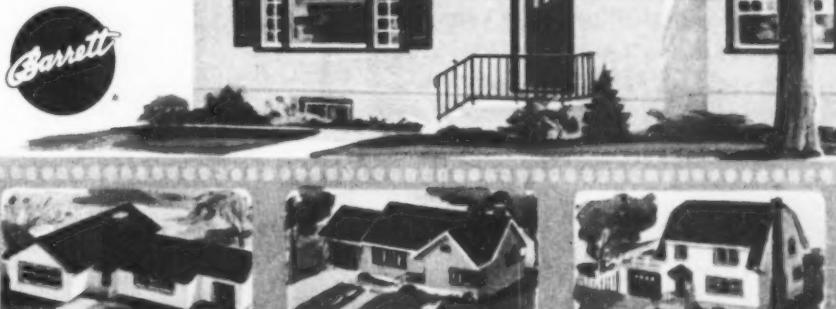
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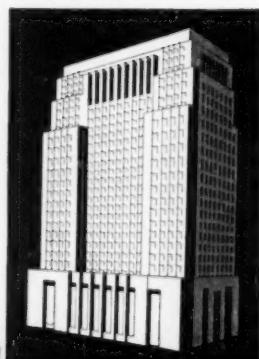


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\*Extract from Helen Scammell's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



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two weeks after he left Montreal. With a companion he was walking the rails westward through northern Ontario, carefully keeping to the eastbound track. A mile and a quarter beyond Chapleau, in the early evening of July 8, 1913, they suddenly heard a train around a curve ahead. Hémon's slight deafness may account for his not hearing the warning whistle sooner. Sure that the train was upon them, they hurled themselves violently to the other track—and were struck by the CPR's westbound Imperial Limited. Hémon was thirty-three years old.

He lies in the Roman Catholic cemetery in Chapleau, but the exact spot is unknown for not until about ten years later, when his book achieved fame, was an attempt made to establish the place.

But the Lake St. John story was by no means finished. For Hémon had created characters so real that readers insisted they must be photographic likenesses of living people. In 1922, at the height of his book's fame, reporters and magazine writers arrived in Peribonca to pin down the originals.

Who were Samuel and Laura Chapdelaine? The girl, Maria?

For the first two, Peribonca folk pointed to Samuel and Laura Bédard, who bore the same first names as the fictional Chapdelaines. There were other resemblances, some superficial, others rather significant. But Lake St. John folk, knowing nothing of composite characterization, couldn't square the dead *Mme* Chapdelaine with the living *Mme* Bédard. *Certainement* then, *Mme* Bédard must be Maria. Adolphe Bouchard, Laura Bédard's father, told one interviewer: "It is my daughter, *Mme* Bédard, whom Louis Hémon took for the type of Maria Chapdelaine." The local priest directed another journalist: "Why don't you ask *Mme* Bédard? She is Maria Chapdelaine."

At first both Bédards indignantly resented this identification with Hémon's characters. But Bédard soon saw that the book could publicize the Peribonca area and boost business for the hotel he had taken over in the village when he gave up farming. At once he changed its name to Hotel Maria Chapdelaine. He even suggested to one interviewer that the Hémon estate might reasonably pay his youngest ward's seminary fees, since Hémon had put him into his book.

But the convent-schooled *Mme* Bédard was less happy about her identifi-

cation with the uneducated farm girl, Maria. On one occasion, when a curious visitor asked: "Is this Maria Chapdelaine's home?" she replied coldly: "This is Samuel Bédard's home."

Bédard the salesman diplomatically explained her attitude: "There's nothing in the book she is ashamed of. It is a very nice book, but one doesn't like one's life paraded before the curious."

In 1918 a Quebec journalist had wondered whether Eva Bouchard, *Mme* Bédard's younger unmarried sister—rather than *Mme* Bédard herself—might have been the model for Maria Chapdelaine. Eva Bouchard indignantly rejected this "aspersion." She refused to attend the unveiling of Hémon's monument in 1919 and *Mme* Bédard scolded the journalist: "You can be sure she won't show up here. In saying she was Maria Chapdelaine, you've made her a figure of ridicule."

Yet ten years later (Laura Bédard having died in the meantime) Eva Bouchard did a complete about-face. In Montreal and later in Toronto at the First Canadian Book Fair in 1941 she was introduced as the "original Maria." She autographed copies of Maria Chapdelaine just as if she had been born with the name. And, until quite recently, the cottage where she lived opposite the former Bédard home (now the Hémon Museum) bore the sign: "Foyer Maria Chapdelaine." To visitors *Mlle* Bouchard eagerly displayed a volume in which distinguished persons had inscribed tributes to her. The larger part of the exhibits and relics in the Bouchard-run Hémon Museum are relics not of Hémon but of Eva Bouchard.

Among Lake St. John people today fact and fiction are so inextricably confused that Hémon's book has been lost in the shuffle. The Eva Bouchard myth has focused visitors' attention on this lower part of the valley where *Mlle* Bouchard lived, instead of the wilder up-river country, eight miles beyond Honfleur, where Hémon actually located the Chapdelaine home-stead, beside the falls whose thunder sounds loud and clear in the quiet forest.

Hémon's monument—safe at last from the indignities heaped upon it in Peribonca—stands beside the river, on the spot where the young Frenchman sat during that long-ago summer. But his greatest memorial lies in the land he immortalized which today is universally known as Maria Chapdelaine's Country. ★

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## The Man Behind the Queen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the projector and choosing the film. (He selected a cowboy movie.)

Philip feels that both chauffeurs and secret-service men are overdone in the royal household. He likes to drive the royal vehicles himself and has often succeeded in doing so. He is impatient of average speeds. During the tour of

Canada, when his three-day holiday began on Vancouver Island he got behind the wheel of a Lincoln and clocked 92 mph up the twisting Island Highway to Nanaimo. Once he drove out from Balmoral Castle in Scotland to open a new hydro project. He popped the chauffeur in the back seat, took the wheel himself and made such good time that he got to the rendezvous before the officials who were supposed to welcome him. Early in the new reign he and the Queen set out for Windsor by car. Philip ordered his chauffeur and two private detectives to proceed

by train and drove the Queen himself. This caused Scotland Yard to complain that the sovereign's life was being endangered.

He brings the same breezy independence to his speeches. He is proud of the fact that many of them are his own work and indeed he prefaced one speech in Toronto with the opening line, "I wrote this myself." Before giving a major speech he records it on his tape recorder and plays it back to iron out the poor-sounding phrases. He has no trouble speaking extemporaneously and his speeches usually have

both point and wit. To the British Automobile Association he talked about the need for better rear lights on cars and to the National Playing Fields Association he insisted that the important thing was not to have beautiful fields but enough room to play on. He drew both laughter and raised eyebrows in Edinburgh when in the course of a speech he recalled that the last time he had been in the city the train was "six drinks late."

He can be outspoken both in speeches and in private conversation. "America has invented the term 'yes man,'" he said in one speech. "In England we are more troubled by 'no men,' who make it their business to employ clever ignorance in opposing every scheme suggested by those who have energy and foresight." In Montreal he thanked automobile company officials for the free use of cars on the royal tour, but couldn't resist adding: "Why don't you people make a car a fellow can get into without hitting his head?" Once a scientist was showing him around a research centre and Philip cut short a long-winded oration on the marvels of modern research with the words: "That's all very well, but you still haven't found out what makes my bath water gurgle when I take the stopper off."

It is not surprising in the light of all this that the personality of this stubborn and independently minded young man can be seen at work behind the grey Portland stone of the palace facade. Even before his marriage Philip had brought an air of informality to Elizabeth's rather stiff sitting room by switching the furniture about so that the sofas were pulled up in front of the fireplace for comfort. Before long he had changed his wife's dress and waistline. The Queen's figure slimmed; her clothes became more modish. One day he dropped in on a sitting the Queen was giving to the woman who made the design of her head for coins. Philip criticized the drawing. "I'm quite familiar with the line of my wife's neck and shoulders and you've got it all wrong," he said. It was revised twice.

Everything from the shade of his wife's hats to the furniture in Clarence House has come under the influence of the new consort, who even examines the cloth for his wife's suits before she orders them. The Office of Works, charged with renovating the bridal home, wanted to handle all interior decoration but Philip demurred. He insisted on hiring a decorator of his own and incorporating his own ideas in the building. He planned it all very carefully, using models and scale plans and lists of wedding presents to help him. ("What do you do with two tons of mahogany?" Elizabeth once asked, looking over the wedding list. Philip had some of it made up into doors; the rest was sold to buy more useful things.)

Philip had shelves made to fit his own clothes exactly, for he likes to be independent of a valet and to find everything for himself in a hurry. His own room had none of the rococo elegance usually associated with royalty. Instead he had it fitted out like a ship's cabin with concealed lighting, wall bookshelves spaced with glass, built-in cupboards and walls lined with Spanish white sycamore. His study was lined with Canadian maple and every piece of furniture was made to his specifications.

When workmen were discussing moving and arranging all the new furniture Philip appeared and said casually, "Don't take any notice of that. I like to arrange my own things." Whereupon he took his coat off and worked with them.

In the palace the spectacle of a prince who acts so independently has

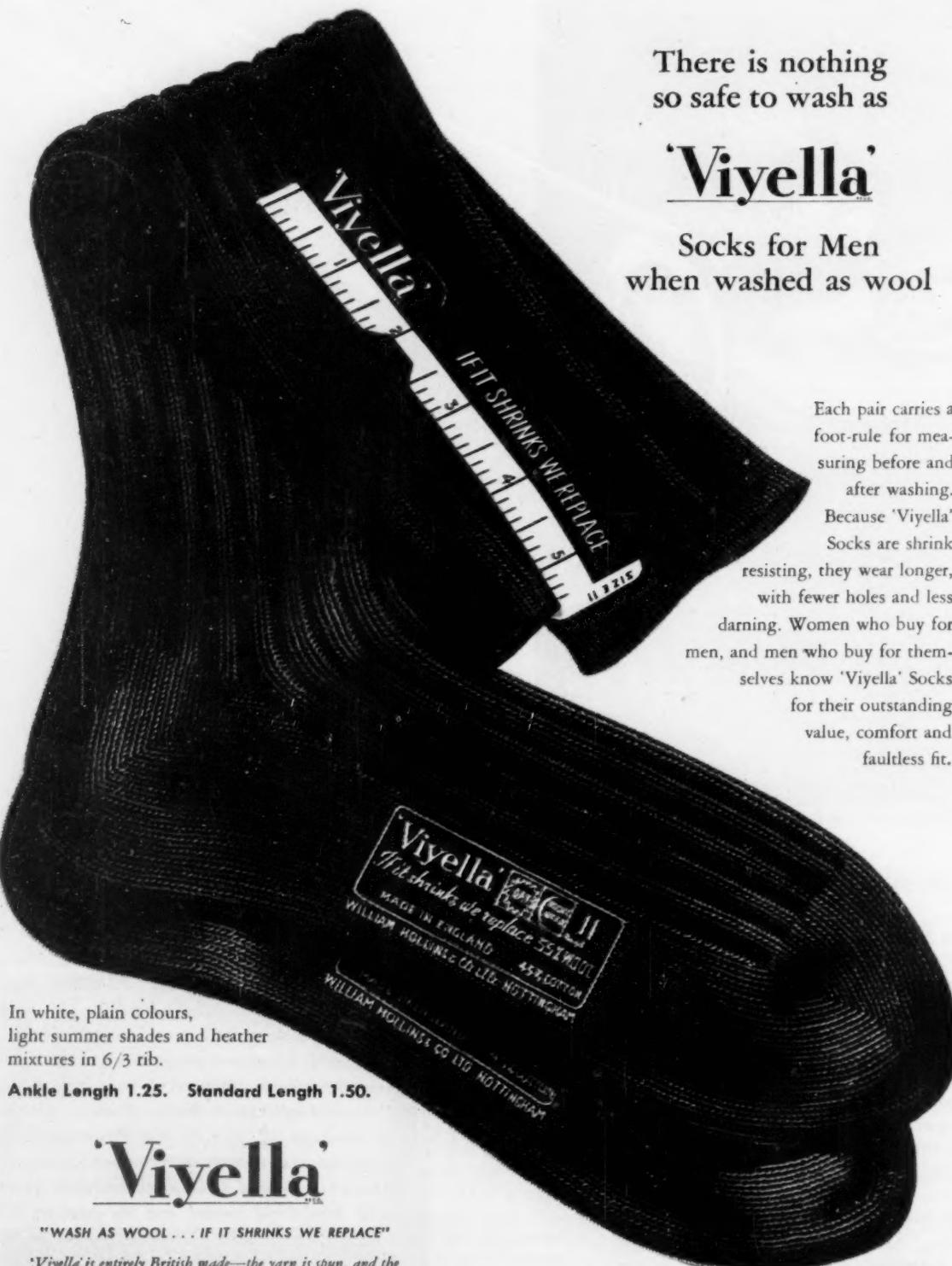
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caused a certain amount of dismay and it has been less easy for him to have his own way. He was appalled, for example, to find that the palace kitchens are a full half-mile away from the official royal dining room and that food has to be trundled along in carts to the royal tables. He tried to have this changed but the Office of Works would not approve so costly a venture. Philip had to content himself with installing modern concealed lighting in the royal suite and an intercom system along naval lines to replace old-fashioned page-boys.

This modern approach to ancient problems is Philip's heritage from Lord Mountbatten, the blooded aristocrat who is himself an unconventional member of his species and whose influence on his nephew has been important and lasting. Philip worships his uncle. Just before his marriage a friend from Fleet Street offered to give him some advice on newspaper matters. Philip thanked him politely but added: "I must tell you that there is only one man who can give me advice or help me in any way and that is Lord Louis Mountbatten."

Philip has been under Mountbatten's aegis since the age of seven when he was put in an English prep school after his father, Prince Andrew, had been exiled from Greece. It is generally believed that the Prince commended Philip to the elder Mountbatten's care after the latter had, as the Greek papers put it, promised the boy "a glittering future." Philip's connection with his family grew more and more tenuous and he soon became, to all intents and purposes, a Mountbatten. Today his father is dead and his mother, whom he seldom sees, has taken the veil.

#### A Delight in Gadgets

He has become a Mountbatten to his finger tips and there are times when he seems to be a carbon copy of his uncle. Both have the same kind of slide-rule mind, the same thorough and methodical German outlook, the same fierce determination to excel at any kind of test. Mountbatten's inventive brain has produced everything from elastic shoe laces and new kinds of polo sticks to the imaginative Pipe Line Under The Ocean of World War II. Philip is credited with the original idea for the plastic-topped car that was used during the tour of Canada, and he has contributed a good many of his own ideas to the special Rolls Royce built for the Queen.

Both men delight in modern gadgets and modern modes of living. The Mountbattens had the first penthouse in Britain in the early Thirties, crammed with tubular furniture, built-in cupboards, a bright *décor* and a maze of buzzers. Mountbatten had a special kind of "foolproof" lift installed in the flat, which amused Queen Mary by refusing to work properly for her. Philip has the same bent. The palace intercom, the pushbutton wardrobe and the tape recorder which he used to send his wife "letters" on, all have the Mountbatten touch about them.

The Mountbatten thinking is as modern as the Mountbatten *décor*. Britain's aristocrats will not soon forget that as last Viceroy of India under a Labour government he presided over the twilight days of the British raj. He has been called a Red, though actually he is a mild liberal. Philip thinks on similar lines and he is the first non-conformist in a hundred years to invade a dynasty which has always been publicly nonpartisan and privately Tory.

There is another point of similarity between Philip and his uncle. Each is prepared to go to a good deal of

detailed trouble to produce a first-rate effect. Mountbatten used to flabbergast those under him by boarding various ships under his command and showing a minute knowledge of such trifles as the bosun's broken leg. His officers didn't know that he kept a card index of all ships and men under his command, always up-to-date, which he consulted meticulously before making an inspection.

Philip similarly astonished four thousand members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science with a virtuosic speech in which he

glibly rolled off references to such items as Kipping's silicon chemistry, Lanchester's vortex theory and the X-ray spectrum. What the scientists didn't know was that Philip had had boxes of scientific texts and treatises shipped to Malta which he carefully absorbed and had then had the draft of his speech checked for accuracy by experts before committing it to memory. When he gave it he seemed to be consulting nothing more than a few scribbled notes on paper from HMS Magpie's wardroom.

It was quite natural that Philip

should have followed Mountbatten into the navy and onto the polo field, where his great ambition is to become as good a player as his champion uncle. But it is still too early to tell whether he has inherited another Mountbatten characteristic: his tremendous personal drive and ambition.

In the roaring Twenties Dickie Mountbatten was a deceptive playboy, driving his Rolls Royce with its silver ornaments and its gold monogram at breakneck speeds. He moved so swiftly in the fast, tight social clique which centred around the former Prince of

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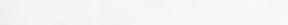
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Wales that he was snubbed by the Royal Yacht Squadron which refused him membership. Certainly there was nothing Victorian about him or his remarkable wife.

But behind the handsome, smiling Mountbatten features burned the hot flame of ambition. His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, had been First Sea Lord during World War I, but his German name had forced his resignation. All his life Mountbatten's goal has been to reach the position his father had to relinquish. Ambition has made him a perfectionist. He taught himself to play polo by watching slow-motion pictures and practicing on a wooden horse. As a result he became one of the world's best players. "It is a little weakness in me to think I can do anything," he once told Churchill, and this has been the key to his character.

If a polo stick can be shaped to perfection so can a growing boy and this was Mountbatten's approach to his ward. If Philip learned to dance, then he must be the best dancer in the class. If he swam, he must swim well. He must be above average in cricket and hockey and he must be the leading boy at school. Philip must also acquire that little weakness of believing he could do anything. He must not be told that the King had, and would use, the power to nominate him for the navy. He must go to school like everyone else and sweat like everybody else at academic work and take the naval examinations all on his own.

All this came to pass at Gordonstoun, the school on the Moray Firth he attended in the years before the war. Here Philip came under the influence of another curiously dedicated and unorthodox man—a greying German with a bloodhound's face and a passionate belief in self-achievement. This was Kurt Hahn, the principal, who under the patronage of Prince Max of Baden had first established a progressive school in Salem, Germany, which he had had to flee when Hitler came to power. Philip had spent a few months at the Salem school at the invitation of a sister who was married to Prince Max's son, but he was packed back to England with almost breakneck speed when it was discovered that he continually guffawed at the Nazi salute. "We thought it better for him," his sister said, explaining the sudden switch of plans; and she added, "and better for us."

In Morayshire, Scotland, in an ancient and rather barnlike mansion, Philip took his schooling under circumstances considerably different from those enjoyed or suffered by the vast bulk of well-to-do English youths. The flogging and canings that are so much a part of the old school tie are foreign to Hahn's teaching. In schools like Eton a boy is taught to compete against his fellows; in Gordonstoun he learns to compete against himself. Hahn's system includes a forty-five-minute morning break in which such individual sports as javelin throwing and high jumping are stressed, not so much for their own sake as for the sense of achievement they instill in the thrower or jumper. Each boy is encouraged to better his own record and, as life is itself a high jump, there is more to this than mere physical well-being.

Another aspect of the Hahn system is the emphasis it places on boys doing things for themselves. When Philip became a senior boy he kept his own training record, like the others, and no master bothered to look at it. On it he recorded all the things which he was supposed to do—the two hot washes and the two cold washes a day, the five pushups, the sixty rope skips. If he neglected any aspect of his training he recorded that too. If he was punished

he carried out his own punishment on his own and recorded the fact that he carried it out. (A usual punishment consisted of getting up before the others and hiking to a specified point on the seacoast.)

All this, in retrospect, seems an unlikely sort of background for a future royal consort. But then Philip could not read the future. His fellow classmates used sometimes to whisper that he would grow up to marry Princess Elizabeth, but they never said it to his face. As for Philip, Hahn has written that he was occasionally "impatient of . . . the royalty business." When strangers asked him for his autograph it annoyed him and he would impishly sign "The Earl of Baldwin." And though his qualities of leadership were noticeable they were, Hahn reported, "marred at times by impatience or intolerance." He had a reputation for cycling at breakneck speeds through the village of Elgin, occasionally threatening to overturn perambulators, but always apologizing so charmingly that he was forgiven.

The charming, dashing and impatient schoolboy profited by Hahn's training in self-reliance and his record began to



year

show some of that little weakness for perfection that is a Mountbatten trait. The high-jump bar rose higher and the javelin traveled farther under his efforts. He captained the first hockey team and the first cricket team. He was one of the few boys allowed to take out a boat on his own. In his final year he became Guardian of the school, a Gordonstoun term for head boy.

He went to Royal Naval College at Dartmouth to learn to be a sailor in the great Mountbatten tradition and here one day he met Elizabeth, Princess of England. He caught her eye by leaping backward and forward over the tennis nets to show how high he could jump. When the royal yacht departed all the cadets followed it in rowboats until the King ordered them back. But Philip rowed doggedly on, far ahead of the others. "The young fool!" said George VI.

But the young fool stayed far ahead of his fellow cadets. He passed his naval examinations and emerged with the King's Dirk and the Eardley-Howard-Crockett prize as best all-round boy of the year. As a naval lieutenant in the war that followed he served aboard eight vessels and took part in a series of actions which began with a bombardment on the Libyan coast in 1940 and ended five years later at the surrender of the Japanese Fleet in Tokyo Bay.

In the navy he continued to get things done by himself. One day he grew angry because the cook had served a saddle of mutton without gravy, so he promptly popped into the galley and made gravy on his own, using everything from sherry to herbs. When he gave orders for his destroyer to be painted and realized the time allowed for the job was short, he took brush in hand and painted the bridge himself. When Chinese stokers went on strike he blistered his hands shoveling coal until he couldn't hold a fork.

He was known as a good officer but a

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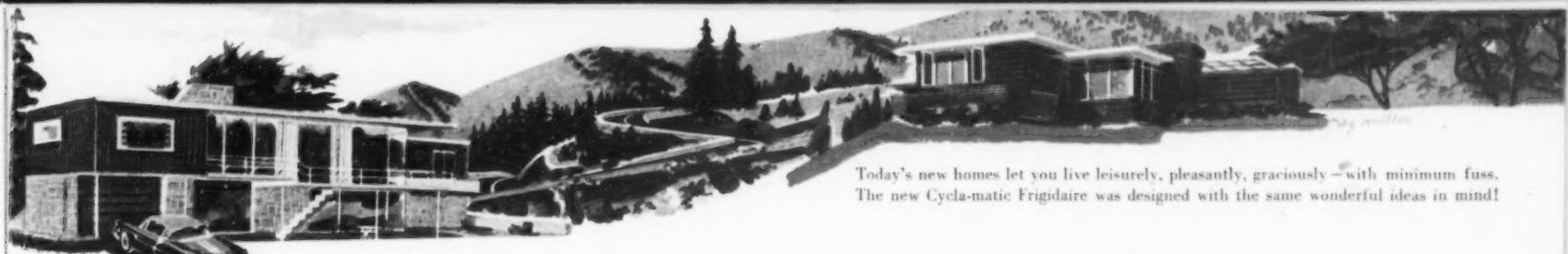
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stern one, and among the ratings he had the reputation of being a disciplinarian. His language was tough and blistering, but he brought a sense of perfection to his job. As gunnery officer on HMS Whelp he knew his equipment down to the last bolt. He was as high-spirited as the next man and enjoyed a wardroom game called Dive Bomber which consisted of turning out all the lights, making sounds like airplanes, punctuated by loud explosions, and kicking the furniture about. He ate a staggering amount of food, tucking away great quantities of ham and marmalade sandwiches, and liked when on shore to drop into local pubs for a beer-and-cheese supper. He took his leaves at Sandringham and Windsor, and always referred scrupulously to King George VI as The Monarch. He liked to sit up late jawing with his fellows, but when any contentious subject came up he seemed to fade inconspicuously into the wood-work. And when at last he and his cronies came to a parting of the ways it was with the realization that they did not know him very much better than when he had joined the ship. He had poured out his soul to no one, this zealous young officer who mixed so well and said so little.

All this time his rapport with Elizabeth had been ripening and he was becoming a familiar figure around Windsor Castle. Philip's breezy self-possession was found somewhat startling in royal circles. On his first visit to Balmoral in 1946, where the kilt is sacred, he was persuaded only with difficulty to wear it, and when he came pirouetting down the staircase crying, "Don't I look beautiful?" it did not sit too well with George VI. Once he was reprimanded by the Queen Mother for remarking that there seemed to be more servants than diners at a family meal. When he became involved in an accident at Hyde Park Corner the King asked him not to drive Elizabeth about any more, but he managed to continue the practice anyway. Finally he asked for her hand in marriage and the King demurred. He thought it better if everything was held up for six months so that all sides could be certain of their feelings. Off the royal family went to South Africa without Philip.

### An Aussie for Equerry

But the affair did not cool in this cooling-off period. Elizabeth kept his picture on her desk with her on the royal train and, when she returned, they held hands in the forests of Balmoral and hummed, People Will Say We're In Love in the halls of Windsor Castle. The secret was out long before the official announcement. For the first time the world began to look curiously at the blond young man in the naval uniform.

After his marriage the blond young man continued to act much as he had before he became the husband of a princess. He drove his tiny MG sports car himself, visited the pub near Sandringham and turned up at the luncheon meetings of the Thursday Club in Soho, where he consumed great quantities of oysters and sole, sherry and port, and occasionally tossed ripe olives out of the third-floor window of Wheeler's restaurant onto passers-by in Old Compton Street. When the afternoon waned, he remarked casually, "I have to go to the King's house now," and off he went. He did not forget his closest navy cronies. One, a handsome Australian named Michael Parker, became his equerry. Another, a society photographer named Baron Nahum, began to get commissions for royal sittings. On his wedding day Philip insisted, not without opposition, that

### NIGHT SCHOOL

My wife I'm teaching how to drive  
With lessons which commence  
Each dead of night,  
When traffic's light,  
On one-way lanes,  
Thus taking pains  
To help build up my confidence.

SIDNEY BRODY

all his naval friends from bosun to captain be invited to the Abbey, and he saw that they got seats well forward on the groom's side of the aisle. The more blue-blooded guests on the bride's side noted with some curiosity that the naval men seemed to be giving an inordinate amount of attention to the giant programs which they constantly consulted throughout the ceremony. Those in the gallery spotted the reason: small flasks of rum were being passed about under cover of the sheltering wall of paper.

Each morning after his marriage Philip drove himself to work at the Admiralty, just another naval lieutenant who happened also to be Baron Greenwich, Earl of Merioneth and Duke of Edinburgh. Once, on a tour of Greenwich Naval College, Philip discovered that both he and the captain of the college were calling each other "Sir"—a situation as confusing as it was ludicrous. Philip took the matter into his own hands. "This is your wardroom and I'm a sailor," he said, "so I'll call you 'sir, sir!'"

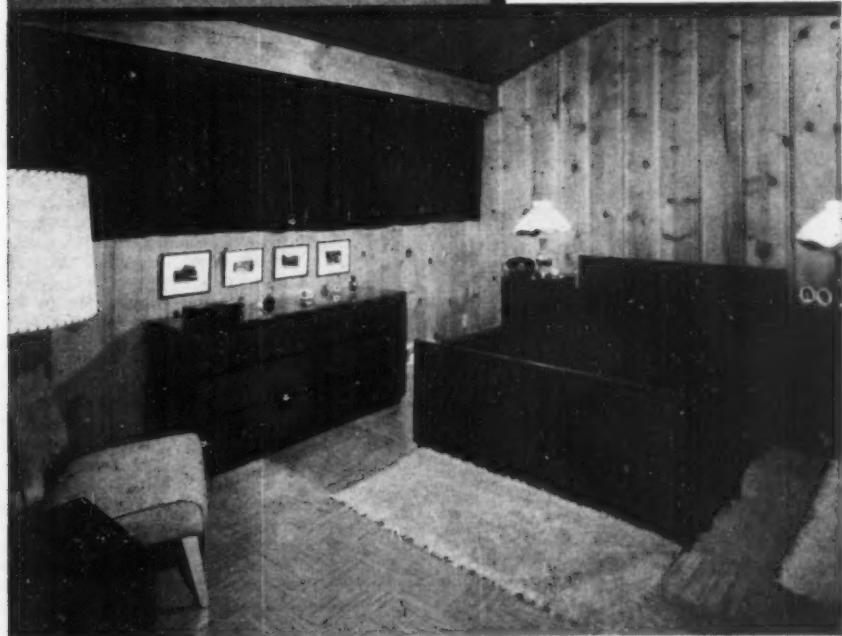
But the free and easy existence became less easy and less free as the shadow of the throne lengthened toward Elizabeth. Philip had one last fling at navy life in Malta, then bade it good-by for ever. His usually hatless figure began to appear in the newspapers, carrying out the day-to-day functions of inspection, review and ceremonial, the hands characteristically clasped behind the back, the head thrust forward quizzically, the face set in the look of serious preoccupation which the British people have come to associate with royal personages doing their duty. After his wife's accession the Duke no longer appeared among the lively crowd of journalists, actors and *bon vivants* who make up the company of the Thursday Club, and old acquaintances began to tell one another that he seemed a lot more distant than he once had been. Some even remarked that he was growing a bit stuffy. For the gap between Philip and the world he had known was widening as inevitably as the gap between his rowboat and the others that day at Dartmouth when he first saw his future wife.

The new world—the world of red carpets, bowing mayors, secretaries in black morning coats, footmen in blue livery, plain-clothes detectives in hard hats—brought its own irritations. Philip, who hates any headgear except a naval officer's, now found himself forced to wear everything from bowlers to grey toppers. The white carnation became part of his uniform. Every aspect of his clothing became a matter of public concern. "I dress comfortably, not to be in fashion," he said and there were murmurs from Savile Row—about his dinner jacket (black suede), his trousers (no suspenders), his collar (too low), his shoulders (too padded), his lapels (too rounded).

The qualities of intolerance and impatience which his headmaster had once remarked upon began to exhibit themselves, notably in his dealings with the Press. After the obscurity of the navy Philip has never yet quite rec-

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onciled himself to the fierce glare of flashbulbs which beats upon the throne. He became so angered at photographers once that he took their names as if they were naval ratings and sent them to their employers with a protest, though it is doubtful that this accomplished much for him.

It is on these occasions that his lack of training for the job of royalty shows most. This was especially true of the royal tour of Canada, when both he and his wife were under strain and under observation for a long period of time. Philip was very popular with the

Press at the outset of the tour; Elizabeth less so, for she seemed reserved and nervous while Philip was breezy and affable. But by the end of the journey positions were reversed. The newspapermen had cooled markedly to Philip, who was testy with them, and warmed to Elizabeth who never showed temperament. "She wears well," one reporter said. "He doesn't."

At Niagara Falls a pool photographer missed his shot of Philip taking off the slicker which was provided to shield him from spray and asked an aide if the Duke would mind posing again. The

Duke refused. "What are you photographers belly-aching about now?" he asked. At Ste. Agathe he arrived at church, saw the inevitable newspapermen waiting for him, turned to an aide and said "What are these people doing here? Get rid of them."

His most notable brush with the Press took place in Montreal. Here it was intended that the royal couple should say good-bye to those members of the press corps who were leaving the royal train before the tour went on to the Maritimes. Through a mixup the entire corps was assembled in the

Windsor Hotel. When Philip arrived he instantly spotted that something had gone wrong. "This is a bloody waste of time," he said, and kept his hands in his pockets. But Elizabeth, who has been trained to accept official mix-ups with resignation, patiently went through the long business of greeting each of the assembled journalists whom she had already met officially once before in Ottawa.

These incidents represent the fairly human reactions of a man who has not yet got used to the fact that he is required to be on public view. It is a new experience for him and there are times when he fails to hide his own rather forceful feelings. Once, during the royal tour, he was inspecting a steel mill in Sydney, N.S., and in his quizzical way was asking the usual questions about the plant's operation. "Say," somebody said, "the Duke is really interested in all this." Just then the Duke turned to a man he thought was his equerry. "Let's get the hell out of here," he said and only then discovered he had made the remark to a photographer.

It is not in the cards that this outspoken and self-sufficient consort will follow the advice laid down by his predecessor Albert for the husbands of future queens: that he "should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife . . . should aim at no power for himself . . . should shun all attention, assume no separate responsibility before the public . . ."

#### A Preference For Crosby

Philip is not the type. His own individual existence is one which he prizes highly. He is a man who likes to compete and when he competes he likes to excel. It is a matter of some chagrin to him that he is still a bad shot in a family notable for its marksmen. When he first attended a Highland dance in Edinburgh he had to sit on the sidelines while Elizabeth danced eightsome reels with other partners. He spent the next two days learning the art and at the next ball kept up with the Scots. Lord Mountbatten once taunted him that he could change uniforms in a minute and a half. Philip promptly learned to do it in a flat minute.

It is not surprising then that he should already be giving some form to the nebulous job whose attributes and functions have been described as "purely decorative" and "exclusively procreative." In the half-dozen organizations where he holds active chairmanships he takes his job seriously. As president of the National Playing Fields Association he is able to answer direct questions from the floor promptly without looking up the answers. As chairman of the Automobile Association he allows no major decision to go through without his approval. He was made chairman of the Coronation Commission at his own request and in this position was best qualified to say exactly what the Queen would or would not approve.

It is in his impact upon the Queen in which he will make himself felt to the greatest degree. These two, who seem so outwardly different, are in fact quite similar. Their tastes are middle rather than upper class and they both revel in a lack of ostentation. They prefer steak and chips to goose liver, and musical comedy to opera. When they holidayed at Eaglecrest, B.C., they were provided with a large selection of classical records, but they chose Bing Crosby by mutual preference. Their recreation centres around outdoor sport and their reading runs to magazines and popular best sellers. It is in their disparities that they complement each other. The tactful Elizabeth can teach

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her husband something about the delicate craft to which she was born. The outspoken Philip can teach his wife something about the outside world which she has never known. As Queen, Elizabeth had to turn down a request to become patron of the Amateur Boxing Association because it might offend those who disapprove of the sport. But, as consort, Philip could become patron without anyone taking umbrage.

Philip runs his home—though not his life—in the manner of any British husband. It is he who decides that Charles has enough toys and will be allowed no more until next Christmas, and when the boy misbehaves Elizabeth always threatens to tell his father. Charles is already taking after Philip, whom he worships. He is self-sufficient, talkative and insatiably curious. He has the same way of walking with his head thrust inquisitively forward and his hands clasped behind his back, and it is noticed that he too dislikes to wear a hat. Philip is already teaching him to swim in the palace pool (using a fishing-pole device of his own invention), for he, like Kurt Hahn, believes that boys should be able to strike out on their own.

When King Charles III finally attains the throne it will almost certainly be a considerably changed monarchy from the one that Britain knows today. This will be due in good part to his father. It is not generally realized how much the royal idea has already been transformed in the past century, but many features of it would be quite unrecognizable to the young Victoria. It is not so much that the Queen flies across continents or inspects troops from a cream-colored jeep. It is that royalty's attitude has changed toward the people and the people's toward royalty.

Victoria never knew or understood her great middle class (let alone her lower class) and it is doubtful if her son, Edward VII, did either. They lived in an age of easy opulence and they moved in the tight social circle of their own kind. As a man of Philip's age Edward lived in a house containing three hundred vases which occupied the continual talents of two men keeping them filled with fresh flowers. When he went rabbit shooting his party was used to knocking down six thousand in a day's sport, and when he went with a party on a voyage up the Nile they brought along twenty thousand bottles of soda water as chaser for the whisky. He and his mother conversed with the monarchs of Europe and in those days a king could transact state business by a friendly call to an uncle or a cousin on a foreign throne. These days are gone, and so are the thrones. "Being a king nowadays is rather like owning a golf course and having nobody to play with," George VI once remarked wainly.

But what the British monarchy has lost in wealth and power it has gained in popularity. The new dragon-class sailing yacht that Philip has purchased may be only one tenth the size of George V's great J-class Britannia, and the palace meals may have dropped from fourteen courses to four, but in 1952 the people see their sovereign as they never did in 1900. It would never have occurred to George V to move about the bombed areas of London in World War I (as his son did in World War II), nor would Edward VII have countenanced going down a mine shaft or through a steel mill. On the other hand, no British newspaper today could call the sovereign "weak, ignorant and commonplace" as the Spectator did when William IV died. Nobody hisses Elizabeth as they hissed Victoria and her son. A century ago London crowds rushed to the tower to cheer

because they thought the Queen and her consort were being borne there for high treason. And as late as 1912 there were rude jingles and ruder stories publicly circulated about George V, who started his reign an unpopular monarch. Today in many people's minds the monarchy is sacrosanct. But it would not remain so if it did not move with the times.

The Dutch and the Scandinavians have pushed their monarchies a step further along the highway of change than the British. Their kings ride bicycles, answer the phone themselves

and send their children to state schools. (Sometimes the children hitchhike home.) It is doubtful if the British monarchy will go this far, but if Philip has his way it will certainly go in this direction. Every one of his actions thus far has borne this out. "I'll be back in London in time to have tea with the kids," he amiably remarked to a crowd that saw him off from Malta. No previous member of the family in the palace has been this informal with the public.

Before his days are over this firm-minded and sometimes tactless young

man, who dislikes bowler hats and striped trousers, who feels fettered by too many servants and detectives, who would rather roll skittles in a pub than sit in a state box in an opera, will have stamped the oldest of British institutions with his own personality. King Charles III may not be a king on a bicycle. But if his father has his way he will never on any account be a king on a pedestal either. ★

## CONCLUSION

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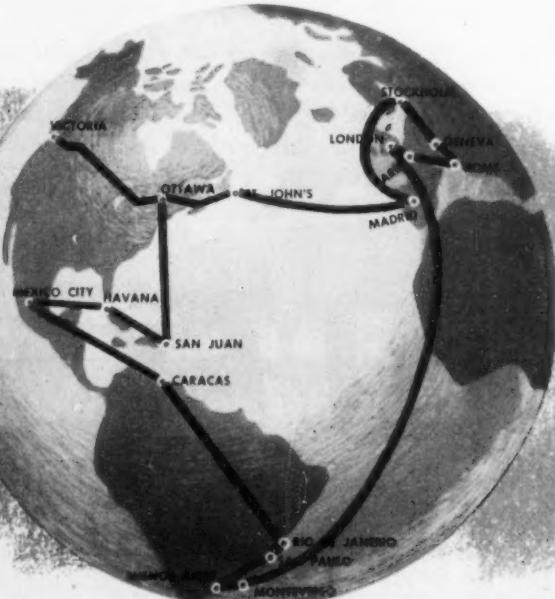
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*Ottawa, painted for the Seagram Collection by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A., O.S.A.*

friendly relations between the people of Canada and the peoples of other lands, these original oil paintings of Canadian cities by Canadian artists are now being exhibited in many major cities of the world, including San Juan, Havana, Mexico City, Caracas, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Rome, Paris, Stockholm, Madrid and London. The exhibition will bring to the peoples of the world glimpses of the Canadian landscape

and skyline . . . views of Canada's growing cities . . . cities rising from its seacoasts . . . in the midst of its plains . . . at the foot of mountains.

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## The House of Seagram

## The Strange Death of Daddy Daniels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Meet him at Benny's Bar. I did. He was at the bar sort of shielding his face and trying to blend himself into the woodwork.

"Conway," he mumbled, "take a peek at the sixth booth back and tell me who you see?"

I peeked. There sat Lita and Eddie Gates. Eddie plays Davy Daniels on the show, Daddy Daniels' fun-loving son. He's as woman-crazy as Flambeau but being twenty-nine or so, six-feet-two, curly-haired and twinkle-eyed he gets slightly better results. And he started getting 'em while we were peeking. He and Lita puckered up and started working one another over with these lovebird kisses.

"Yessir," Spottswood said, "a real lady. Lady Macbeth! Conway, since our little fat friend won't let me tell him anything about his temple dancer, there's only one way I can save him. Take her away from him."

I told him it looked like Eddie was going to save him the trouble.

"Oh no," he sighed. "No woman like that is going to publicly renounce Flambeau and his money for Eddie Gates. However, for Spottswood Dukes she would renounce the world and all therein."

That wasn't quite as brassy as it sounded. Off-camera Spottswood is a very distinguished-looking gentleman. He's tall, gaunt, got iron-grey hair, a matching mustache and regards women as a sub-order of human. Women in return naturally regard him as the most fascinating devil they ever saw.

There was just one catch to the deal. Flambeau's promise to kill him if he tried coming between him and Lita.

"Son," Spottswood said, "the day Morton Downey kills Mother Machree, Flambeau Fabian will kill Daddy Daniels!"

That was that. The next couple days he spent getting chummy with Lita. She got chummy right back. He invited her up to his little old apartment for a little old drink. She cooed that she'd have to think it over and let him know.

She did. The next morning Flambeau waddled into rehearsal and said that he had some last-minute changes to make in the week's script. Just minor ones though. For example, instead of Daddy Daniels taking the family on a picnic he was going to die of hydrophobia.

Well, everybody thought that was pretty funny . . . everybody except Flambeau. He turned purple. "Spottswood," he screeched, "I warned you to leave Lita alone, didn't I? You wouldn't listen though. You had to invite her up to your little old apartment for a little old drink. Well, she ain't ever going up to your little old apartment because little old you are dying of hydrophobia!"

Spottswood cut his eyes at Lita, gave a nasty little laugh and slapped Flambeau on the back. "Now, Flambeau," he said, "can I help it if your women are so irresistible? No, sir! Now the Lights Out show is down the street. If you want to run that hydrophobia bit down there we'll wait for you!"

Flambeau ignored him, pulled out a script and turned to me. "How's this, Conway? We open with a shot of a small mongrel. He's grubbing through this pile of rubbish when along comes Daddy Daniels and gives him a savage boot in the haunches. Though small, the dog has the heart of a lion and turns on Daddy. Before Daddy can



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CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE  
372 BAY STREET

TORONTO, ONT.

## Canadian Sherry

### Wine Recipe of the Month: BAKED BACON WITH GLAZED PINEAPPLE RINGS

1 pound piece back bacon in casing  
15 cloves  
1 small onion, cut in wedges  
3 tablespoons brown sugar  
1 teaspoon dry mustard  
1/4 cup pineapple juice  
1/2 cup Canadian Port Wine  
Pineapple slices

Remove casing from bacon. Place bacon in shallow baking pan, fat side up. Make 4 or 5 slashes half way through meat. Stud each meat section with cloves. Insert onion wedges in slashes. Combine sugar and mustard, then spread over meat. Combine pineapple juice and port wine and pour over top. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F) basting frequently for about

45 minutes. Remove from oven, place pineapple slices around meat in syrup and bake another 20 minutes, turning the slices over once during baking period. When done, place meat on platter, pour over syrup and garnish with pineapple rings. Serve with new parsleyed potatoes and a spring green salad. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

(Advertisement)

flee the dog gives him a nasty nip on the ankle. We then fade to the Daniels' bathroom where Daddy is writhing on the floor, foaming at the mouth and eyeing the calf of his pet grandchild's leg. He then—."

I stared at him. That diseased mind of his had gone malignant at last. "Flambeau," I gurgled, "have you—."

Spottswood drowned me out. He still thought Flambeau was bluffing. "A fine piece of drama, Flambeau! Much superior to anything you've done before. But instead of kicking the dog why don't I grapple with it. Action, you know. Daddy Daniels, the idol of millions, wrestling a mangy dog for a—."

If Flambeau had had a ladder he would have strangled him. "You think I'm kidding, don't you?" he screeched. "Well, Frankenstein killed his monster and I'm killing you. We're through, Spottswood. Eddie Gates is going to be the new star of this show. I'll make people forget there ever was a—."

That did it. Lita had known what Spottswood was up to all right, but she wasn't going to be satisfied with just cutting his throat. She was gonna have his corpse thrown clean off the premises and her little friend Eddie shoved in his spot. The cast started howling. They loved Spottswood.

"Flambeau," Mother Daniels growled, "you're an evil, stupid little man. Spottswood is the Daniels family. He's—."

Spottswood was also the type who'd loan you his last dollar then call you a sniveling wretch for thanking him. "Quiet, fool," he bellowed at Mother. "Quiet! It is not within the power of this sex-mad troll to destroy anybody!" He turned to me. "Conway, I'm off to the sponsor's." He then drew himself up and turned to Flambeau. "Flambeau, Mother Goose may pass away, Uncle Tom may join her, but remember this, my little fat friend, *there'll always be a Daddy Daniels!*"

Well, Joe Harold, the advertising director for Fluffy Duff soap—our sponsor—seemed to think so too. Spottswood had gotten to him about a half an hour before Flambeau and I arrived and had him in fine voice. He howled that some sponsors might stand for it but not Fluffy Duff soap. There hadn't been any mad mongrels in the fine print when Mr. Duff bought the show and there wasn't going to be any now. If anybody got killed it was going to be Flambeau and he was going to call our agency and tell them so. Spottswood just sat there and smiled. It was his finest hour.

"I warned you, Flambeau," he sneered. "Despite what I've had to work with I've made the old wretch immortal. Daddy Daniels belongs to the ages!"

That was all very fine and very true—except for one little item. Flambeau pulled the little item out and shook it in Spottswood's face. It was his contract with the agency and the sponsor.

"You show me one word in this thing about him belonging to any ages, Spottswood! He belongs to me. Old Flambeau Q. Fabian. Body and soul. I've got complete control of the script. All your bosom-heating little buddy here can do is drop the show!"

Spottswood stared at Joe. Joe had forgotten the bull he was baiting didn't have a ring in his nose. He didn't care though. "Well, we sure will drop it!"

"Well, drop it!" Flambeau smiled. "There's fifty sponsors within eight blocks of this place who'll pay scalpers' prices to be pallbearers at this funeral. You ever stop to think how many people would be watching it? Hmmmmmm? The forty million wives who love Daddy Daniels. The forty million husbands

## What is Airplane Baggage?

The term 'airplane baggage' is like 'nuclear fission'—you hear a lot about it but few people really know what it is! Here then is a definition of airplane baggage provided by the L. McBride Co. Limited of Kitchener:

Used loosely 'Airplane Baggage' means just about any type of hand baggage that can be carried in a plane. Reputable makers do, however, try to give real significance to the phrase.

McBride's designing experts, for example, have made innumerable tests of various constructions and materials. McBride products are only designated as 'airplane baggage' when they meet the requirements of lightness and strength as specified by airline operators. The airline companies like baggage that can hold its own even when at the bottom of high stacking... that resists vibration scuff... that provides compact yet generous capacity for every ounce of empty weight.

These were the principal points considered by B.O.A.C. in endorsing McBride's new 'Comet' series for air travel—the same features which will win the approval of those who use it for other types of travel. In it McBride uses their own Aerowood construction with strongly reinforced corners to provide that essential lightness with strength. Coverings are of McBride's exclusive Duralite, which is one of the toughest of the modern 'wonder' materials.

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APPROVED BY BOAC



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Shown above is the "Comet" ladies' set in 'natural' with red leather binding. Note smart taper styling. Rich shot-silk linings and ample shirred pockets make luxurious interiors. It is 'open-stock' with choice of Train Case (about \$22.50\*), 18" Overnight Case (about \$21.50\*), Aeropack (about \$35.00\*), and Pullman Case (about \$29.50\*).



### HANDSOME Comet MATCHED BAGGAGE FOR MEN TOO!

Shown left is the Comet set for men—a 24" 2-suit Aeropack with "dry sack" (about \$42.50\*) and its 21" companion case (about \$25.00\*). Both are handsomely lined with smart tailored check.

\* Prices slightly higher in some localities.

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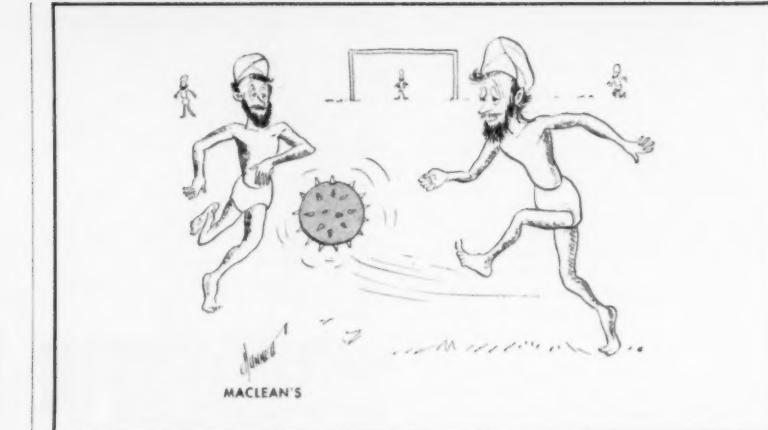
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who loathe him. And the death notices. All the publicity. A nation plunged in mourning. A—"

Spottswood kept staring at Joe. He'd stopped foaming at the mouth. He was drooling. The funeral Flambeau was painting for him was the most intriguing little affair he'd ever heard of.

"Flambeau," he cooed, "you think maybe Daddy could just get *bit* this week and then die *next* week so we could get the publicity to rolling and—." He stopped. "Nope, it's still off. Daddy Daniels ain't getting bit by any mad dog!"

"Thank you, Joseph," Spottswood wheezed. "You're a dear, dear boy. The one friend I've got left in the—."

Joe ignored him. "The animal people wouldn't stand for him kicking the dog, Flambeau. Let Daddy have a stroke instead!"

Spottswood boiled out of his chair. "Why don't you just poison me?" he roared. "I can slobber at the mouth, turn green—."

"That's it!" Flambeau whooped. "That is it! Get this now. Daddy goes into the bathroom. He reaches into the medicine cabinet for his bottle of headache powders. He pours a dose into a glass. He adds water. He gulps it down. He screams. He gurgles. He clutches at his throat. He staggers out into the hall. He drops dead. Boom! The biggest mystery in the history of television. Who put the Drano in Daddy Daniels' Bromo bottle? That'll—."

I grabbed Spottswood just in time. He was through with Flambeau, too. "You filthy little fiend!" he shrieked. "Fifteen years I spend nurse-maiding you and . . . I'm gonna tear that diseased brain out of your skull and—."

A half hour later it was all over. Flambeau had settled for Daddy accidentally shooting himself. He was going to do it cleaning a gun at the end of the show coming up. The next week he was going to give up the ghost. There was just one little catch. Spottswood had announced his retirement to private life.

Flambeau took it quite calmly. "Okay, Spottswood, we'll get Aaa Dobbs. He can double for you. We'll put the camera on his backview, then slap him under an oxygen tent for the death scene. Then—."

Spottswood cringed. Flambeau had him. Aaa Dobbs was such a ham that Spottswood had always claimed he wore splices for shirt studs. He stared at me. Then at Flambeau. Then this strange light came into his eyes. "All right, you depraved dwarf," he snarled, "I'll do it. But when I get through shooting Daddy Daniels you're gonna want to borrow that gun and turn it on yourself. Believe me!"

I did believe him. I had the feeling that Flambeau ought to get Aaa on the phone right then.

BY THE following Monday morning though we were all set. The build-up had turned out just like Flambeau had predicted. The agency boys had slipped every columnist in the country an exclusive story about the coming tragedy, a death that would flood the continent with tears, a death so moving, so tender, so dramatic that children and the emotionally unstable should be barred from the living room.

They'd eaten it up. Pleaded with their readers not to miss it. Said it was the greatest thing that had happened to television since the cable. Spottswood hadn't let them down. He put on a shooting scene that for agony hadn't been equalled since Brutus chinned himself on his sword.

The script had called for him to accidentally pull the trigger on this empty pistol he was cleaning. Then he was supposed to clutch his stomach, fall on his face and lay there. He didn't lay there. He bounded and went into a cross-country convulsion—right toward the cameras.

For a man who'd been shot through at least five vital organs he was giving the damndest, healthiest groans, gurgles and miscellaneous gasps in medical history. And he was still at it when the final commercial came on.

Flambeau got his revenge though. That morning when we started rehearsing the death-bed finale he took over the directing. He wanted realism. He had the prop man wheel in the bed.

"All right, Lead Belly," he leered at Spottswood, "lie down. And stay down. You ain't having any more fits on this show!"

Spottswood glared at him and stretched out on the bed. Flambeau turned to Lita. "All right now, dear. I want you at his side. You're his favorite cousin and—."

Spottswood boiled up. "Flambeau, if this murderer has got to hold her victim's hand, the victim ain't dying."

"It's all right, honey," Lita told Flambeau. "The old goat would have to be all dead before I'd do a bedroom scene with him!"

Flambeau beamed and hollered for Mother Daniels. I watched Lita sidle over to Eddie and give him a look you don't see many fiancees giving people. I quit hoping though. Flambeau hadn't seen it. He was jockeying Mother and the doctor around the death bed.

"All right, Mother," he said, "this is it! Your whole life, your whole world, everything you hold dear is wrapped up in this idiot lying there. His life is ebbing away but you're going to be the cheerful little helpmate you've always been. You lean over and, with tears in your eyes and a brave little smile, you say: 'How's our Daddy, now?' He feebly puts his hand on yours and whispers 'Mother, I'm headed for that big family up in the sky where I'll be but a child—.'"

"No!" Spottswood shrieked. "No!"

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**UNDERWEAR**

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I absolutely refuse to die with tripe like that on my lips. I—."

Flambeau ignored him and turned to the doctor. "All right now, Doc, after that frivolous little exchange you ease Mother aside, take Daddy's pulse, then ask him how he's feeling. Then—."

"Flambeau," Spottswood sighed. "I haven't got a pulse, I got a crater for a belly and rigor mortis is setting in. Do you think the damn fool has to keep asking me how I feel?"

"Spottswood, he's just trying to make conversation. He's embarrassed. You're dying on him. He feels like he's got to say something. Now when he asks you how you feel, you flick your lashes and whisper these words: 'Not very well, Doctor!'"

"Of all the inspired dialogue!" Spottswood shrieked. "Not very well, doctor, I'm—."

"Look, Spottswood," Flambeau snarled, "this ain't Noel Coward dying. You're Daddy Daniels. He never said a funny thing in his whole life so why the hell should he start getting laughs on his death bed? Besides you didn't let me finish. You say: 'Not very well, Doctor. I hear voices. Sweet, gentle voices! They're—'"

"That does it!" Spottswood roared. "I'll just be—."

"Somebody get Asa Dobbs on the phone," Flambeau sighed.

Spottswood thought of what Asa could do with gentle voices and knuckled under. Flambeau kept going: "Then, Doc, you turn to Mother and tell her you're afraid it won't be long, that she'd better call in the children. Mother, you say no, that you want them to remember him the way he was and—."

"That's right!" Spottswood groaned. "Spare the children. A hundred and fifty million people suffering already. Spare somebody!"

Flambeau kept ignoring him. "All right, Spottswood, you sit up then and, with this wild but tender look in your eyes, say that the voices are getting louder. Then you straighten up some more and—."

Spottswood shook his head. "Why don't the voices just sing the Star Spangled Banner and I'll stand up in bed?"

Flambeau shoved him back down. "Spottswood, you say: 'I hear them calling . . . they're calling me . . . Daddy Daniels, they're saying . . . Daddy Daniels . . . Daddy Daniels . . . Daaaaaaaadyy Daaaaaniels!' Then you slump back on your pillow. Doc, you put your stethoscope to his heart, look at Mother here, then slowly pull the sheet over his head. Mother, you throw yourself on him. Doc, you summon the children. The camera catches their faces as they walk in. They all stand and stare. They can't believe it. Dear old, sweet old, lovable old Daddy Daniels is dead. And may the harpies of Hell dance on his evil remains!"

WELL, a thousand years later we were all set. It was Sunday night: 7:55. Five minutes till the Daniels Family draped the nation in crepe. The sorrowing younger Daniels were gathered around the door of the living room set reviling Flambeau. He was dancing profane attendance upon dear old Daddy stretched out on the bed in the death-room set.

He looked like a male Camille. The make-up boys had slapped some of that Zombie-glow white stuff on his face, hollowed out his cheeks and caved in his eyes. The wardrobe people had encased him in what they called pyjamas but they looked like a shroud with legs. Nobody had been able to do anything with his voice though.

He'd been shrieking curses at Flam-



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beau for an hour. When he wasn't giving him another in a series of absolute last chances to save his show, he was waving telegrams at him. They were all from wives, all likening Flambeau to Pontius Pilate. Flambeau, in return, was brandishing his own batch of telegrams. They were all from husbands, all likening him to St. George.

Then the floor manager started hollering for everybody to get set. The young Daniels stopped their reviling and got set for the bewailing. Flambeau started tucking Daddy in. I headed for the control booth. Then we got the signal. We were on.

The opening wasn't too appropriate. Where there should have been a hymn there was a thirty-second animated aria about Mama never being in a wash-day huff because she always uses Fluffy Duff. Bill Day, our narrator, fished us out of the suds in fine fashion though.

Instead of the usual sunshine and flowers in his voice there were church bells, wailing walls and flags at half-mast. And his review of Daddy accidentally shooting himself the week

monitors. Just three more minutes and it'd all be over.

Then it happened. Doc closed in for the kill. He eased Mother aside, located Spottswood's pulse up around his elbow, and asked him how he was doing. I cringed, waiting for that deathless rejoinder: "Not very well!"

It never came. Spottswood straightened up, gave his weak little smile and cooed: "You'll find this hard to believe, Doctor, but I feel much better. That stuff you've been giving me must be taking effect."

Well everybody in the control room found it a little hard to believe too. We stared at one another and then we stared at Spottswood. He'd said it all right. But what he'd said hadn't registered on the good doctor. He completely ignored his patient's cheery little bulletin and turned to Mother.

"I'm afraid it won't be long now, Mrs. Daniels. You'd better call the children in!"

Spottswood tugged at his sleeve. "Wait until tomorrow. I'll have my color back then!"

It registered then. And for somebody who'd just wrought one of the world's great miracles, Doc was the unhappiest looking man I ever saw. The unhappiest looking woman I ever saw was standing right beside him. The least they could have done was tell the patient "How nice!" Instead they just stood there gaping off-camera at Flambeau.

He looked like a short-changed vulture. The thing had registered on him from the start. Spottswood was bushwhacking him in front of forty million people. He just plain wasn't going to die. Daddy Daniels was on the road to recovery and breaking all the speed laws.

Flambeau started throwing up a road block. He pointed to his head, made a whirling motion, then pointed to Spottswood's head. Doc finally got it. He grabbed Spottswood.

"The poor devil's delirious," he gurgled. "Help me get him back in bed, Mrs. Daniels!"

That's when the whole thing started looking like a plot to get Daddy's insurance money. Doc got a very unethical looking hold on his head and poor old panic-stricken Mother followed it with what looked like a flying scissor. "He's hearing voices, too!" she panted, trying to get Spottswood back on the script. "The voices, dear. What are they saying?"

"Chicken soup!" Spottswood gasped, trying to get Doc's elbow out of his windpipe. "You think I could have a bowl of chicken soup, Mother? I'm mighty hungry."

"I'll bet you are!" Doc growled, jamming his head back on the pillow. "That's the death hunger. When they start asking for chicken soup, Mrs. Daniels, they've got one foot in the—"

I didn't hear the rest of it. Flambeau was going crazy trying to get me to switch to the living-room camera. I offered up a short prayer and punched it in. Luck was with us. Eddie and Lita were missing, but except for that we were all right. The rest of the mourners finally saw that they were on and started manning the wailing wall for dear old Daddy again.

Then back to the living room. Then to the kitchen for a small spasm by Auntie Irene the cook. Then to the corner drugstore for a few pre-wake testimonials by the boys. Then back to the living room . . . then to the death room. The last stop.

I peered out of the control room down at Flambeau. He was behind the cameras, rubbing his hands and looking like Cain about to plow Abel under. The crisis was at hand.

Mother, with the expression of a cocker spaniel mourning its young, leaned over and asked Daddy how he was feeling. Instead of delivering the lines about that big family in the sky he disgorged 'em. The effect was fine. He just looked that much sicker. I sighed, leaned back and watched the

## Silver Lining

The rain that washes out the game,  
That makes the children play  
indoors,

That spoils the putting golfer's  
aim,  
That leaks through roofs, and drips  
on floors,  
That sodden picnickers define

As scarcely even fit for dogs,  
That soaks the washing on the line,  
That turns the race tracks into  
bogs—

Is coming down just as it should  
To do my pansies lots of good.

P. J. Blackwell

before made you feel like there hadn't been a shot to equal it since Concord bridge. Then the No. 2 camera took it. The Daniels living room and the death watch.

There were the sons giving these brave little smiles, the daughters dabbing at their eyes and the grandchildren asking their painful little questions. Then everybody took off down Memory Lane. It was knee-deep in mush before they'd gone five years. Dear old Daddy and the dear old days. Then the No. 1 camera took it. It wasn't the big scene. Just a little preliminary glimpse to let the viewers know that Daddy was still alive and to keep them hanging on through the middle commercial.

Then back to the living room. Then to the kitchen for a small spasm by Auntie Irene the cook. Then to the corner drugstore for a few pre-wake testimonials by the boys. Then back to the living room . . . then to the death room. The last stop.

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Flambeau started throwing up a road block. He pointed to his head, made a whirling motion, then pointed to Spottswood's head. Doc finally got it. He grabbed Spottswood.

"The poor devil's delirious," he gurgled. "Help me get him back in bed, Mrs. Daniels!"

That's when the whole thing started looking like a plot to get Daddy's insurance money. Doc got a very unethical looking hold on his head and poor old panic-stricken Mother followed it with what looked like a flying scissor. "He's hearing voices, too!" she panted, trying to get Spottswood back on the script. "The voices, dear. What are they saying?"

"Chicken soup!" Spottswood gasped, trying to get Doc's elbow out of his windpipe. "You think I could have a bowl of chicken soup, Mother? I'm mighty hungry."

"I'll bet you are!" Doc growled, jamming his head back on the pillow. "That's the death hunger. When they start asking for chicken soup, Mrs. Daniels, they've got one foot in the—"

I didn't hear the rest of it. Flambeau was going crazy trying to get me to switch to the living-room camera. I offered up a short prayer and punched it in. Luck was with us. Eddie and Lita were missing, but except for that we were all right. The rest of the mourners finally saw that they were on and started manning the wailing wall for dear old Daddy again.

Then back to the living room. Then to the kitchen for a small spasm by Auntie Irene the cook. Then to the corner drugstore for a few pre-wake testimonials by the boys. Then back to the living room . . . then to the death room. The last stop.

I peered out of the control room down at Flambeau. He was behind the cameras, rubbing his hands and looking like Cain about to plow Abel under. The crisis was at hand.

Mother, with the expression of a cocker spaniel mourning its young, leaned over and asked Daddy how he was feeling. Instead of delivering the lines about that big family in the sky he disgorged 'em. The effect was fine. He just looked that much sicker. I sighed, leaned back and watched the

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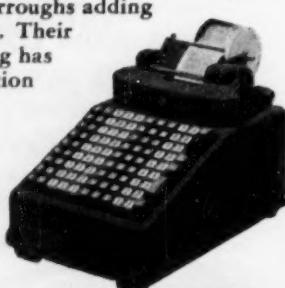
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kissing, whispering, giggling. Celebrating.

They evidently thought they were hidden by some drops. They weren't. Flambeau could see everything... everything that we had been trying to tell him, everything that Spottswood had been trying to tell him. He gaped at them a second then started for Eddie. Then he whirled back to the death bed. He had to save a life before he could take one. He started trying to pull Mother, Doc and the stagehands off Spottswood. The way they were stacked up they thought he was just somebody else trying to get in on the kill. They ignored him.

Flambeau grabbed Doc by the hair then happened to glance at the clock. He grabbed Doc's props off the chair, waved a signal at me and dashed out of the door—trampling all over little Lita.

I shuddered. I had a feeling where he was going to show up next. He did. The door to the living room set flew open and he busted into the middle of the mourners. They fell back. I didn't blame 'em. He was waving a little black bag in one hand and a hypodermic needle in the other.

"I'm Dr. Queensbury," he screeched. "A very good friend of your father's. Just flew in from Chicago with a new serum that will—"

He must have looked at the clock. He trampled three children underfoot, tore out the door into the death room set. I switched cameras accordingly. The camera caught them just as Spottswood was worming his head out from under the sheet. Mother, sprawled out on his bosom trying to anchor him down, hadn't noticed it. Neither had she noticed that it was the eminent Dr. Queensbury coming through the door and not the children.

"He's gone!" she sobbed, trying to keep the relief out of her voice. "He's gone!"

"No!" Dr. Queensbury howled. "There's life in the poor devil yet!"

There was. He shoved Mother aside, jerked up the sheet and drove the hypodermic home. There was this shriek and Spottswood and the sheet just sort of billowed up in the air and hovered there. When he landed Dr. Queensbury was all over him.

"Saved!" he screeched. "I've saved him. From the very grave I've saved him!" He raised his hands to the heavens and his eyes to the camera. "Ah, ye of little faith, *there'll always be a Daddy Daniels!*"

That was all. We were off the air. There was this dead quiet for about five seconds and then all hell really busted loose. Mother and Doc lunged for Spottswood. Spottswood lunged for Flambeau.

"You bloodthirsty idiot!" he shrieked. "First you kill me, then you resurrect me with that bayonet in my—"

Flambeau fought him off. "There! There's the reason I did it!"

Lita let out a little cry and started for him. "But, darling, you don't understand. It was—"

Flambeau fought her off. "Spottswood," he snarled, "when I started backstage a second ago you know what I saw. This godless creature and Master Eddie Gates. Embracing, kissing. Between kisses she was telling him that he was the star of the show and—"

I didn't get the rest of it. Frank Hakes, the network's boy, tapped me on the shoulder. He was inviting us all to a little conference with the powers that were. I staggered out of the control booth and hollered down at Flambeau and Spottswood.

They didn't hear me. They were too busy arguing about the next week's show. They couldn't decide whether Eddie should be drowned or gassed. ★

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## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and my first glimpse of Il Duce was in the absurd scene—afterward burlesqued by Charlie Chaplin in his film of The Great Dictator—when Mussolini welcomed Chamberlain and Halifax at the station. Short, pudgy, with a protruding chin, Mussolini stood at the centre of the platform while the incoming train stopped fifty yards short. Whereupon Musso hurried to meet the train just as the engine driver realized his mistake and started forward. It could only happen in Italy.

That night at the Palazzo Venezia I met the dictator in a small room. He was wearing tails instead of a uniform, which was a sartorial mistake. In fact the great man looked like a second-rate waiter in a doubtful Soho café. Next day at the march past at the Forum he stood on a hidden box to take the salute thus adding ten inches to his stature.

Perhaps it is this inferiority of height which puts ideas into the heads of men whom nature has molded in miniature. A man of six foot or more who is domineering becomes a mere bully. But the little chap who is determined to achieve power arouses sympathy and support.

Take Hitler for example. It should always be remembered that the inferiority complex was a German discovery, and Hitler was the very embodiment of the Germans' weakness for self-pity. How could Hitler, if he had been a giant, have screamed that the victors of the 1914-18 war were out to destroy him and, therefore, Germany? All German fairy tales end in death, just as Wagner's Ring ends with the consuming flames of Valhalla. Self-pity is not merely an emotion, it is a passion.

The reason that Hitler did a far better job than Mussolini was that the Italians have a sense of humor, even a sense of the ridiculous, whereas the Germans are always in short supply of these qualities. Hitler made the Germans sorry for themselves by first being sorry for himself. Even when he was commander-in-chief as well as chancellor and dictator he wore only a modest uniform adorned by a single medal. Above everything he had to remain the little man.

Unfortunately for Hitler he was confronted with two men of moderate height who were not sorry for themselves at all. There was no inferiority

complex about Churchill or Stalin. Yet who is there who can declare with assurance that the aggressive qualities of both Stalin and Churchill were not originally stimulated by their modest physical stature?

In 1938 the head of the British Army was General Sir William Ironside, who was something like six foot five inches in height. Quite properly he declared early in 1939 that the British Army was ready for anything and would teach the Germans a lesson if they tried any nonsense. I remember a few hours later a Tory MP saying to me: "The trouble with Ironside is that he is so tall that his head gets dizzy in the rarified atmosphere which he breathes." At any rate Ironside was removed and we put in General Gort who was the proper size.

Let us look back to the first war when tall men were in power in Britain. Arthur Balfour was like an aristocratic lily with a long stem and perfect petals. The brilliant Birkenhead was also tall and dominated the House not only with the glory of his mind but his commanding physical presence. The monocled Austen Chamberlain, too, was tall and elegant.

But there was a little Welshman who was brought up by his uncle, a village cobbler. From his moderate stature L. G. looked at the giants and knew that before the war had gone far he would be the emperor and they would be his marshals. Nor was he content merely to dominate parliament. He helped to destroy the tall and mighty Kitchener, just as he forced the handsome Haig to place himself finally under the five-foot-six Foch.

It was Napoleon who created the design for modern dictatorship, and his imitators have been vast in number. He cherished the phrase The Little Corporal and encouraged it. He was exploiting a revolution against the king and the aristocrats, so what could be better than this endearing phrase to show that he had risen from the ranks?

More than that he was making an asset of his poverty of inches. In the lists of love he felt at a great disadvantage with his tubby figure and his lack of height, but on the field of battle he barked at his tall marshals like a dog with sheep. Would he have redesigned the map of Europe and rewritten history if he had stood six foot or more? It is hard to say, but the odds would undoubtedly have been against him.

I do not know how tall Premier Malenkov is but, from his pictures,

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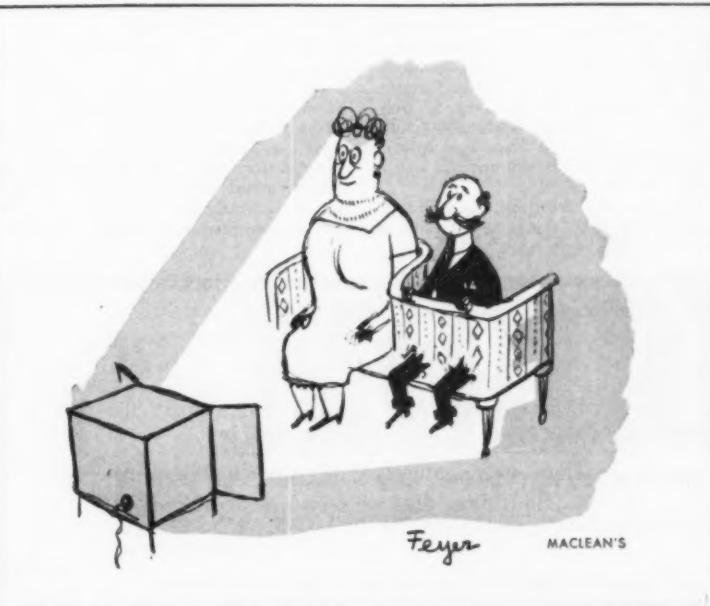
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he seems to possess about the same vertical and lateral measurements as Stalin. Logic will argue that there are a larger number of great little men than great tall men because there are more from which to draw, but logic is never the last word in wisdom.

The five-foot-four or the five-foot-six looks out on the world and realizes that he must carve his way with a sharp sword. The six-footers are made into ambassadors, governors, diplomats, bank managers and directors but somewhere behind them in the ivory tower of supreme authority there is a short chap who shouts "all change" and they must do his bidding.

I know that every fairy story ends with the girl marrying a tall handsome prince. In a properly organized community we should alter that. The modern love story should always end: "So she married her five-foot-six admirer who was neither dark nor fair but sort of mouse-colored, and lived happily and successfully for the rest of their lives."

That is what Tito taught us by his visit. And if any of my amiable critics in Maclean's challenge what I have written today I still have Beatty, Jellicoe and Nelson to throw at them.

HAVING BEGUN with Tito let us return to him just for a moment. Many shrewd men are saying that the war of the West is against Communism and that when we sustain and strengthen a Communist regime like Yugoslavia and a Red dictator like Tito we are simply sharpening the knife that will destroy us.

Once more we must admit logic in that argument but also once more we must remember the limitations of logic. Communism can never be destroyed by the sword. The world is divided into rival camps today with a struggle on two fronts. First, there is the military threat of imperialistic Russia and its satellites—a stronger Russia than history has ever known. And second, there is the ideological war of Communism against democracy.

We shall not know peace in our time but there is no deterrent to war so potent as the knowledge that neither side can win. That position has been achieved by the immense rearmament of the West.

Ultimate victory lies not in force of arms but in the realm of ideas and idealism. If the free world of the West can create a way of life that is fair to all men and gives full opportunity and reward to merit and high achievement then Communism will disappear like darkness at the coming of dawn.

Tito had never visited the Western world before. Those understanding eyes of his must have taken in impressions that will stay with him forever. "I gave Russia five months of freedom," Kerensky said to me many years ago, "and a nation that has known freedom will never rest until it has it again."

Tito has seen freedom, even though it was guarded by the London police. ★

## The Corpse That Hoaxed the Axis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Spilsbury and described our "find." "Excellent," he said. "The death could only be distinguished from drowning by a pathologist of my experience, and there aren't any in Spain."

We were, of course, not yet ready to carry out the operation. So it was arranged that the body should be placed in cold storage until required, and I proceeded to get general approval for our operation.

The first step was to give it a code name. When I looked at the list of code names allotted to the Admiralty and found that the next one for use was Mincemeat it seemed a good omen to my sense of humor, which by now was becoming somewhat macabre, so Operation Mincemeat it became.

We soon gained consent to go ahead and found ourselves faced with a threefold task.

• First, we had to find means to get the body to Spain, from which point we felt we could rely on the local German organization to play its part.

• Second, we had to devise documents of such a convincing nature that the Germans would be prepared to base decisions of vital strategic policy on them.

• Third, we had to provide our corpse with a personality so as to make the Germans believe he was a real person with a real existence, a personality which would make it plausible to them that he should be carrying documents containing such important information.

For, of course, unless we could convince the Germans that here, floating in the sea off Spain, was a real person who had been killed while going on a real mission, we could not expect them to take decisions which might affect the whole future of the war.

One thing seemed to me to be crystal clear: the document carrying the deception must be on a really high level. No mere indiscretion from one brigadier or air commodore or rear-admiral to another would do. The German General Staff would have to have before it a document (false, of course) from someone who *must* know what our real plans were and who could not possibly be mistaken, someone whom the Germans knew.

The proposal I put up was that Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, should write a letter to General Alexander, then commanding 18th Army Group in Africa. This letter should be an off-the-record explanation of why Alexander was not getting quite what he wanted from the Chiefs of Staff—a letter giving the sort of information that could not be put in an official letter from the CIGS himself, but that would by inference carry the conclusion that the target we were

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"planting" as a cover was the real target. [I should explain that a "cover" target is a target you are *not* going to attack, which the enemy may be led to think you are *able and likely* to attack and which you wish him finally to believe you *will* attack.]

I submitted a rough draft of the sort of letter I wanted and took care to "plant" two targets as being our possible objectives, in the hope that we might still have given the Germans something to worry about even if they saw through our operation.

I inserted Sicily as being the cover target for the western Mediterranean. The beauty of that to my mind was that if the Germans swallowed our deception any real leakage about Sicily that reached them from then on would be regarded by them as being part of our deception.

Sir Archibald Nye himself became really intrigued; he tried a letter based on my draft.

It was wholly unconvincing. We pointed out to him that it was the sort of straightforward letter which could and would go in an official bag and therefore was not at all likely to be given to an officer to carry in his pocket.

That was a challenge to which Nye rose magnificently. He tried again and produced the following letter—[It is important to understand in reading this letter that Husky—the real code name for the invasion of Sicily—is used as the code name for the fictitious Greek operation, while Brimstone—a fake code name—is used instead of Husky for Sicily.]:

My dear Alex—

I am taking advantage of sending you a personal letter by hand of one of Mountbatten's officers, to give you the inside history of our recent exchange of cables about Mediterranean operations and their attendant cover

plans. You may have felt our decisions were somewhat arbitrary, but I can assure you in fact that the COS [Chiefs of Staff] Committee gave the most careful consideration both to your recommendation and also to Jumbo's Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, C-in-C Middle East.

We have had recent information that the Boche have been reinforcing and strengthening their defenses in Greece and Crete and CIGS [Chief Imperial General Staff] felt that our forces for the assault were insufficient. It was agreed by the Chiefs of Staff that the 5th Division should be reinforced by one brigade group for the assault on the beach south of Cape Araxos and that a similar reinforcement should be made for the 56th Division at Kalamata. We are earmarking the necessary forces and shipping.

Jumbo Wilson had proposed to select Sicily as cover target for Husky; but we have already chosen it as cover for operations Brimstone.

The COS Committee went into the whole question exhaustively again and came to the conclusion that in view of the preparations in Algeria, the amphibious training which will be taking place on the Tunisian coast and the heavy air bombardment which will be put down to neutralize the Sicilian airfields, we should stick to our plan of making it cover for Brimstone—indeed we stand a very good chance of making him think we will go for Sicily; it is an obvious objective and one about which he must be nervous.

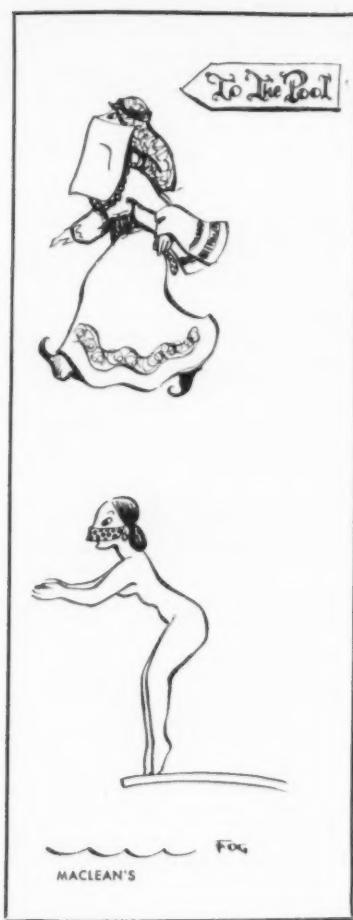
On the other hand, they felt there was not much hope of persuading the Boche that the extensive preparations in the eastern Mediterranean were also directed at Sicily. For this reason they have told Wilson his cover plan should be something nearer the spot, e.g. the Dodecanese. Since our relations with Turkey are now so obviously closer the Italians must be pretty apprehensive about these islands.

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I imagine you will agree with these arguments. I know you will have your hands more than full at the moment and you haven't much chance of discussing future operations with Eisenhower. But if by any chance you do want to support Wilson's proposal I hope you will let us know soon because we can't delay much longer.

I am very sorry we weren't able to meet your wishes about the new commander of the Guards Brigade. Your own nominee was down with a bad attack of flu, and not likely to be really fit for another few weeks. No doubt, however, you know Forster personally; he has done extremely well in command of a brigade at home and is, I think, the best fellow available.

You must be about as fed up as we are with the whole question of war medals and Purple Hearts. We all agree with you that we don't want to offend our American friends, but there is a good deal more to it than that.

If our troops who happen to be serving in one particular theatre are to get extra decorations merely because the Americans happen to be serving there too, we will be faced with a good deal of discontent among those troops fighting elsewhere perhaps just as bitterly—or more so.

My own feeling is that we should thank the Americans for their kind offer but say firmly it would cause too many anomalies and we are sorry we can't accept. But it is on the agenda for the next Military Members meeting and I hope you will have a decision very soon.

Best of luck.

Yours ever,  
ARCHIE NYE.

Nothing could have been better. The letter carried out the scheme in a way that only someone himself fully in the picture of the personal relationships among high officers could have devised. Quite by inference, and so accidentally as to prevent the Germans thinking it a "plant," it made it clear that there

would be an eastern Mediterranean operation with a landing in Greece. And it made it clear that we wanted the Germans to think that the western Mediterranean landing would be in Sicily (so that that could not, therefore, be the real target).

The letter did all this in an off-the-record atmosphere which, together with the very personal matters elsewhere, made it natural that the letter should not travel through an official channel.

We now had to give our body the personality we ourselves had created—that of "Major William Martin."

We could only do it by his appearance, documents, letters and all the odds and ends an officer might reasonably be expected to have in his pockets. This collection had to dovetail perfectly into an over-all plan.

We thought it would be easy to maintain his status as an officer, but even here we met difficulty. How were we to fit him with the correct uniform? We could not very well ask a tailor to "make to measure." So Major Martin had to join the Royal Marines in order to be able to wear an old trench coat and a used battledress duly fitted with badges and flashes.

Still we had our problems. The Marines are a small service and if the body was sent from Spain (on the coast of which it would be washed up) to Gibraltar the talk there would be even worse than if the body was that of an "unknown" soldier.

There were other Royal Marine officers named Martin of about his rank in the Navy List and if the Germans had a copy we hoped they would think the initials had been misprinted. We also hoped that any Royal Marine who might hear of the "casualty" would think that it was the Martin he did not know.

A worse hurdle to be got over was Major Martin's identity card with photograph, which he would have to carry; and, although many of us think we look dead in our photographs, it was shattering to find how utterly and hopelessly dead any photograph of the body looked.

Now came an odd surprise. We had searched high and low for someone who looked even remotely like the body, when one day I looked across the table at a meeting and there, opposite me, was Major Martin's double.

We persuaded the double to sit for his picture, and Major Martin was duly issued with an identity card. He had to have a birthday and a signature—so I gave him my birthday and signed his name for him.

Every possible moment after that I spent rubbing the identity card up and down my trouser leg to give it the authentic patina such a document collects in the course of years. I was doubtful whether the result was good enough even then, and therefore had it marked with Major Martin's present rank and endorsed "Issued in lieu of No. 09650 lost"—the number being that of my own card.

Our Intelligence team then discussed Major Martin's personality. We talked about him until he became for us a completely real human being.

We decided he was a rather brilliant young man, and an expert on landing craft, hence the reason for his being specially flown over to North Africa.

He was, however, somewhat careless and besides losing his original identity card was still carrying a pass to Combined Operations HQ which he had allowed to get just out of date.

He was also a gay young man and fond of a good time; he had on him a numbered invitation to the Cabaret Club in London.

Not surprisingly he was a little extravagant and in his pocket was a

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Rubber HEELS & Soles  
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letter from Lloyds Bank head office, dated April 14, 1943, calling on him to pay off an overdraft of nearly eighty pounds. This had been wrongly addressed to him at the Army and Navy Club and, having been marked "Not known at this address," had been sent on by the post office to the Naval and Military Club, of which he appeared to have been a temporary member as he had also in his pocket a receipted bill for his room at that club up to April 23.

Every young officer has some romantic attachment and Major Martin had to have one.

The chief event in his life as we drew it for him was that he had recently met a charming girl called Pam. He carried a snap of her and two letters from her in his wallet. Probably his engagement was the cause of his overdraft, for he also had a bill for fifty-three pounds in his pocket for an engagement ring.

Finally he had received a pompously Victorian letter from his stodgy father fixing a joint meeting with the family solicitors so that this improvident young man could make a will and settle his affairs now that he had foolishly decided to become engaged in the middle of the war.

We felt that it would be difficult to define a personality more clearly than that with but a few letters and we had to set about making them real.

Lloyds Bank readily co-operated by posting the required overdraft letter when we asked them to help us.

I chose S. J. Phillips, of Bond Street, as the jewelers for the engagement ring as I knew they had an international trade, and it was probable that their billheads would be available in Germany for comparison.

The photograph of the nonexistent sweetheart Pam we obtained from one of the girls in the War Office and the two brilliant love letters were written by another girl in the same office.

The first was on notepaper from my brother-in-law's house as I felt that no German could resist the English atmosphere of "The Manor House, Ogbourne St. George, Marlborough, Wiltshire."

This letter, dated Sunday, 18th, was a poem of joy by a young girl who had just found the one person who mattered. It read:

The Manor House,  
Ogbourne St. George,  
Marlborough,  
Wiltshire.

I do think, dearest, that seeing people like you off at railway stations is one of the poorest forms of sport. A train going out can leave howling great gap in one's life and one has to try madly—and quite in vain—to fill it with all the things one used to enjoy a whole five weeks ago. That lovely golden day we spent together. Oh! I know it's been said before, but if only time would sometimes stand still just for a minute, but that line of thought is too pointless.

Pull your socks up Pam and don't be a silly little fool.

Your letter made me feel slightly better but I shall get horribly conceited if you go on saying things like that about me. They're utterly unlike me, as I'm afraid you'll soon find out. Here I am for the week end in this divine place with Mummy and Jane being too sweet and understanding the whole time, bored beyond words and panting for Monday so that I can get back to the old grindstone again. What an idiotic waste!

Bill, darling, do let me know as soon as you get fixed and can make some more plans, and don't please let them send you off into the blue the horrible way they do nowadays—now that we've found each other out of the whole world, don't think I could bear it—

All my love,  
PAM.

She wrote a second letter, on plain office paper, on the 21st, while her "boss" was out of the office.

This was a mixture of worry at "Bill's" hint that he was being sent abroad, pleasure at the engagement ring, news, and a promise to dash up to London before he was sent abroad. Here it is:

Office, Wednesday 21st.

The Bloodhound has left his kennel for half an hour so here I am scribbling nonsense to you again. Your letter came this morning just as I was dashing out—madly late as usual! You do write such heavenly ones. But what are these horrible dark hints you're throwing out about being sent off somewhere—**of course** I won't say a word to anyone—I never do when you tell me things. but it's not abroad is it? Because I won't have it. **I won't**—tell them so from me...

Dearest Bill, I'm so thrilled with my ring—scandalously extravagant—you know how I adore diamonds—I simply can't stop looking at it.

I'm going to a rather dreary dance tonight with Jock and Hazel. I think they've got some other man coming. You know what their friends always turn out to be like; he'll have the sweetest little Adam's apple and the shiniest bald head. How beastly and ungrateful of me, but it isn't really that—you know—don't you?

Look, darling, I've got next Sunday and Monday off for Easter. I shall go home for it, of course, **do** come too if you possibly can, or even if you can't get away from London I'll dash up and we'll have an evening of gaiety. (By the way, Aunt Marian said to bring you to dinner next time I was up, but I think that might wait.)

Here comes the Bloodhound, masses of love and a kiss

from  
PAM.

To get these letters, one of which was on flimsy, into the right condition I rubbed them carefully on my clothing and folded and unfolded them continually.

They had to look as though they had been read and reread; yet it was obvious that I must not crumple them—as someone thoughtlessly suggested—for once a piece of paper has been crumpled up it cannot be made smooth again. No one would ever dream of crumpling the first two love letters from his fiancée.

One pompous letter from Bill Martin's father was written from Wales because we had decided to give him Welsh parentage. We chose paper belonging to the Black Lion Hotel, Mold, North Wales, as that had a convincingly solid ring.

The letter, which seems to me a masterpiece, was written by a young officer, and ran:—

Black Lion Hotel,  
Mold,  
N. Wales.

13th April, 1943.

My dear William:

I cannot say that this hotel is any longer as comfortable as I remember it to have been in prewar days. I am, however, staying here as the only alternative to imposing myself once more upon your aunt, whose depleted staff and strict regard for fuel economy (which I agree to be necessary in wartime) has made the house almost uninhabitable to a guest, at least one of my age.

I propose to be in town for the nights of the 20th and 21st of April when no doubt we shall have an opportunity to meet. I enclose the copy of a letter which I have written to Gwatkin of McKenna's [his solicitor] about your affairs. You will see that I have asked him to lunch with me at the Carlton Grill (which I

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\*CONVENIENT . . . variety of shapes and  
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# Elastoplast

FIRST AID BANDAGES

20¢ and 40¢ red tins at your druggist

understand still to be open) at a quarter to one on Wednesday the 21st. I should be glad if you would make it possible to join us. We shall not however wait luncheon for you, so I trust that, if you are able to come, you will make a point of being punctual.

Your cousin Priscilla has asked to be remembered to you...

Your affectionate  
Father.

We decided to give Major Martin one more document to complete the job. It was this letter to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, C-in-C, Mediterranean, signed by Lord Louis Mountbatten:

Combined Operations  
Headquarters  
1A Richmond Terrace  
Whitehall, S.W.1  
April 21, 1943.

Dear Admiral of the Fleet:

I promised VCIGS [Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff] that Major Martin would arrange with you for the onward transmission of a letter he has with him for General Alexander.

It is very urgent and very "hot." As there are some remarks in it that could not be seen by others in the War Office it could not go by signal. I feel sure that you will see that it goes on safely and without delay.

I think you will find Martin the man you want. He is quiet and shy at first, but he really knows his stuff. He was more accurate than some of us about the probable run of events at Dieppe and he has been well in on the experiments and equipment which took place up in Scotland.

Let me have him back, please, as soon as the assault is over. He might bring some sardines with him—they are "on points" here!

Yours sincerely,  
Louis Mountbatten.

I felt the Germans would be so pleased by the innuendo hinting all had not gone well at Dieppe that they would not overlook the "importance" of the letter and see that it received circulation.

I had deliberately inserted that last paragraph because I thought the rather labored joke would appeal to the Germans—and help to pinpoint Sardinia as the target of the assault. Sure enough it did.

Major Martin had, of course, the usual effects and junk—identity discs, wrist watch, matches, cigarettes, stamp book, money, old bus tickets, scraps of paper, keys and so on.

And then another bright idea was born. He would probably take his fiancée to the theatre on his last night in England and might well have the stubs of the tickets in his pocket. So the halves of two tickets for the Sid Field show, Strike A New Note, for April 22 were put in his pocket before he left by submarine on April 19. Incidentally, "Pam" and I eventually used those seats on the other halves of the tickets.

Only one thing remained to be added. I was a little worried whether Major Martin's pockets would be certain to be searched unless the Germans and their friends found something that made everything seem important. Yet the crucial document from Sir Archibald Nye to General Alexander was of a size that would go into a pocket. We decided that we must provide bulk for the Major to carry so that he would have to take a dispatch case.

We took the excuse that a brochure being prepared for early publication by Hilary Saunders on the Commandos mentioned the American Rangers who served with them. Lord Mountbatten therefore signed another letter addressed to General Eisenhower asking him to



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made by the makers of  
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IMPERIAL OIL AND LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

approve the brochure and give a message which would popularize the American edition.

That letter concluded: "You may speak freely to Major Martin on this as well as any other matters since he has my entire confidence."

With the letter went the fairly bulky proofs of the brochure and copies of the illustrations. So Major Martin had to have a dispatch case in which to carry all these official documents.

But how could we be sure that the floating corpse would keep the dispatch case?

Here we made our only departure from probability. We decided to assume that Major Martin would be issued with one of the chains that bank messengers wear down their sleeves and clip to their bags and that, for comfort's sake, when sitting in the aircraft (for we hoped to persuade the Germans he had crashed into the sea) he would loop the chain through his trench-coat belt so that he would not lose the case or forget it.

Now the preparation of the hoax was complete. It remained for us to carry out the most macabre part of

Operation Mincemeat — the actual planting of the corpse on the Spanish coast in such a way that the contents of the dispatch case would fall into the hands of Axis spies. The actors in this bizarre drama—which will be told in the next issue of Maclean's—included a crack submarine ace, Winston Churchill, Admiral Karl Doenitz and Adolf Hitler himself. The end results exceeded even our wildest dreams. ★

END OF PART ONE

## The Fastest Man On Four Legs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

door and rubbed the nose of a horse named Hugo K. Asher. To the intense surprise of Hugo K. Asher's owner, the horse nuzzled Johnny. His surprise was occasioned by the fact that Hugo K. Asher usually delighted in taking large chunks out of passing strangers.

The day came when Longden got the chance to ride the horse in a race. Jim Donovan, who was the starter at Salt Lake City that day, reeled slightly as he saw Hugo K. Asher walking placidly toward the starting tapes. On Hugo K.'s back was a small boy who was wearing regulation jockey's silks, in addition to a pair of beaded Indian gauntlets which came right up to his elbows. While Donovan groped for expletives, the jockey dismounted and calmly began to remove Hugo's saddle. —Longden was going to ride bareback.

Donovan was noted as an orator of the starting-box, but earwitnesses contend that he invented several new words that afternoon. In excessively colorful language he explained to Longden that the rules of racing compelled the jockey to finish the race with the same saddle with which he left the paddock. Longden was impressed although he had heard somewhat similar language when a large chunk of coal dropped on a miner's foot. He climbed back into the saddle and actually accompanied Hugo K. Asher all the way around the course, finishing second.

### On the Nose at 80-to-1

Two years were to elapse before Longden rode again. He got homesick, bummed a ride back to Alberta and clerked in a cigar store until L. P. Jacques and Fred Johnston, Calgary horsemen, gave him a chance to ride on the western Canada circuit.

His riding was marked by the characteristic which brought him success—persistence rather than brilliance. He was up at dawn, exercising horses, walking them, breezing them, doing the countless chores around the shedrows. By the end of two seasons, Longden was established as one of the most consistently successful jockeys in the west.

The west wasn't "The Big Time" though and, while Longden campaigned in Mexico and California during the winters, he made barely enough to keep his wife, his baby son and himself and the car in which they barnstormed. On Christmas Eve, 1931, after five years of riding, he was dead-broke, but on Christmas Day at a California track he bet his case sawbuck on an 80-to-1 winner. That was the turning point. He won a stake race on Bahama a few weeks later and he had two thousand dollars in the bank.

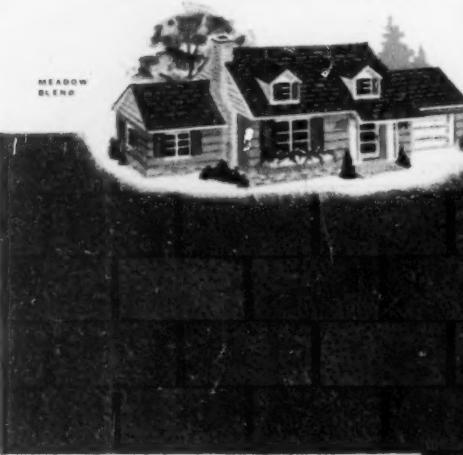
Two days after he banked that money the California bank failed. Johnny was the first man in line to get his money and, after that, he kept his cash in a shoe box under his bed. Even today, he mistrusts American banking institutions and keeps much of his fund scattered in branches throughout Alberta.

It wasn't until 1936 that Longden achieved national prominence when he met a horse named Rushaway, owned by Alf Tarn. Rushaway and Longden leapt into the limelight when they won the Illinois and Louisiana Derbies on successive days. It was one of the first occasions on which a stake horse traveled by plane. Immediately Longden's services were in demand and two years later, he reached the top as America's leading jockey with two



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Murray Shingles are built "to take it" ... with a thick, asphalt-saturated felt base, top coated with quality asphalt and armoured with permanently colored mineral granules. They're fire resistant, too, and backed by the Murray name — one of the most famous names in roofing in Canada.



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Murray Asphalt Shingles are surprisingly low in cost ... and require minimum maintenance. See your nearest Alexander Murray dealer for prices and information.

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hundred and thirty-six winners.

Longden rode winners in Canada, the United States, Mexico, Cuba, England, Ireland and Australia. An Australian sports writer suggested that the home-bred jockeys had pulled their horses, permitting Longden to win. Longden sued for libel and the paper settled out of court. He broke every riding record except that of Gordon Richards and, on his postwar visit to the British Isles, these two jockeys became the closest friends. Richards and Longden are physical counterparts—each is four feet eleven inches tall and each weighs one hundred and twelve pounds.

In spite of his public reputation for frugality, Longden is a fast man with a buck and he won many friends among his fellow jockeys when he invaded the British Isles. They invited him to be the guest of honor at a banquet in London this year.

The fates have been kind to Longden in his twenty-eight years of riding. Lady Luck must have been riding on his shoulders when he survived those five spills in a single week at Whittier Park. A man who rides approximately twenty-two thousand races and lives to clip his bond coupons with a steady hand is a lucky fellow, indeed. A jockey who commits himself to sit astride eleven hundred pounds of speeding horseflesh is no coward, for a single misstep can mean death.

Longden has had only two serious accidents. Years ago he broke his back in a fall in Texas but the injury bothers him only slightly today. On another occasion a horse named Dine and Dance crashed into the rail at New York and broke Longden's foot, nearly ending his career. In a third, but less serious accident, he broke his foot just before he was to ride Noor in the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap. With money of that magnitude on the line Longden insisted that the doctors split his riding boot so that he could get his cast-encased foot into it. He won.

It was chance, too, that Longden should be taken in tow by the late George Bell in his earliest days on the turf. It was Bell who counseled him to put his money in Canadian banks and who introduced him to his son, Max Bell, who now is a prominent Canadian newspaper publisher, sportsman and financier.

It was chance again that the writer of this piece was reading a copy of a publication, then known as the National Turf Digest, when Max Bell and he were traveling by train to McGill University in the autumn of 1929. Up until that time Max Bell had evinced none of his father's interest in the racing game but, after he read that copy of the National Turf Digest, horse racing had another devotee.

The younger Bell became Longden's friend, too, and it is a friendship which has been mutually profitable in the extreme. Bell has become one of the

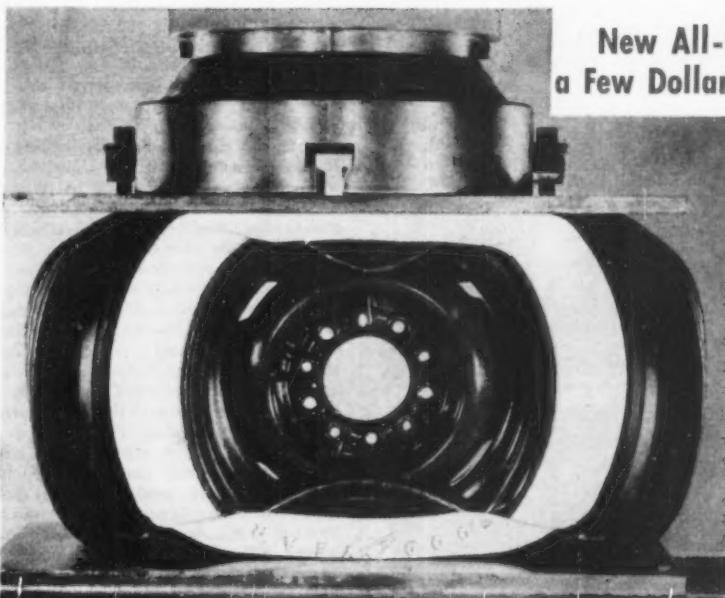
country's best amateur handicappers of thoroughbreds and, aided by shrewd information from Longden, he has made some remarkably successful investments in the pari-mutuel machines. Longden, for his part, has been an unsuspecting partner in Bell's oil ventures. Longden, who remains refreshingly naive in many respects, probably doesn't realize that Bell has made more than fifty thousand dollars for him in the past two years. Says Bell: "If you asked Johnny about it, he wouldn't even know the names of the stocks."

From this friendship has blossomed a business partnership which, it is estimated, eventually will have an investment of two million dollars in lands and thoroughbred racing and breeding stock. The name of this combine is Alberta Ranches Limited and the official partners are Longden's son, Vance, Bell and two Calgary oil-men, Wilder Ripley and Frank McMahon. Already they have purchased horses in England, Ireland, Australia and New Zealand. They own a small ranch (to be enlarged soon) at Riverside, Calif., and they have another six-hundred-acre

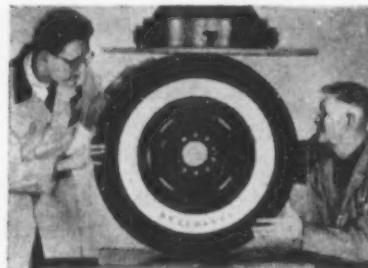
property near Calgary. They are racing a formidable string of imports in Indian Hemp, Royal Serenade, Wandering Ways and Consider and they have thirty mares, yearlings and foals by such good stallions as Noor, Count Fleet, Nathoo and Solidarity. Additionally, they own eight two-year-olds in England where they are being conditioned by trainer Harry Wragge.

The formation of this syndicate implies that Johnny will have another life-work ahead of him when and if he decides to retire from the saddle. But, in spite of the fact that he is forty-

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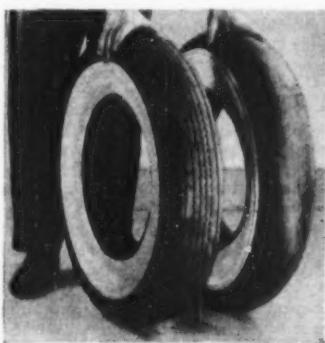
New All-Nylon Cord Tire Costs Only  
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Mounted on a standard wheel and rim and inflated to normal air pressure, an All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion was submitted to steadily increasing pressure on a hydraulic press.



The pressure mounted . . . 10,000 . . . 20,000 lbs. Finally, at 28,000 lbs., the 11 gauge steel wheel and rim collapsed and crumpled. Yet, the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion by Goodyear, was undamaged, though it had taken a force greater than hitting a curb at 60 mph!



### NEW TREAD RUBBER GIVES UP TO 21% MORE MILEAGE!

Both tires shown were driven the same distance. But the new Super-Cushion (left) still has thousands of miles of non-skid mileage left! A newly developed Goodyear tread rubber does the trick—gives you as much as an extra 1,000 miles for every 5,000 you used to get!

See this amazing new tire at your Goodyear Dealer's today! Although he may not have your tire size because of a shortage of Nylon Cord, he'll be glad to take your order for future delivery.



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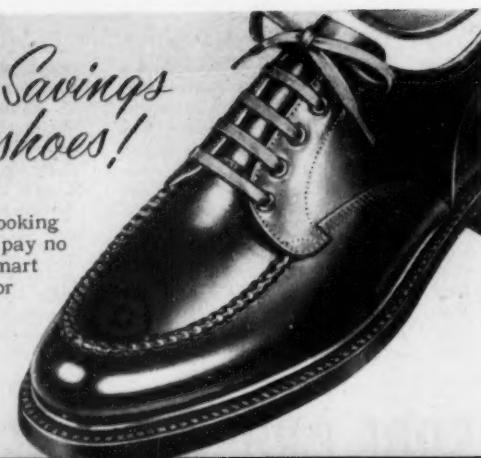
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Super-Cushion T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada Limited



*Handsome Savings  
in fine shoes!*

In handsome, good-looking Valentine shoes you pay no premium for the smart styling . . . nothing for the famous name! That means real economy in the longer service promised by their built-in \*quality!



**VALENTINE**  
THE VALUE-LINE IN FINE SHOES

\* Finest leathers skillfully  
crafted with 'work-shoe'  
ruggedness deftly translated  
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dress shoes!



A traditional  
scotch-grain  
brogue in smart  
new styling.

GREB SHOE COMPANY LIMITED KITCHENER, ONTARIO



**An occasion for celebrating!**

When your firmness with the boss has been rewarded with a raise you deserve a celebration with Anniversary Ale. Brewed especially for occasions like this, its lightness and smoothness are

combined with all the body and character traditionally Labatt's\*. For anyone—feeling thirsty is enough occasion for lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited.

\*The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

three, Longden denies any immediate plans for retirement and he practices his profession with the unrelenting zeal of a struggling newcomer.

Unlike many of the high-priced horse-pilots, Longden is out at the track first thing every morning and he gallops horses in their workouts. He will gallop any man's horse (for the regular fee of five dollars) and regularly he works four or five a morning. The only days he doesn't ride are those when he is under suspension for some minor infraction of the traffic rules on the race course. Recently he took advantage of a fourteen-day suspension to fly to Canada for a fishing holiday.

Johnny has few real extravagances beyond his fifty-dollar shirts and large fast automobiles, but his living expenses run to approximately twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He lives in a one-hundred-thousand-dollar home with swimming pool and two servants, at Arcadia, Calif., hard by Santa Anita race course.

His first marriage, to Vance's mother, ended in divorce and he married Alf Tarn's daughter. There are two children of this second union—Eric, who was born the week that Longden won the Kentucky Derby with Count Fleet, and a five-year-old daughter named Andrea.

Longden has his peculiarities. Mrs. Longden is taller than he and quite striking. Not only does he wear heel-lifts on his size-four shoes but he insists that his wife wear low-heeled shoes so that the disparity in their heights won't be too evident in public. He considers himself to be rather an astute bargainer and he is noisily triumphant when he manages to buy eight-dollar feed-tubs for six dollars each. Five minutes later he is likely to agree enthusiastically with Max Bell to lay out fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of one horse.

Night life is nonexistent in the Longden household and Johnny, who must rise early, eschews even evening motion pictures. He has never smoked and a single whiff of the grape leaves him all affluer. He has only two vices—his addiction to comic strips and television programs. Television fascinates him to such an extent that he has a set in almost every room of the Arcadia house.

Like most other jockeys, he is positive and completely uncompromising in his selection of the best horse of modern times. Without equivocation, he plumps for Count Fleet which he rode to the Triple Crown victories in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes. He rates Count Fleet far ahead of his second choice, Noor, which hung it on the mighty Citation whenever they met with the blue chips on the line.

Longden has never been implicated in a scandal. He has been suspended frequently but his suspensions have resulted from his eagerness to win. Although younger jockeys refer to him rudely as Old Moneybags and whisper among themselves about his somewhat ungraceful riding technique, they hold him in respect and affection. The supervisors of jockeys' room are fond of saying to apprentice riders: "Just be a good boy and you'll grow up to be rich like Johnny Longden." ★

**IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?**

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

**"Bargain" Is a Naughty Word at Morgan's**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

royalty. In 1951 they were offering blond wood furniture designed by Sigvard Bernadotte, a son of the King of Sweden.

You can pay more at Morgan's for any given article from a thimble to a cabin cruiser than at almost any other store in Canada. If you want them there are handbags at a hundred dollars, model gowns at fifteen hundred, Indian rugs at two thousand, dining-room suites at three thousand, and mink coats at six thousand. Two years ago Morgan's was blandly asking one hundred thousand dollars for a gold tea and coffee service made by Adie Brothers, of Birmingham, Eng. They've still got it.

Morgan's reputation for rich clients and costly lines has had its disadvantages. Even today a few sheepish Montrealers are afraid to go into Morgan's because they fear, quite erroneously, that some snobbish floorwalker will look down his long nose at them.

Attempts to calculate the loss of trade that might be attributed to inferiority complex have given some Morgan executives sleepless nights. During the last depression when Morgan's showed two adverse balances, the only deficits in its history, Alexander Pollack, the then general manager, heatedly told a board meeting: "We have a reputation for being too snooty." His words had a dubious reception. It was well known that a few months before, the late Harold Morgan, a former president, had said to him: "Mr. Pollack, I'm afraid of you. I suspect you are trying to turn this store into a bargain basement."



Imagine the thrill of having a real playground right in your garden. Keeping your children healthy and happy at home. Made by Canada's largest exclusive Playground Manufacturer. Strong enough to give years of service. Ideal for Nurseries and Kindergartens.

Complete Playgrounds from \$237.00 up

**MADSEN**  
PLAYGROUNDS  
UNIONVILLE, ONTARIO

## Literary Fig Leaf

At points where censors might be brisk,  
The line of modest stars begins.  
In novels thus the asterisk \* \* \*  
Covers a multitude of sins!

GEORGE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Morgan's abhors the word "bargain." Nothing is ever "cheap" at Morgan's. The advertising copy writers on Morgan's staff are niggardly with the word "sale." But every month Morgan's offers a prize of two dollars to any member of the staff who spots in a rival store a comparable article selling at a lower price. Last March there were only three winners.

The budget floor in Morgan's is not in the basement because that would give it an unfortunate association with "bargain." It is on the third floor, and the third-floor staff is watched with particular care to see that its customers are treated with the same deference observed in the more ritzy departments.

On the budget floor models slink around in twenty-dollar dresses with the same *femme fatale* fluidity they assume in the more expensive salon downstairs. Last April when Eve Trill, the fashion director, was posing models for catalogue photographs of cotton house dresses at five-ninety she made them wear dainty gloves and cute hats to show that the garments were suitable for outdoor wear too.

Recently when Morgan's was running a line of kerchiefs or bandannas for covering the working girl's head on windy days it tagged them with the romantic term "Macushlas" and promoted sales by getting pretty clerks to wear samples on duty. In the fall of last year when Morgan's wanted to clear a lot of old stock and recoiled from the idea of the store being jammed with frantic bargain hunters it laid out the goods in marquees in a field on the city's outskirts, hired the band of HMCS Donnacona Naval Station, and made a garden party of it.

An original gown from the exclusive salons of London, Paris, Rome or New York, is now worn so many times by models at fashion shows in the store, and before women's clubs and organizations, that when the time comes to dispose of it Morgan's sells it off for hundreds of dollars less than it cost. Sometimes it is never sold. It goes into the archives where styles of every year since 1845 are lovingly preserved. Ten, twenty or thirty years later they are brought out again to give comic relief to a fashion show or to illustrate how styles tend to run in cycles.

Morgan's window displays have been famous for half a century. Historical occasions like the Relief of Mafeking, the 1918 Armistice, the marriage of Princess Marina to the Duke of Kent, the flight to Montreal of the ill-fated dirigible R-101, George V's Silver Jubilee, George VI's Coronation, VE-Day, and the present Queen's wedding were all marked by special displays.

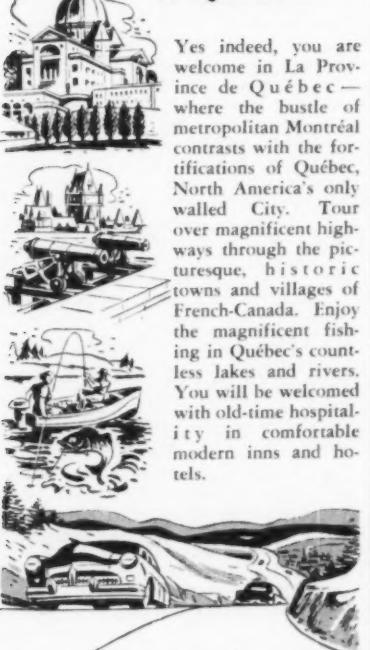
Several babies have been born and several customers have died in Morgan's miniature hospital on an upper floor. With a daily floating population of twenty-five thousand such unexpected events are inevitable. Once a Morgan's clerk was asked if the company could supply a coffin. He replied: "That's not one of our regular lines but of course we have the facilities and will make you one immediately."

Morgan's has several subsidiaries which began as a service to the family and the staff and developed into public concerns. There is, for example, a trust company that looks after customers' investments, a real-estate company that buys and sells their houses, and a furniture factory that upholsters their chesterfields, or, if required, their cars. Although Morgan's doesn't sell food directly, the forty thousand square feet of Morgan's basement rented by Steinberg's, the Montreal supermarket operators, is one of the biggest groceries on the North American continent.

Most of Montreal's old families, from the aristocratic square mile between midtown Sherbrooke Street and Pine Avenue on Mount Royal, have consulted Morgan's interior decorators for four and five generations. The present boss of the department, J. A. Nadeau, recently designed the bridal home of a local belle. He did the same thing for her mother and her grandmother.

Around thirty years ago John McMartin, a millionaire gold miner, had a

## Bienvenus à Québec



For free road maps and booklets, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Quebec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE  
Québec

## HOW A "LUXURY" SHIRT CAN SAVE YOU MONEY



IT'S TRUE! A B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirt at \$12.95 makes a lot of shirt sense. Looks wonderful, easy to wash, never needs to be ironed. It will outwear three ordinary shirts, and can save you as much as \$25 in laundry bills in about 4 months!

# BVD

THE B.V.D. COMPANY LIMITED

### nylon tricot shirts

- Fused collar and cuffs stay crisp and neat.
- Beaufit Mills "stabilized stitch" tricot breathes for comfortable year-round wear.
- In blue, tan, grey and white at most fine stores.

### THE FIRST NYLON SHIRTS THAT PLEASE EVERYONE



### TOAST THE BRIDE WITH

## Coronation

CANADIAN WHISKY

Whatever the occasion, you'll be proud to serve Coronation... the light, mellow whisky with distinctive character and flavour.

When you entertain, serve CORONATION.

++  
Coronation  
BONDED  
Canadian Whisky  
Distilled and Bottled under  
Canadian Government Supervision  
by Canadian United Distilling  
Gooderham & Worts Limited  
Toronto, Canada.

house at Cornwall, Ont., furnished by Morgan's. The dining room had solid oak paneling to a height of seven feet. Above this was a five-foot frieze depicting a lakeshore scene. Real bulrushes were gummed against the walls and stuffed ducks impaled on invisible wires were arranged as if they were flighting in. McMartin spent seventy-five thousand dollars on this occasion.

About fifteen years ago his son John spent twenty-five thousand dollars on the furnishings of a small Montreal penthouse apartment.

Recently a young Englishman who

had invested almost all his capital in the down payment on a suburban bungalow solemnly consulted Nadeau about the furnishings. "I have a hundred and fifty dollars to spend," he announced.

Nadeau secured the immigrant some secondhand furniture, sold him some burlap and showed him how to dye it in brilliant shades and embroider it with colored string for drapes. Nadeau also gave him, to serve as curtain rods, a sheaf of bamboo poles around which Morgan's imported rugs arrive. The immigrant had fourteen dollars left

when the deal was complete and Morgan's believed they had won a permanent customer.

Everybody at Morgan's retires at sixty-five. Not even the Morgan family or directors are immune from the regulation. However any employee on reaching this age may remain on part-time work without prejudice to his company pension plan.

At one time employees had to show a pass before they could get out of the store during working hours. After the commissaire on duty demanded to see the pass of a man who was choking

on a wishbone and being rushed to hospital the regulation was dropped. Another time a male clerk dashed out of the store in pursuit of a thief who had filched an overcoat. The clerk hailed a taxi, caught the thief and recovered the coat. When he put in a chit for ninety cents' fare an accountant quibbled because, he said, the clerk had not been given permission to take a cab. The clerk won his appeal to the front office.

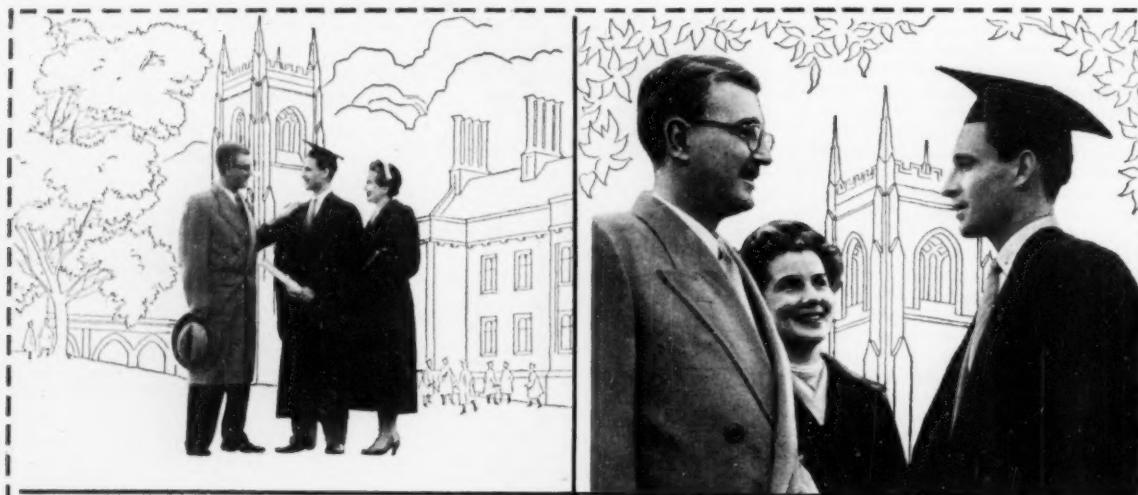
Today there are infant Morgans of the fifth generation and, on the female side, venerable Morgans of the second. There are plump Morgans and thin Morgans, tall Morgans and short Morgans. Henry I showed an interest in phrenology and since his day there have been Morgans who were poets, Morgans who were connoisseurs of art, Morgans who were crazy about cars, Morgans who won decorations on the battlefield and Morgans who died in action. One Morgan horticulturist has supplied the world with a famous iris named after Mount Royal. Another Morgan was one of the first medical exponents of X-ray.

As personalities the Morgans are split into two types: the visionary and the accountant. In each generation there has been a Morgan of one type to balance a Morgan of the other.

Suter, the observant portrait photographer who took some of the pictures illustrating this article, noted that the men had certain common physical characteristics. "All of them," he says, "have pronounced rectangular features, either oblong or square, and unusually brilliant eyes over which one lid seems to hang a little more heavily than the other. Most of them," he adds, "have faint but large brown freckles or birthmarks about the temples."

Although various members of the family have given houses for girls' hostels and wartime merchant-navy officers' clubs, left parks to the city and presented McGill University with woodlands, the Morgan name rarely appears in the Press. Irene Cains, the Social editor of the Montreal Gazette, says: "The Morgans don't have to be social in the modern sense of the word. The Morgans 'arrived' a hundred years ago and they know it."

When Henry I arrived Montreal's total population was forty-five thousand. The year was 1845 and Montreal was then the capital of the newly merged Upper and Lower Canada. Blue-blooded English colonial servants and haughty French *seigneurs* picked their way through the laboring masses. British redcoats who had taken part in the crushing of rebels led by Louis Joseph Papineau in Quebec, and William Lyon Mackenzie in Ontario, and had only recently repelled the last of the Yankee invaders, roistered in the taverns. On the curbs long-haired half-breed scouts in leathern jerkins and moccasins haggled over wages with the leaders of fur-trading expeditions.



"Congratulations, Doctor Tom!...Son. I know this is a proud day for you and it's a proud day for your mother and me."

"Well, Dad, I wouldn't have reached medical school at all if it hadn't been for you and Mother. I owe everything to your planning."



"When Tom was still a baby I determined he was going to have a good education. So, I started a Mutual Life of Canada educational policy for him. Today, I'm mighty glad I did!"

**TODAY, doctors . . . lawyers . . .  
business executives all over Canada  
owe their success to Mutual Life  
of Canada educational policies  
purchased for them while  
they were still children.**

**Why not discuss plans for your  
child's future education with  
a Mutual Life of Canada  
representative . . . now!**



MM-33

## When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of  
the armed forces serving over-  
seas. If you know no one in  
the services, enquire locally if  
some organization is collect-  
ing magazines for shipment.  
In most areas some organiza-  
tion is performing this valu-  
able service.

Henry, then twenty-five, was an ambitious Scot, probably sharpened by a dash of Welsh blood. He was a sober Presbyterian and bachelor. In Montreal he met with another Scot, David Smith. Smith was just the man Henry needed: a meticulous bookkeeper who was ready to potter with the pence while Henry reaped the pounds. Smith also had two hundred pounds to add to the eight hundred pounds Morgan had brought to Canada. They bought a store with mullioned windows on Notre Dame Street, registered themselves as Morgan and Smith and called their business premises Colonial House.

Henry set his sights on the carriage trade at once. Extolling a line of imported parasols one of his first advertisements said: "They are exceedingly novel in style, the fashion tending evidently to great lightness, combined with an effect for which the term *frou-frou* is the nearest we can find to describe." The *grandes dames* rushed to buy. From Scotland Henry's brothers William and James—who had supplied some of Henry's capital—dispatched more and more garments, cloth and accessories to their enterprising young brother.

Every time a windjammer tacked into Montreal carrying stuff for Morgan and Smith crowds gathered at Colonial House and watched the unpacking. Nowhere else could they discover so quickly what the leaders of fashion were wearing along Edinburgh's Royal Mile, London's Piccadilly or Paris' Boulevard St. Germain.

#### The Boss Bought a Hanky

But trouble was brewing. English Tory resentment at the establishment of responsible government burst into fury in 1849 when both rebels and loyalists were indemnified for losses in the Quebec rebellion of 1837. A mob gathered to protest the bill and burned down the new Parliament Building on Youville Square. In 1850 and 1852 whole sections of the town were burned out and at one time nine thousand citizens were homeless. Business slumped. David Smith liquidated his interest in Colonial House, went to Chicago and eventually made a fortune in the drug business.

Henry's brother, James Morgan I, came out from Glasgow to take Smith's place. He was twelve years older than Henry, a tranquil plodding man with a passion for poetry. James brought with him a wife and five-year-old son, James II. The child caught minnows in a pond where Phillips Square now faces the present store.

The firm's name was changed to Henry Morgan and Company and Henry was president. The troublesome times were still snapping at the shins of business. There were days when Henry and James looked at each other across an empty store. Often Henry, to wake the nine dozing clerks, would take down a new handkerchief from its show peg, put sixpence from his own pocket into the cash register and noisily ring up a simulated sale. Sometimes when a farmer customer had had an unsuccessful day at the market Henry bartered textiles for a side of beef or a sack of potatoes.

The staff worked from seven in the morning, when they took down the shutters, trimmed the lamp wicks, brought in the coal and sanded the floor, until nine at night. James told them that they "could best command themselves to the management by attending regular prayer meetings and refraining from dancing, smoking or gossiping in barbers' shops." But Henry gave them forty-five minutes "for tea" and a weekly night off "for courting."

The Fifties saw a steady improvement in trade. The American Civil War, beginning in 1861, resulted in widespread commodity shortages south of the border and boom sales for Montreal.

Morgan's deliveries were made by a Scot called Jock. He was a famous character, very grumpy and unimpressed by his masters' growing wealth and social prestige. He wore the Royal Stuart kilt all the year round and drove wagon and sleigh painted with the same rich tartan.

It was around this time that Morgan's

got its first inkling of sales promotion by publicity. Young James Morgan II was sent a present of a donkey from England. He rode it from the ship to the store. He might as well have ridden a giraffe. Few Canadians had ever seen a donkey before. A huge crowd followed the boy all the way back and many stopped at the store to buy before departing.

In 1858 Morgan's moved to a bigger store on Notre Dame. In 1866 it opened a new four-floor building at the corner of St. James Street and Victoria Square, where the Bank of

Nova Scotia now stands. It was employing more than a hundred clerks. Back in Scotland, William, the third brother and still a partner, sent out his son Colin to claim his share in the profits.

Colin had served his apprenticeship to the dry-goods business at Swan and Edgar's, the most famous store in London. He clucked his tongue at the hodgepodge of goods in Morgan's and showed his relatives how to arrange them in categories, thereby making the first department store in Canada.

*Continued on page 71*

# B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire

*Because* **IT HAS NO TUBE**

**It may save your life...**

The B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tire gives you maximum protection against the hazard of blowouts and dangerous skids, that frequently result in serious injury, and even death.

**It can save you trouble...**

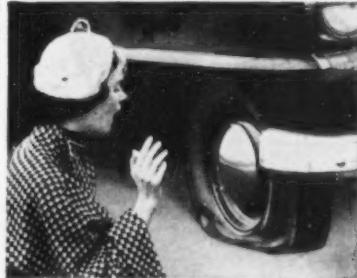
The B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tire seals punctures on running wheels . . . protects against the annoying troubles caused by flat tires.

**It will save you money...**

The B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tire provides greater safety than any tire and tube, yet it costs less than the conventional safety tire-tube combination.

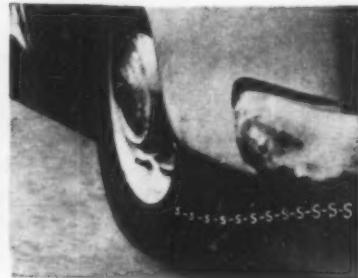


Accidents like the one above can happen when blowouts occur—that's why you owe it to yourself to find out about the extra protection in B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires. Most blowouts are caused when the inner tube explodes through weakened or broken cords. But, because it has no inner tube, a LIFE-SAVER Tire changes a sudden, dangerous blowout to a safe s-s-s-slow-out—allowing you ample time to stop your car safely, with perfect control.



#### PUNCTURE PROTECTION

A gummy rubber compound under the tread immediately seals around puncturing objects, and permanently seals the hole when the object is removed. Inconvenience and delays are eliminated.



#### BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Instead of a tube, the LIFE-SAVER has a patented inner lining that's part of the tire. If damaged, there's no sudden blowout, only a small break in the liner, a s-s-s-slow-out that lets you stop safely.



#### SKID PROTECTION

The LIFE-SAVER tread is cross-cut into thousands of tiny grip-blocks. At 30 miles per hour on wet roads, it stops you a car length quicker than regular tires . . . and gives you longer mileage too.

**Your B. F. Goodrich dealer now has the**  
**Tubeless Tire**  
**...it can be your LIFE-SAVER**



M-53-2

To: Tire Division, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company of Canada Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario.	
Please send me free literature on the B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tire.	
NAME	
ADDRESS	P.O. BOX NO.
CITY	PROV.

# BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT!

Get a

# GMC

with  
real truck  
features

## FOR POWER

High compression valve-in-head gasoline engines range from 107 horsepower to 130 horsepower.

## FOR PERFORMANCE

Heavier, stronger, more durable frames, husky single- and two-speed rear axles and heavy duty rear springs carry loads up to 30,000 pounds G.C.W.

## FOR SAFETY

Big, husky "Torque-Action" and "Twin-Action" brakes on GMC trucks ensure fast, smooth positive stops that mean *real* safety.

For real value  
get a  
**REAL TRUCK!**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



## FOR ECONOMY

GMC's thrifty valve-in-head engines plus GMC staying power combine to bring you greater overall operating economy than ever before.



Model for model, feature for feature, these 1953 trucks are the greatest GMC trucks ever built. Ton for ton, mile after mile, you save more, make more with GMC. See your GMC dealer—and discover why GMC gives you more of what you want in 1953.



By PAUL STEINER

Drawings by John Thorne

Arrested by Vancouver police in a restaurant, a burglar explained that he "stumbled against the window, breaking two panes; entered to leave his name and address; was looking in the cash register for a pencil when caught."

Winnipeg police arrested a man because he made it a habit, when attending the movies, of sitting down beside attractive women and kissing them.

A twenty-four-year-old convict fled the Hamilton, Ont., jail after pounding a hole through the wall of his cell — with his bare fists.

Convicted of stealing articles from parked cars, a Toronto man asked if he could be confined in a penitentiary rather than in a reformatory. "I'd like to finish learning how to be a mechanic," he said.



The wife of a convicted bank robber recently explained her husband's philosophy: "He always did have a soft spot in his heart for the banks of Montreal. He always said they were so nicely laid out for a hold-up."



A policeman in St. John's, Nfld., informed headquarters that he was injured in line of duty — an unruly seaman had bitten him.

A Sudbury, Ont., man charged with hitting a woman with a milk bottle angrily denied the charge. "I didn't hit no woman with a milk bottle," he told a judge. "I used my fist."

A Chatham, Ont., man had a fellow resident brought into court on a charge of assault, because the man cracked three of his ribs by whacking him with a cane. The charge was finally withdrawn, but not before the judge had admonished the assailant to act his age — one hundred and two.

A north woods hermit made his annual trip to North Bay, Ont., to arrange for his usual winter accommodation. He heaved a brick through a liquor-store window and got two months in the town jail.

A Montreal bank teller was in his cage when a man shoved a note through the bars. "This is a hold-up," the note said. "Scram!" commanded the teller. The bandit did.

An aircraft manufacturer located near Niagara Falls received a letter from a prison inmate asking: "How long a warm-up is needed for a helicopter? What is the down payment? Will it carry two people?"



A Montreal restaurateur told police somebody unbolted his fifteen-hundred-dollar neon sign in broad daylight and drove off with it. His employees watched the thieves work for two hours, thought they were workmen doing a repair job.

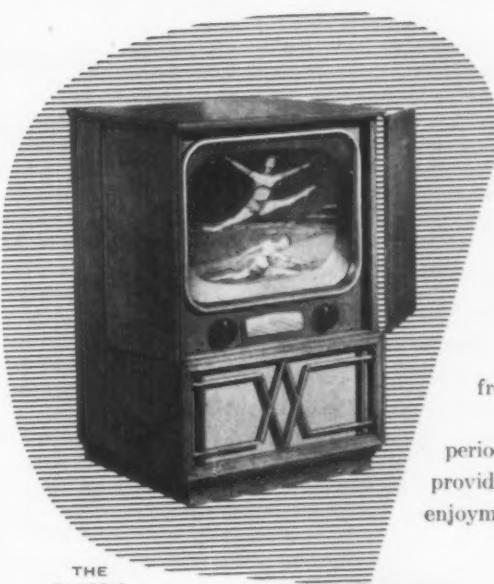


After a baseball game at the prison farm in Burwash, Ont., police were out chasing five members of the prison team who chased a fly ball into the bushes.

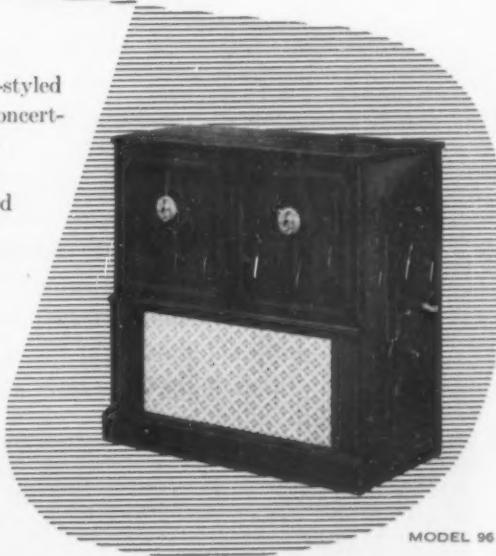
The manager of a small Toronto movie theatre admitted robbing it of seven hundred dollars and spending it on a New York spree — mostly going to the movies.

for fine appearance  
and performance — choose

# Electrohome



Electrohome offers an unequalled combination — the most beautiful cabinets plus the finest engineering in TV today. Choose from a wide range of table or console models in period or modern designs — all providing clear, steady viewing enjoyment. \$387.00 to \$950.00.



Electrohome Deilcraft-styled cabinets and famous concert-hall tone have become synonymous with the best in radio and record entertainment. From smart table models to the finest AM-FM combinations, Electrohome is priced to fit every budget — styled to complement every room. \$37.50 to \$469.50.

Now, more than ever, you'll be proud to own

# Electrohome TELEVISION and RADIO

furniture-styled by Deilcraft

Electrohome, Kitchener, Ont.—Makers of Electrohome "Eye-Tested" Television, Radios, Fans, Heat Circulators, Humidifiers, Window Air Conditioners, Dehumidifiers, Home Freezers, Automatic Clothes Dryers, and Deilcraft Occasional Furniture.

# Would you buy a car like your wife buys a hat?

(or would you do what  
80,000 Canadians have done?)

This much is supremely true. Despite the apparent absence of logic in your wife's approach to buying a new hat, she usually emerges with a cute little number matched to all the other feminine do-dads which make women what they are (bless 'em).

## That's Okay for Hats

But that's no way to buy an automobile.

When you buy a car you spend a lot of money . . . both to buy it and to run it.

*Serious consideration of that inescapable economic fact is the root reason why more than 80,000 Canadians now drive AUSTIN.*

But it isn't the only reason.



*Wherever you go . . . you'll see*

# Austin

*—the ideal answer to the high cost of motoring*

## You're Much Harder to Please

When you buy a car you want comfort, speed, smoothness, fine appointments, good looks, dependable performance and assurance of wide-spread service facilities.

In the new AUSTIN A-40 Somerset you get these qualities to a surprisingly high degree.

Only you don't pay as much for them—not nearly as much.

## Gasoline Counts

You get, for instance, a purring power plant that will keep you out front in traffic or pull you swiftly along the highway on roughly half the gas you're now using.

You look out through a windshield so wide that it looks almost as though it isn't there. You relax on long-lasting, easily cleanable genuine leather upholstery. You ride restfully on deep, resilient foam rubber cushioning.

You'll find everything in this new AUSTIN that you rightfully expect in a finely engineered automobile . . . everything, that is, except high costs.

## No Extras, Either

And by everything, we mean *everything*. There are no extras to buy when you buy AUSTIN. The delivered price of \*\$1895. includes extras which, on most cars, cost you hundreds of extra dollars, such as:

- Deep foam rubber cushioning.
- Genuine leather upholstery.
- Constant speed electric windshield wipers.
- Super heater with full air-conditioning.
- 12-volt electrical system.
- Directional turn signals.
- Full kit of tools.

There's an AUSTIN dealer near you, wherever you live in Canada. Look him up. He'll be delighted to let you prove for yourself how you can enjoy the pleasure of owning a fine new car while you save hundreds of motoring dollars each year.

\*City and Provincial taxes extra in some areas.

Continued from page 67

In 1891, James II, who had succeeded his Uncle William as head of the firm, decided to move the store up Beaver Hall Hill to its present site on St. Catherine Street. This was a risky move since St. Catherine Street was at that time a thinly populated suburban road with no public transport connections to town. James sank four hundred thousand dollars in the new building.

The manager of the Montreal Street Railway laughed at James' request for a tramway track up the hill. "It will never pay," he said. "Now you are back to the carriage trade with a vengeance." But customers walked up the hill to Morgan's and marveled at the single elevator. Few had the courage, however, to ride in it.

The building became a front door on Canada's busiest street as other retailers moved northward leaving the downtown area to bankers, shippers, stockbrokers and newspapermen.

While vice-president Colin stayed in the store concentrating on administration, president James roamed the world appointing purchasing agents. James defined the three grades under which Morgan's buyers classify their orders: prestige, promotional and staple. A prestige article is a piece of statuary, a great urn, an antique desk or a costly painting. A promotional article is a knickknack timed for seasonal trade like spring wedding showers or a Christmas gift. The staples are anything from a hair net to a horse blanket, a spool of thread to a sable coat, or from an eggcup to a set of dinnerware.

#### Into a War of Words

From the southern states James once brought the base of a petrified tree trunk, polished to serve as an occasional table. It weighed a ton. From Japan he brought an exquisite ivory carving of a lobster. Every joint, scale and claw was cunningly articulated to simulate life at the slightest tremor of the floor.

One of his real-estate ventures was an early row of garages. When they were built the city declared that they infringed regulations and ordered him to demolish them. James refused. Whereupon the city ordered the sheriff to knock them down. The sheriff, under the bylaws, was allowed only forty dollars for a single job of this kind. It would have cost thousands to reduce the garages to rubble. So he contented himself with a forty-dollar hole in one of them. James at once patched the hole up. The sheriff made another forty-dollar hole in a second garage. James at once repaired it. The farce was repeated half a dozen times and finally the city let the matter drop.

During the late Eighties Lord Atholstan ran a series of articles in the Montreal Star which James thought derided the French. He asked Atholstan to drop them. Atholstan refused. James withdrew Morgan's advertising from the Star. He started a paper of his own, the Daily Mail, but it was a ruinous flop. After a year it folded, but James still wouldn't advertise in the Star. The vendetta with Atholstan went on.

As James was building the new store on St. Catherine Street he found he needed land owned by another Scot called McCallum, who wouldn't sell. James built round McCallum's property. During the excavations McCallum's coach house fell into a huge hole. James paid compensation and pleaded with McCallum to sell.

"It's already sold," said McCallum drily.

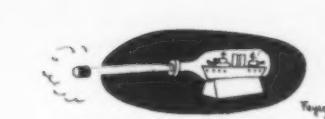
"But to whom?" thundered James. McCallum smirked. "To Atholstan."

James sailed to Bermuda to cool off. Harold Morgan, James II's son, realizing the Atholstan feud was folly on both sides, made peace overtures to Atholstan during his father's absence. Advertising in the Star was resumed. When James returned from Bermuda and was told of the buried hatchet he said: "I strongly disapprove of what you did but if I had been in your shoes I'd have done it myself."

"My God," moaned Atholstan to Harold. "You Morgans are a hard lot."

By 1925 the T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, invaded Montreal and challenged Morgan's from a site less than five minutes' walk away. James II welcomed them in full-page advertisements. "My policy is to live and let live," he said.

He died in 1931, leaving three sons: Harold, Cleveland and Douglas. Colin died in 1932 and left two: Henry II and Theodore. Harold became the president of Morgan's and his half-cousin Henry II vice-president. To Harold fell the difficult job of navigat-



ing the company through the depression.

Alexander Pollack, the general manager, introduced stunts to tempt people into the store. Hardeen, a brother of Houdini, the escapologist, accepted a challenge to fight his way out of a Morgan's packing case. In 1933 the store was filled with horrific models of prehistoric beasts like the brontosaurus and the sabre-toothed tiger, all a bit shopworn from exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

"Too much ballyhoo," complained Harold, ordering an oddly contrasting series of quiet institutional advertisements.

Harold died a bachelor in 1940 and

Henry II, Colin's son, became president, a position he holds today. Cleveland, another son of James II, became vice-president. Once again half cousins were in harness together.

Henry II, a tall, clipped military type whose eyes are bright with shrewd humor, won the Military Cross as a Black Watch of Canada officer in World War One. He is a member of the Mount Royal, Seignior and Montreal Racket Clubs and looks more like a retired general than a businessman. But he is quick to the significance of the economic revolution around him.

It was Henry II who opened the Ottawa store and on Toronto's Bloor Street, fast becoming the Bond Street of Canada, he opened one of the most stylish and costly stores on the row. This fall, on Pie IX Boulevard, Morgan's popular-price branch will dominate a vast new shopping centre. He is now considering plans for other branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The carriage trade, it seems, is far from dead. ★



Every summer this sign  
might well be hung on  
thousands of front doors throughout  
Canada. It means simply that

happy vacation-bound families,  
armed with fishing tackle, bathing suits,  
golf-clubs and warm-weather traps,  
are off to the glorious playgrounds,  
lakes and resorts of Ontario.

Join in this trek of travel-wise holiday  
fans—and find summer happiness.

Room 481F  
Ontario Travel  
67 College St.  
Toronto, Ont.

PLEASE SEND ME  
**FREE MAP AND LITERATURE  
ABOUT ONTARIO**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

Ontario Department of Travel & Publicity, Hon. Louis P. Cecile, Q.C., Minister



Columbia Artists Management. Her second Town Hall recital, one November evening in 1951, received such rapturous reviews and word-of-mouth hosannas that a return engagement in the same auditorium in mid-January was a sellout.

The New York Times man thanked her for "an evening of musical satire of the highest quality"; Variety hailed her as a "smash"; and the Journal-American, in a sweeping tribute which included another famed Canadian, said: "What Beatrice Lillie is to the stage, Anna Russell is to concert audiences."

One of the most influential of all the critics, Irving Kolodin of the Saturday Review, agreed—and went a step further:

In her highly artful way, Miss Russell suggests the comic impulse of Beatrice Lillie matched with the musical sophistication of Alec Templeton, a truly formidable combination . . . She has a wonderful exuberance to offer, a kind of caustic irreverence, a large capacity to induce laughter. This is solid currency in any market, and especially in the inflated one of musical values.

The memory of her overnight fame in Gotham still fetches her, amiably whooping and bellowing, from her easy chair and into one of her impromptu acts, her bright blue eyes flashing, her wide humorous mouth twisted down in bogus consternation, her thick blond hair tossing in a Russell-created storm.

"Oops, m'dear, such *drama*! Within two weeks after that Town Hall thing I'd been given a centre color spread in the New York Sunday Mirror and a write-up in Newsweek. The Steinway people insisted on giving me a complimentary piano for my apartment, and I fought a dreadful battle with myself for fully two seconds before giving them my consent. Somebody else, a viddy posh dress shop, donated formal gowns for my concerts. Authors and composers came flocking to see me, each one of them having written just the number I needed. Agents kept phoning me all day—the same agents who used to keep me waiting for hours in their outer offices."

She was also besieged by the lorgnette crowd and the celebrity-hunters, of whom New York has countless thousands.

"Society! The great and the grand and the uppity! As soon as you start to percolate and hit the headlines they all come piling forth and inviting you to their *soirées*. You know, the International Stifled Yawn Set, people without a thing in the world except money. Woe betide any honest performer who gets sucked in by them! They can kill you if you're not careful, and of course they're ready to drop you flat the moment you make a wrong move or cease to be a trophy they can show off to their jealous 'friends.' Well, they're not going to kill old Russell. I'm a Sixth Avenue kid, and I'm damned well going to stay that way!"

Miss Russell's New York manager, a handsome dynamo with the appropriate name of Eastman Boomer, helps her to ward off advisers who want to streamline all the freshness and uniqueness out of her routines. Personally, as well as professionally, she and Boomer are warm friends, besides being partners in the B. & R. Music Publishing Co., a firm designed to exploit the commercial possibilities of her song travesties. Her Columbia LP recording, entitled *Anna Russell Sings*, is one of the biggest "classical" sellers in record shops. Disc jockeys like to play it in the middle of the night.

La Russell's work bears only a surface resemblance to that of the average nightclub or television "impressionist" who pokes fun at the clas-

sics without thoroughly understanding them. Her own voice and musicianship are quite good enough to have given her a career as a serious professional singer if she had so desired, although she doubts she could have ever been a first-rater.

"I can sing almost anything fairly well, up to a point," she says with a grin, "and my range is actually rather enormous, in a faulty sort of way. But let's face it frankly: there are *scads* of people practically starving to death who can sing *rings* around me, so why should I bother when this stuff I am

doing is so much easier, and brings in such lovely lovely *lovely* little cheques?" In ten years her fee for a single concert has gone up from the seventy-five dollars she was paid by the Women's Canadian Club of London, Ont., to a minimum of eight hundred dollars in the United States. Recently she earned sixteen hundred for an appearance at the University of Texas.

Anna says she's not much good without an audience to work on, and doesn't care for studio radio work for that reason. "Comedy," she says, "is rather like playing tennis. If there's

nobody on the other side of the net, no ball comes back."

Unlike most of the cabaret lampoonists, she is obviously sincere when she says that she *loves* Great Music and doesn't want to destroy anybody else's appetite for it. Furthermore, she never mentions or burlesques specific individuals. Instead, her targets are always fairly universal types—the sombre folk-singer, the tone-deaf contralto who specializes in suicidal dirges, the ultra-chaste English choralsociety mezzo. Not music itself, but musical pretense and quackery, is her

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laughing-stock in trade. The impact of her satire on a knowledgeable audience is sharpened by the fact that she rarely descends to outright slapstick, preferring to keep her grotesqueries "as close to what actually goes on as I possibly can."

Tall and stately in a white Grecian gown she looks almost like any other successful and conventional diva when she first appears from the wings and begins one of her *jocose* recitals.

"Today's performance," she remarks in well-bred tones in one typical session, profitably tape-recorded by Columbia

Masterworks, "is intended to help and advise those who wish to make a career of The Voice. I feel I am very well qualified in this respect, as I was for many years a favorite pupil of the great Viennese maestro, Schacheldstrasseholzer. He taught me *everything* I know—including singing. In fact, many of the world's greatest voice teachers have at one time or another ruined my voice, so I now feel that I am in a position to do the same for you."

She then launches into a coloratura aria which comes, she says, from the opera *La Cantatrice Squalante*,

by Michelangelo Ochipinti. Blandly taking it for granted that her hearers will know that the opera's title means, approximately, the Squealing Songstress, the parodist devotes herself to a precise hatchet-job on all the stratospheric trill-jills who try to sound like poodles or canaries. Yielding to an impulse that must have sorely tempted many a serious soprano, she decides not to bother tackling the final top D in her *cadenza*. Instead she mutters, "Aw, to heck with it!" and sings the note two comfortable octaves below the anticipated climax.

Reminding her listeners that "the only people who really appreciate coloratura sopranos properly are coloratura sopranos," Anna points out that the market for such a commodity is a limited one. To make a living, therefore, some of the girls have to "go to the absolute other end of the scale, as it were." She demonstrates with a lachrymose torch song, *You Make Me Miserabubble*. This hoarse hymn to the sorrows of love will be available soon for the juke boxes, coupled with a hillbilly threnody, also composed and sung by Miss Russell, called *An He Lay There, All Dripping With Gore*.

A moment later the *artiste's* world-weary mask is replaced by one of virginal tranquillity. She is preparing to sing *The Spring*, ascribing its authorship to Henry Curate, a plausible-sounding but quite fictitious genius who is, of course, another of La Russell's own dream children. This charming number, she remarks, represents a mode of singing which is peculiarly British. She calls it the *Clear White or Nymphs - and - Shepherds Style*, of which the main characteristic is its Utter Purity. Both the song itself and her performance of it uncannily resemble the real McCoy as heard every year in a thousand local music festivals from Victoria to Bristol.

#### With Spear and Tresses

At thirty-nine, she also does a persuasive impression of an angelic English choirboy of about nine, visibly dreaming of jam tarts and truancy while caroling a sweet Handelian ode.

For singers with "tremendous artistry but no voice" she offers poignant German lied, *Schlumph Ist Mein Gespenstzenbaum*, which means roughly "My sitting tree has 'had' it." The same group usually includes a breathless, not - quite - exquisite Gallic *chanson* entitled *Je n'ai pas la plume de ma tante*, which neither gets nor needs any translation from Anna Russell.

A few years ago, when she was organizing and testing her basic repertoire, she used to make rapid costume changes between skits. She soon discovered, though, that she could maintain closer communion with her audience if she stayed onstage continuously until intermission. ("Once I get my beady eye on them it's not wise to let them escape.") Now she carries with her, and casually places on the piano, a few small hats and other props which she puts on from time to time in transforming herself into one or other of her victims.

Only before doing her quasi-Wagnerian aria, *Schrechenrauf*, does she vanish briefly into the wings. Then, cutting loose with a high note that closely resembles the sound of a factory whistle, she charges out brandishing a huge spear and wearing an eagle-plume helmet and yellow rope braids that dangle down to her thighs.

Her accompanist, on whom she relies heavily for split-second and almost clairvoyant support in her zany flights, is John Coveart, a twenty-eight-year-old teacher of piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music when he's not touring with Anna.

When she joshes high-society mannerisms, Miss Russell does so from an inherited vantage point. She was born in England on Dec. 27, 1913, the only child of a career soldier who changed his name from plain Brown to Russell-Brown to please a rich aunt named Russell. When he fell in love in Canada and married a "colonial," however, the old lady cut him off without a cent.

Claudia Anna Russell-Brown was the daughter's full name. The British Broadcasting Corporation, finding this much too long for insertion in the

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products by any other Canadian company.

Eight coal docks and eleven freight terminals were clearing centres for some 750,000 tons of coal, and 1,000,000 tons of freight respectively, while the Company's two grain elevators handled 45,000,000 bushels of grain.

In addition, an 800 unit fleet of highway transports travelled some 5,000,000 miles on year-round service.

And last — but by no means least — the "BIG 5" of Canadian shipbuilding (which includes Davie Shipbuilding & Repairing Co. Ltd., at Lauzon, Que., and Canadian Shipbuilding & Engineering Co. Ltd., with subsidiary company yards at Kingston, Midland, Collingwood and Port Arthur, Ont.) established a new Canadian record in tonnage of ships built, overhauled and repaired.



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printed radio schedules, peremptorily shortened it to "Anna Russell" after she had hoaxed the BBC into accepting her as an authority on folk ballads. She says they even began sending her ancient manuscripts for verification, and in four years of regular programs they never did find out that Miss Russell and a waggish old musicologist, the late Sir Percy Buck, had been solemnly pulling their corporate leg. Every week Sir Percy would teach Anna two or three more folk-songs and every week the BBC was newly impressed by her repertoire.

At home in Cooksville, Miss Russell is a live-wire member of the board of directors of Toronto's New Play Society and last month she made her first appearance in its annual Spring Thaw show. This year she even turned down a special invitation to perform in San Francisco with that city's famous symphony orchestra and guest conductor Bruno Walter, because it would have conflicted with her home-town commitments. She also has appeared twice with the Toronto Symphony on occasions when conductor Sir Ernest MacMillan has been in jocular fettle, and she is a vociferous booster for such Canadian adventures as this year's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford.

In her private-life role as Mrs. Charles Goldhamer the fabulous Anna doesn't pretend to be totally domesticated but says she and her artist husband have "a very jolly arrangement." She doesn't know a thing about painting, and he is so unmusical he couldn't sing God Save the Queen to save his life. Friends who have known them for years say each of them is genuinely proud of the other's solid abilities. Goldhamer's mother lives with them, and most of the time all three of them get the meals ready together, poking around the kitchen and getting in one another's way but never having any trouble.

Anna keeps an apartment all year round in New York's West Fifties and makes it her headquarters when on tour. Once in a while when she is away Goldhamer decides he wants some excitement, flies down to New York and runs around for a few nights with Anna and her mad pals, then goes home and sleeps for a week.

Miss Russell, markedly different in this respect from most professional humorists, seems to think practically everybody else in the business is uproariously amusing. Bea Lillie, for instance, "absolutely fractures" her. She gets a big kick out of the work of Abe Burrows, Victor Borge (star of the CNE this year), and dance-parodist Iva Kitchell, and as a reader she is devoted to Leacock, Benchley and Stephen Potter. ("I'm thinking of applying to Potter for an appointment to the Chair of Music in his Oneupmanship College," she told me.) Anna also admires and enjoys Alec Templeton, who was the star senior pupil when she was an obscure junior at the Royal College of Music. They both studied composition with England's great symphonist, Ralph Vaughan Williams.

As far as she knows, Anna Russell has no enemies, although once or twice a sensitive singer has been seen walking out on one of her caustic recitals. Usually, she says, people don't recognize themselves in caricature, even when the resemblance is overpowering to their neighbors. Not long ago Anna was approached by an American music-club president whose manner was a dead ringer for the Madam President whom the comedienne had just been lampooning. "You were wonderful," the woman told her, gushing. "I especially enjoyed your 'Madam President' act. It was exactly like the president we had last year." ★

## The Fight Over Vitamin E

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

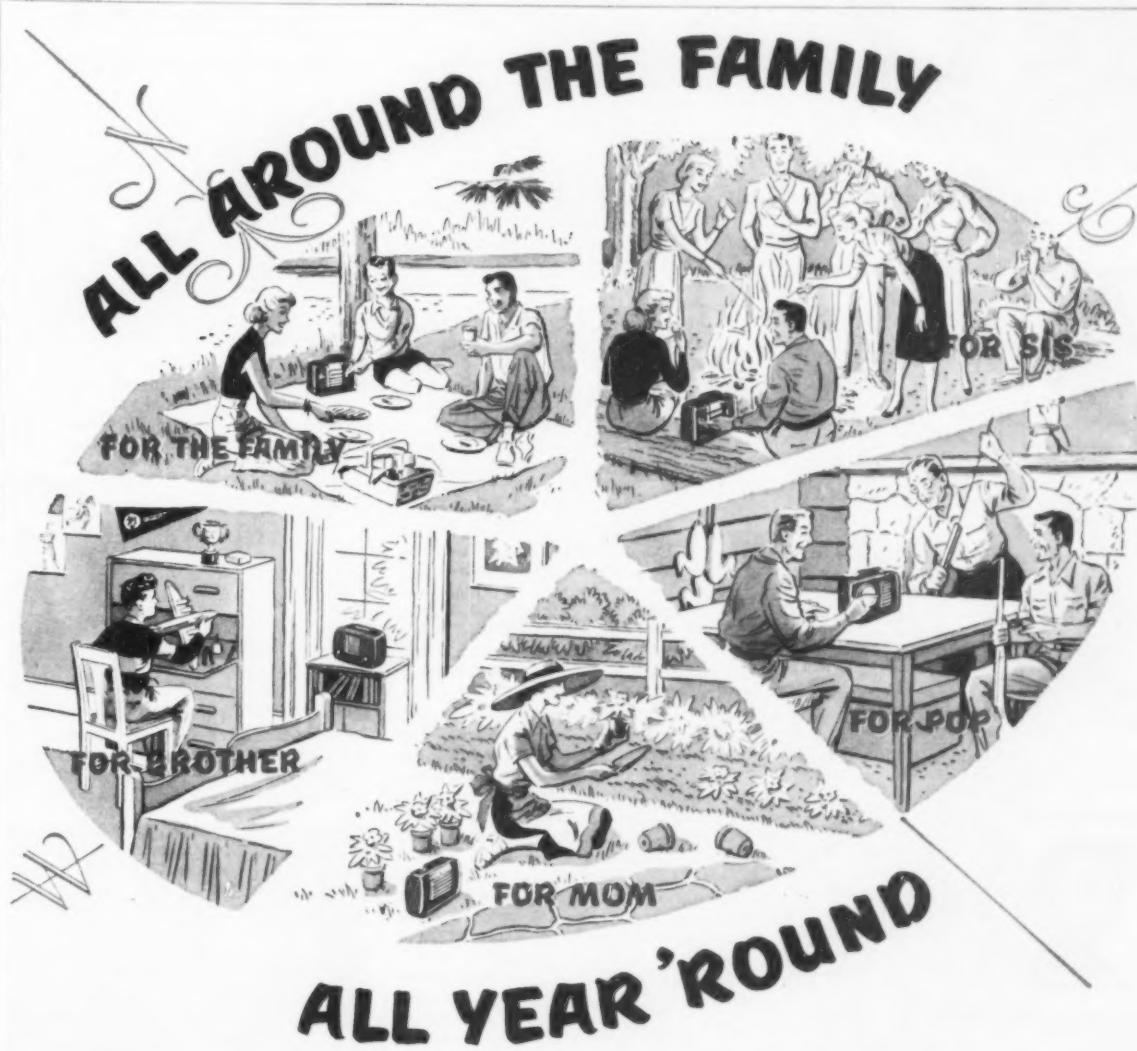
wounds, radiation damage, gangrene, ulceration, phlebitis, Buerger's disease (which afflicted King George VI before his fatal illness), diabetes and its complications, nephritis, eye diseases, psychoses, dementias, post-surgical shock, plastic surgery and post-polio-myelitis. Many other doctors—some of whom

have spent a lifetime in heart research—are extremely doubtful that any single substance has such wide "cure-all" values.

In the nonmedical field, Lloyd Percival, well-known Canadian athletic coach, investigator of physical performance factors and lay expert on nutrition, has carried out extensive tests of Vitamin E with results he describes as "quite amazing."

In spite of official medical disapproval, use of Vitamin E in Canada represents a million-dollar business. Allan A. Webber, the president of

Webber Pharmaceuticals Ltd., Toronto, told me that last year's sales of all brands of Vitamin E capsules were estimated at one million two hundred thousand dollars. This represents three million to five million doses of the size usually given daily by the Shutes to patients under full treatment for cardiovascular diseases. Before 1946, when the Shutes announced successful treatment of heart cases with Vitamin E, the vitamin was not readily available, Webber said, and sales were negligible. In the past five years sales of Vitamin E capsules have



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increased at average of fifteen percent each year. There was no way of determining, he added, how much of the vitamin was sought for heart medication.

Since the Shutes had said that they knew of only one doctor in Toronto who publicly approved of Vitamin E therapy, I told Wehner that his sales figures sounded as though wholesale self-taught was being carried out by the public.

"That's not so," he answered. "The doctors may not speak out about Vitamin E, but we know that in Toronto twenty-eight percent of the doctors in general practice approve of it and prescribe it." He showed me a survey of eight hundred Toronto doctors, made for the company's own information, in which two hundred and twenty-eight made comments on Vitamin E ranging from "spectacular" to "it seems to give some heart patients a lift." A few years ago, Wehner added, some of the doctors who now spoke favorably of Vitamin E to the man who made the survey "had thrown him out of their offices when he mentioned Vitamin E."

I also examined a file of fifteen hundred orders from doctors in all parts of Canada for Vitamin E in quantities ranging from three hundred to six thousand capsules. But most doctors do not buy their supplies direct from the manufacturer, Wehner said. They order from drug wholesalers or medical supply houses.

There is evidence that a substantial number of Canadian doctors have not accepted the verdict issued by the committee of medical professors appointed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario—the only verdict from an official medical body in this country—that "Vitamin E has no place in the treatment of cardiovascular disease."

But there is also evidence that the verdict, whether right or wrong, has had the effect of driving Vitamin E "underground." I spoke to some doctors on the survey list who were willing to confirm their success with Vitamin E—but only on promise that their names would not be used.

I spoke to an eminent physician, a man largely responsible for a major Canadian contribution to the secret armament of World War II. He had personally found in Vitamin E such a source of physical and mental endurance and efficiency that he had expressed the opinion that in a close war Vitamin E supplied to key personnel might actually make the difference between victory and defeat. I asked him if he would tell his story. He thought the matter over and then replied:

"No, I would like to, because it is truly remarkable. But somehow the medical profession has managed to give the impression that anyone who believes in Vitamin E is . . . well, slightly in the screwball class. I just don't feel that I should expose myself to the inevitable comments if I speak openly."

A London manufacturer told me that after long treatment for coronary thrombosis by his own doctor he had collapsed last August. He said that after his doctor had told him Vitamin E would not help he called in the Shutes. "I find it hard to describe the result," he said. "A person would have to come back from death to understand. All I can say is that I'm alive, I walk, I drive my car. I've got a long way to go yet, but what has happened already is wonderful, wonderful."

Then he and his wife asked me not to use his name. "There are two doctors in the family connection," she explained, "and it would distress them very much."

# ATHLETE'S FOOT

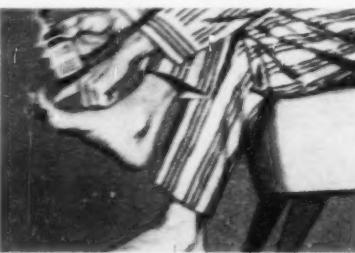
## What it is How you get it How to get relief



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Senator Arthur W. Roebuck commented last December in the Senate on a personal experience with this aspect of what he described as "the row in the medical profession over Vitamin E."

"There was a case of heart attack in my own family," Senator Roebuck said, "and two separate people told me that their doctors had told them to use Vitamin E, but not to tell anybody that a medical person had advised it. Well, Vitamin E was used in my house and I saw a marked and immediate response to it. The individual I have in mind has as a result of it been working for the past year."

The occasion of Senator Roebuck's comment was a sitting of the Senate Committee on Public Health and Welfare. The matter under review did not directly concern Vitamin E, but Evan Shute was among those who testified, and under questioning by the senators the sitting developed into the nearest approach to a legislative hearing on the subject yet held. Senator McGuire asked Shute: "Can you give me any idea of the cause of the prejudice existing among physicians in respect of Vitamin E?"

"You are asking one of the most dreadful questions you could ask," answered Shute. "I am frank enough to give you some of the answers but not all. I think that many men spoke too soon, and speaking too soon they can never retract. If a great man or group of men makes a pontifical statement it can hardly retract without losing face."

"Hear, hear," said Senator Haig. "We all know that."

"Even politicians," commented Senator Euler drily.

## Only One Invitation

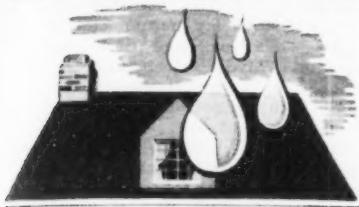
Shute told the Senate Committee that before 1946 he had often been invited to address county medical societies, but since the announcement of Vitamin E heart therapy they had received only one such invitation, from the Lambton County Society of Sarnia, Ont. "When this society sent in the usual request for a ten-dollar subsidy for visiting speakers' expenses to the Ontario Medical Association," said Shute, "its secretary was told by the secretary of the association that they disapproved of the county society hearing the Shutes and that this grant would not be forthcoming. The secretary of the Lambton County Society asked that this denial be put in writing and intimated that the Shutes would be asked to appear in any case. The grant was promptly forthcoming, but no letter."

Dr. Shute gave the Senate Committee his version of some of the points in what he described as "the impasse": Vitamin E advertising was not accepted by the Canadian Medical Association Journal, although *The Lancet*, a conservative British medical periodical, published it. Shute articles on the use of Vitamin E for heart disease were rejected by the CMA Journal "within six hours of being read by the editor."

(An independent statement from the CMA published as a supplement to this article contends that the paper was rejected because it was accompanied by a demand for "immediate publication.")

When an unofficial Canadian medical publication printed an article by the Shutes, they say that the section describing clinical use and dosage of Vitamin E was deleted. On the other hand, Shute said, opinions favorable to Vitamin E therapy had appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the *Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology of the British Empire*,

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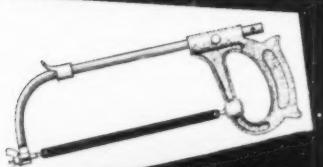
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the official organs of the American College of Physicians and the American College of Surgeons, "and in many other leading journals in the English language."

Shute told the senators that he and his brother had difficulty in getting other doctors to look at interesting hospital cases. On one occasion a woman developed a phlebitis in the thigh after an operation. Evan Shute put her on Vitamin E and posted a memo on the hospital notice board: "Mrs. —— of ward five has consented to permit any physician to watch the progress of her case. She developed a phlebitis in the right thigh this morning and she is getting nothing except Vitamin E."

Two doctors of the one hundred and fifty or so in London came to see her in the five days it took to clear up her condition, said Shute. He added: "Everyone knows that ordinarily phlebitis cannot be cured in that time."

The first time the Shutes got an audience of five hundred Canadian doctors before them, at a CMA convention at Ottawa a few years ago, they did not confine themselves to the clinical aspects of Vitamin E therapy. Evan Shute told the doctors: "Some of our loudest critics are taking Vitamin E themselves. Many dispense Vitamin E, but will not sign a prescription for it. Many doctors, returned to practice on Vitamin E after coronaries disabled them, are ashamed to admit the source of their help, even to their closest friends."

The Shutes say they have a number of examples of what they call "the private friends but public enemies of Vitamin E." They say that a doctor who is friendly to them told of sharing a room at a medical convention with a noted Montreal internist who is a bitter critic of the Shutes.

One day the Shutes' friend entered the bathroom, not knowing that his roommate, the internist, was there. The latter hastily slipped something into his pocket, but not before it was recognized as a container of Vitamin E capsules by the other, who said: "Think nothing of it—I use the same brand."

The Shutes said they learned recently that enough Vitamin E was being regularly supplied to a certain hospital to provide full doses for sixteen persons daily. Thinking that a test might be under way, and being interested in the outcome, they made discreet enquiries. A member of the hospital staff reported to them: "No patients are getting Vitamin E—that's the doctors' personal supply."

Wilfrid Shute said that a representative of a Windsor, Ont., drug supply house asked him recently: "How is it that although London is supposed to be the world capital of Vitamin E, it's not sold in the city?" Wilfrid said he answered that of course Vitamin E was sold in every London drugstore.

"Then why is it," demanded the other, "that so many London doctors send to Windsor to have their orders filled?"

The Shutes say that approximately one hundred and eighty doctors and their families, about half of them Canadian, are under the care of the brothers and receiving Vitamin E therapy. But they add that they can practically count on the fingers of one hand the number of Canadian doctors who have seen fit to support the Shutes and Vitamin E publicly.

A clue to this situation was hinted at by a Toronto doctor who told me: "If it were possible to separate the Shutes and Vitamin E, there would probably be no controversy over its use." Strangely enough, the Shutes agree with that view.

"Perhaps," said Evan Shute, "the



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OLD VIENNA TREATS YOU RIGHT

## new coins.....old **chaos**

We were handed a silver dollar the other day — one of those bright new ones with our Queen's head on it. It made us think how, nowadays, we take our money for granted. Perhaps we feel it isn't going to stay around long enough to matter.

Even 100 years ago, though, we might have watched our coins more closely. For coinage in Canada was in chaos. There was Sterling; there was the decimal system we know now; there were "York Shillings" and "Halifax Dollars" — and quite a few more.

Still, in spite of variety, there wasn't enough coinage to go around for the country's business. That was the day, therefore, when Molson's issued their own "token" bills and coins with which, for instance, they bought barley. These interesting bits of currency carried symbols of the brewing process. They're collectors' items today.

By 1858 the Province of Canada (Ontario and Quebec) had adopted decimal currency — though in the early 60's Bonsecour Market prices were still quoted in shillings and pence.

Molson's ceased issuing their token coins years ago. But it is pleasantly reassuring to reflect that other Molson's production continued — for the refreshment and enjoyment of succeeding generations of Canadians.

discovery was never to blame — just the discoverers."

It is true that the Shutes are probably not the easiest people for medical dignitaries to deal with. Both were wrestling and boxing champions during their student days at the University of Toronto, and they are outspoken, emphatic men. They have been known to raise their voices, to pound tables, to speak somewhat less than diplomatically to unconvinced colleagues.

"As a matter of fact," Wilfrid Shute says, "we used to be as meek and naïve as anybody could wish. But we found out what we were up against, when we recovered from the immediate blast which greeted our first announcement that we had found Vitamin E good for heart disease, we just had to toughen up. If we hadn't Vitamin E would have been dead and buried long ago. As it is we feel that if we live to be ninety and keep fighting every minute we may yet live to see Vitamin E therapy accepted in Canada for what it is: Canada's greatest single contribution to medicine, not excluding insulin."

The private lives of the Shutes are the reverse of their stormy professional careers. Evan, forty-seven, is an ordained minister of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This is not the Mormon church, he is careful to point out, but the original group which remained in the east when the pioneers who were to become the Mormons headed for Utah.

Evan not only preaches regularly, but is a poet and essayist who has published seven volumes under the name Vere Jameson. He was something of an infant prodigy. He had his high-school entrance at nine, and his medical degree at twenty-one.

Wilfrid Shute is forty-five, and is married to Dot Prior, a former swimming champion who represented Canada in two Olympic Games. In conversation with him, the surest way to change the topic from Vitamin E is to mention dogs. He breeds Doberman pinschers, and claims to have one of the three best Doberman kennels on the continent.

The Shutes resent the effect the Vitamin E controversy has had on the private lives of their families. "I have not been called in for consultation on my specialty, obstetrics, since 1946, although I was frequently called before," said Evan Shute. "I can take that — but it hurts me that my wife has not been invited to a medical tea in six years. Seldom does a day pass when Wilfrid or I are not subjected to some sort of insulting remark by other doctors at the hospitals where we have patients. Frankly, the whole thing baffles us. We honestly believe we have something very valuable, and we're doing our best to give it away to the whole medical profession. We just can't understand why that makes so many doctors mad at us."

Evan Shute said that he first encountered Vitamin E in 1933 when he went to London, Ont., to practice. Dr. Earl Watson of Victoria Hospital had read a paper in *The Lancet* by the Danish researcher, Vogt-Moller, suggesting the use of Vitamin E for the treatment of habitual abortion. Watson prepared an extract of E-rich oil and gave samples to a number of obstetricians, including Shute, to test its efficiency. Shortly afterward Shute was given a Banting Fellowship to investigate what was responsible for poor anchorage of the afterbirth in abortion and miscarriage. He concluded that the condition was due to excess of female sex hormone in the blood, and discovered that Vitamin E appeared to

neutralize the action of the hormone.

The next step, said Shute, was his finding that a high hormone content appeared to delay normal clotting of blood. He suggested to a medical student, Floyd Skelton, that he try to produce bleeding through the tissues and capillaries of dogs by injecting female sex hormone. When bleeding was produced, Vitamin E was used in an attempt to correct it, following the previous finding of E's effect on the hormone. "Vitamin E both cured and prevented bleeding in experimental animals," said Shute.

Shute and Skelton then sought a human subject with purpura, or bleeding of the skin, mucous membranes and body cavities. They found a patient of Dr. Arthur Vogelsang with a purpura, and with Vogelsang's cooperation treated him with Vitamin E. The man had not been operated on because he had a severe heart condition.

"A week later," related Shute, "Dr. Vogelsang made his regular call on the patient and found his bed empty. He complained to the nurse that he should be told immediately when a patient of his died. The nurse pointed to the other end of the ward, where the man was helping nurses carry bedpans. It turned out that the patient's heart condition had been helped more than his purpura."

Dr. Vogelsang, who says he is "no longer associated with the Shutes or with any institute, clinic, foundation or drug company," may now be described as a "conservative advocate" of Vitamin E. "As the person who first noted the beneficial effect of Vitamin E on heart disease and Buerger's disease," he said, "I can state that many cases of certain types of heart and arterial disorders will respond to proper treatment with E, often in combination with conventional agents.



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## Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

### SUMMER CAN BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE

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It is the real comfort of these shoes that completes your "cool and comfortable summer wardrobe." Remember, too, the wide variety of summer sports jackets, blazers and windbreakers that likewise afford you the opportunity to indulge in your favourite fabrics and colours. They're all made comfortable for lounging or play. And in many cases they're waterproof which makes them ideal all-weather garments for sports or outdoor activities.

So this summer choose light colours in your tropical suits, wear a straw hat and summer shoes, and during your leisure hours relax in casual clothes. That's the way to be cool and comfortable and to thoroughly enjoy the warm weather.



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House Hunt



But this treatment is a form of chemotherapy—the use of a chemical to obtain a therapeutic effect. There is no logical reason to believe that heart or arterial diseases are caused by a dietary deficiency of Vitamin E, and therefore I prefer to call the stuff by its chemical name, alphatocopherol. It can be dangerous in inexperienced hands, and therefore I deplore publicity which might tempt laymen to start self-treatment with Vitamin E."

The next patient on whom Vitamin E was tried was Evan Shute's barber, Roy Bickness, who was also a member of Shute's church. "He had nothing to lose from a trial of Vitamin E," recalled Shute, "since his cardiologist had stopped coming to see him and had left some morphine tablets to take when the pain became too severe. His legs were as swollen as they could be. His distress was so great that he could

scarcely tolerate the weight of his pyjama top on his chest. He could not lie down but sat up night after night gasping for breath. Twenty-three days after I started him on Vitamin E he was back playing in the London Little Theatre orchestra, working in his shop, and going fishing. When he died in the following year after yet another coronary, the autopsy showed such widespread original damage to his heart that it seemed incredible he could have lived a day."

Dr. Skelton, who worked with the Shutes as an undergraduate, is now practicing in the United States. Dr. Vogelsang remained in private practice when the Shutes formed the institute.

A frequent criticism lodged against the Shutes is that they are probably making a good thing of Vitamin E. The Shutes say that the first step they took after launching Vitamin E therapy was to disqualify themselves from any chance of profiting by it. They organized the Shute Foundation for Medical Research, a nonprofit organization accepted by the federal government as eligible for income-tax rebate for donors of funds. They asked Rev. Canon Quintin Warner, for thirty-five years rector of London's Cronyn Memorial Anglican Church, to head the foundation. The treasurer is W. S. J. Saunders, retired city treasurer of London.

Canon Warner, who said he suffered two heart attacks last year and attributes his recovery "to God and the Shutes," told me that Evan and Wilfrid Shute are "just two of the twenty-five salaried employees" of the foundation. "They haven't even got a contract with us as employees," he added. "We could fire them tomorrow. Instead of Vitamin E being a good thing for them, it has cost them a lot of money. Evan gave up one of the biggest obstetrical practices in western Ontario to work for the foundation. What's more, he donated all his outstanding fees, amounting to ten thousand dollars, to the foundation. Wilfrid worked for months without salary until the new foundation was on its feet. If there's one thing the Shutes have, it is complete sincerity and belief in their work. If I were not convinced of that, I wouldn't be chairman of the foundation."

Other laymen who have supported the Shutes have found themselves in unexpected personal controversy. Gordon L. Cohoon, a Montreal businessman, suffered a coronary attack in 1949 and has not yet recovered from its nonmedical aftermath.

"In April 1949, I had a heart attack," Cohoon related. "I was rushed to hospital in an ambulance and I mentally said farewell to my home. Two of my best friends, Frank Calder, president

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### "The Queen Mother's New Role"

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of the National Hockey League, and Hon. J. L. Ralston had died of coronary, and I did not expect to live. At the hospital I was put under twenty-four-hour nursing, and blood tests and electrocardiograms were taken repeatedly.

"My bill was five hundred and fifty dollars a week, and the only thing I was getting was rest. I remembered reading something about the work of the Shute brothers and Vitamin E, and asked my doctors to give me the treatment. They told me it would not do me any good. Then I decided to go home. Presently I read an item describing good results obtained at Johns Hopkins Hospital with the Shute dosage of Vitamin E. I insisted that my doctor give me Vitamin E, and in a week I started to improve. A few weeks later I was able to go to my office occasionally."

Cohoon next went to London. The Shutes examined him and increased the dose of Vitamin E. He returned home, and in a month, he said, was well enough to resume business activities where he had left off before the heart attack.

Cohoon said he felt so strongly about what the Shutes had done for him that, as a member of the Montreal Rotary Club, he suggested to the program committee that Dr. Wilfrid Shute be invited to address the club.

"At that time the chairman of the committee was a doctor, a professor of anatomy," Cohoon related. "He turned the suggestion down flatly. He said the Shute Institute was not recognized by the Canadian Medical Association. In January 1952 I went before the committee once more. There was a new chairman, and the committee voted unanimously to invite Dr. Shute to speak on March 25. The Rotary publication with that announcement reached members on March 21. There was a photograph of Dr. Shute, and an announcement that he would speak, in a Montreal newspaper of Saturday, March 22."

### The Doctors Protested

Immediately, Cohoon said, a number of doctor members of Rotary telephoned Rotary President Earl Moore or Harry Pearson, the vice-president, and demanded a special meeting of the board of management. The meeting was attended by a bare quorum of the committee, and the doctors insisted that Shute's talk be canceled. The committee compromised by agreeing not to allow the speech to be broadcast, as was the usual practice.

"I had been asked to introduce Dr. Shute," said Cohoon. "On the day before the meeting, some of the Shute opponents put pressure on me not to do so. It was even suggested to my sister that I might have another heart attack. When I had returned from London after visiting the Shutes, the doctor who had been treating me expressed himself as amazed at my improvement. He said he was sold on Vitamin E, and would go on any platform and say so. So now I asked him to sit at the head table at the Shute luncheon. He answered: 'Heavens, don't ask me to do that . . . you don't know medical politics!'

"When Dr. Shute rose to speak, four of the doctors in the Rotary audience pointedly rose and left the room. To their credit, three others remained—and two went up to congratulate Dr. Shute on his speech. Having kept the speech off the air, the doctors tried to keep it out of the papers. They telephoned editors of the Montreal Star, then tried to go over their heads to business associates of John McConnell, the publisher. What the doctors

did not know was that Mr. McConnell and a number of his staff had benefited from Shute Vitamin E treatments. That fact undoubtedly would not have influenced the Star's coverage of Dr. Shute's speech, but in view of the brazen attempt of these doctors to dictate first to a nonpartisan service club and next to a newspaper, the Star ran every word of Dr. Shute's address."

A few days later the Star published the following editorial:

Montreal's reputation as a hospitable, courteous and open-minded city suffered, we fear, some damage as a result of the controversy inside the Rotary Club and now outside of it as well over the speech made this week by Dr. Wilfrid Shute. It is not a suitable thing—putting the case mildly—to invite a reputable man to Montreal to make a speech and then to take such steps as can be taken to restrict his audience and subject him to discourtesy. Far better to cancel the invitation altogether.

Dr. Shute's address was the use of Vitamin E in the treatment of heart disease. This is a topic of great medical controversy, one upon which there are legitimate differences of opinion. But for some lamentable reason certain medical men feel so strongly that they are prepared to go to great lengths to prevent public discussion of it. This is not only unscientific, it also does no credit to a great and honorable profession which has done so much to push back the frontiers of medical knowledge. The advocates of the treatment in question are neither quacks nor charlatans, and, in a free society, they are entitled to have their say.

The Shute incident here is, unfortunately, not an isolated one in the record and history of medicine. Again and again the restless and enquiring mind has suffered slights and indignities at the hands of men who have refused to open new doors or even to walk through them when they have been opened by others. The life and experience of Pasteur is a striking instance of this form of obscurantism and many other examples of this same kind could be cited. How strange it is that servants of science can so easily forget the basic principles of freedom.

The Shutes do, in fact, say they derive some small comfort from the "slights and indignities" other medical pioneers have suffered. They point to William Harvey, who discovered circulation of the blood but delayed publishing his findings for twelve years because "I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of the few, but I tremble lest mankind at large become my enemy." They also point to William Jenner who was threatened with expulsion from his medical club because he bored fellow members with talk of a method of immunizing humans against smallpox. They recall that colleagues called the man who discovered that mosquitoes carry malaria "Mosquito Manson" and tapped their foreheads significantly.

Referring to what they consider the most enduring of the condemnations of Vitamin E, the committee report to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Wilfrid Shute now says: "The committee took our papers out to lunch and returned to say that Vitamin E was no good."

A spokesman of the College told me that the council "considered that the committee had given ample consideration to the Shutes' documents." He added that "a lot of propaganda is coming out of the Shute Institute."

The minutes of the meeting of the council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, issued by that body's registration office at 566 University Avenue, Toronto, give the following account of the meeting on November 13, 1946, as far as it

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## CANADIAN ECDOOTE



### How Canada Lost the Edisons

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, the U. S. inventor who transformed the home life of much of the world with his electric bulb, phonograph and numerous other inventions, should have been a Canadian—and would have been if Canadian authorities had not hunted down so ruthlessly the radicals who rose against the government in the 1837 rebellion.

The Edison family, originally Dutch, settled first in the vicinity of New York City and during the War of Independence most of them opposed the British. But the inventor's grandfather, Samuel Edison Sr., broke with the rest of the family, became a United Empire Loyalist and moved to Digby, N.S. There in 1804 Thomas Alva Edison's father, Samuel Edison the Younger, was born. Seven years later Samuel Sr. moved to Upper Canada and settled with his family on Otter Creek near the north shore of Lake Erie, about sixty miles southeast of London. Other Nova Scotians followed, founding Port Burwell at the mouth of the creek and the village of Vienna around the Edison homestead three miles inland.

Samuel the Younger became a strapping outspoken hotelkeeper at Vienna who didn't like Upper Canada's colonial status and the dictatorial methods of its governing clique, and said so, bitterly and strongly, to anyone who would listen. When William Lyon Mackenzie gathered a force of similar-thinking radicals around him, Samuel Edison the Younger was one of his first supporters and became captain of the rebel force in his vicinity.

Mackenzie botched his rebellion in December 1837 and Edison didn't have a chance to fire a shot. The rebel force that had marched on Toronto was routed and the leaders began fleeing

through the winter woods for the U. S. border with the government's militia arresting and jailing everyone they could find. Edison, who apparently didn't even get out of his home village of Vienna, sat tight, kept his mouth shut and hoped he'd be overlooked. But a few weeks later a friend tipped him off that a London company of militia was approaching Vienna rounding up rebels and Samuel Edison the Younger was one of the names on their list.

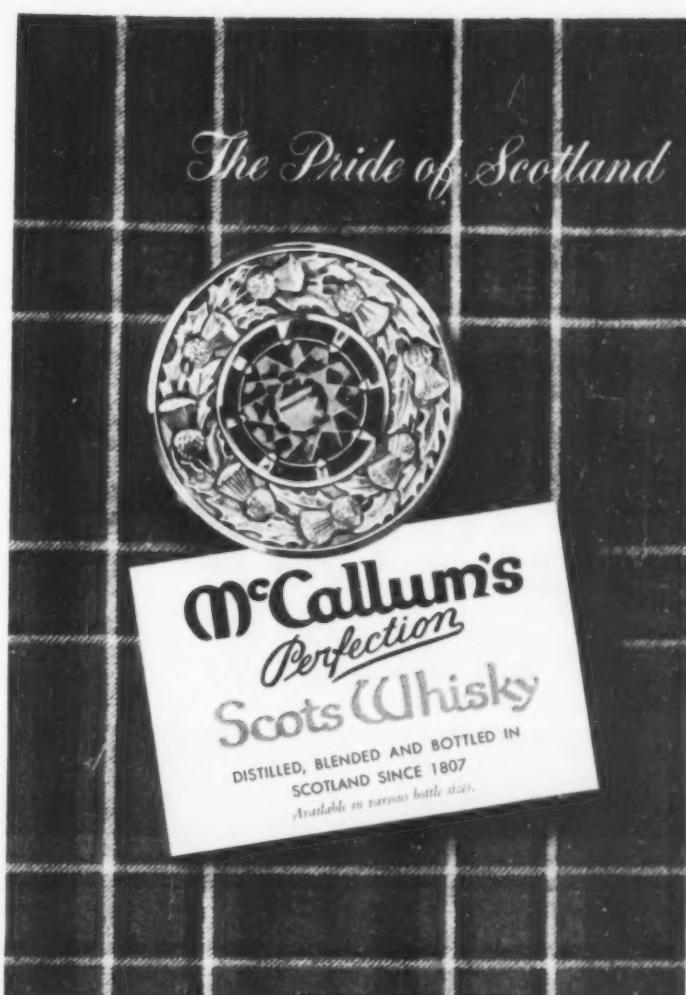
Hanging or exile to Van Diemen's Land was the price of being caught. Edison said good-bye to his wife and started through the bush toward Port Burwell, three miles away. In the harbor a schooner was being loaded with lumber for a late-season trip across the lake to an Ohio port. Sailors secreted Edison on the deck and piled lumber over and around him. Militiamen searched the vessel but could not find him and Edison reached Ohio safely.

His wife followed him a few months later and, after five years of wandering from job to job in Ohio, Samuel Edison established a shingle-making business in the Ohio village of Milan and began making a decent living again. Another five years passed and on Feb. 11, 1847, in Milan, Thomas Alva Edison was born.

In 1849 Samuel was pardoned by the Canadian government of the charge of high treason but, disillusioned and bitter, he wanted no more of Canada.

Thomas Alva Edison visited his grandfather's home in Vienna often as a boy, and once worked as a railroad telegrapher at Stratford, Ont., but remained a citizen of the country which provided a haven for his 1837 rebel father. —Fred Bodsworth.

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concerns the Shute enquiry:

Council having reconvened at 11 a.m., the following visiting doctors answered the roll call: Dr. Evan V. Shute, London; Dr. W. E. Shute, Guelph; Dr. E. A. Bartram and Dr. F. S. Brien of the University of Western Ontario; Dr. John Hepburn and Dr. H. K. Detweiler of the University of Toronto and Dr. W. F. Connell and Dr. G. Malcolm Brown of Queen's University.

After a brief introduction by the president, Dr. Evan Shute of London presented certain papers regarding the usefulness of Vitamin E in the treatment of cardiovascular disease. The various papers presented and also a personal diary were left with the College... the representatives from the three medical schools retired to consider the papers presented by Dr. Evan Shute... Council adjourned at 12 a.m.

Council reconvened at 2 p.m. . . . the committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Cameron presented its report which was read by Dr. Bartram as follows:

1. In the papers submitted, Exhibits 9 to 15 inclusive, sufficient evidence to substantiate the given diagnosis is not provided in any of the reported cases.

2. Such evidence as is submitted in many cases would indicate diagnosis to be inaccurate.

3. On evidence submitted the committee is convinced that Vitamin E has no place in the treatment of cardiovascular disease.

4. In view of the publicity aroused by this problem we consider it advisable that an impartial clinical investigation should be conducted.

In regard to diagnosis, the Shutes maintain that in ninety percent of their cases they do not make the first diagnosis, that patients usually come to them after seeing one, two or three other doctors, often specialists. In one case a woman passed through the hands of seventeen doctors before reaching the Shutes. All patients seen by the Shutes, they said, are given all recognized diagnostic and treatment procedures—plus Vitamin E.

"We particularly object to the 'inaccurate diagnosis' charge," said Wilfrid Shute, "if only on the ground that two of the cases we cited to the committee had previously been diagnosed by members of the committee, and a third had been diagnosed by a university colleague of one of the professors." Whether those three specific cases were included in the doctors' finding reported in Item No. 2 is not stated.

There was, however, one point in the report which pleased the Shutes: the recommendation that an impartial test be conducted. At the next day's meeting, the College council voted to forward the Shutes' documents to the Ontario Department of Health with the request that the question be the subject of an enquiry as to its value.

What happened next, the Shutes say, was this: they were informed by the late Hon. Russell Kelley, Ontario Minister of Health, that he had arranged with a prominent Toronto doctor to meet the Shutes at Queen's Park to arrange the tests. The Shutes came to Toronto and waited with Kelley for the other doctor to arrive. When he did not arrive half an hour after the appointed time, the Minister started telephoning. According to the Shutes, the doctor could not be located at home, at his office, at any hospital or at the university. Nobody at any of those places knew where he was, where he could be reached, or when he was expected.

"He had," said Wilfrid Shute shortly, "disappeared."

The next time the Shutes were in Toronto they called on Kelley to enquire into the progress of the

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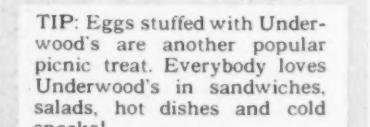
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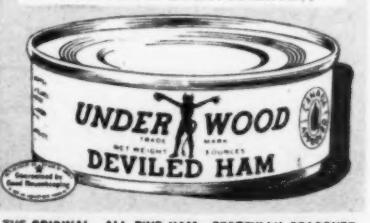
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**NEXT ISSUE:****ON SALE JUNE 26**

Col. H. Willis-O'Connor, CVO, DSO, chief aide at Rideau Hall for a quarter of a century, tells the lively story of his

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THIS TWO-PART ARTICLE BEGINS IN MACLEAN'S JULY 1

proposed test. This time, they say, Kelley replied:

"Two medical officers have warned me that if I went through with the idea of a test there would be a line-up of doctors stretching from Queen's Park to the Toronto waterfront—all demanding my resignation."

The Shutes question the Toronto General Hospital test on several grounds. In the first place, they maintain, if it was meant to be a test of the Shute method, the Shutes' method should have been used, or, preferably, the Shutes should have been asked to participate in the test. They maintain that the Toronto General Hospital death rate in these heart-failure cases was higher than the normal death rate, with or without Vitamin E, suggesting "that people in the last stages of the disease were used in the test." They claim that, in comparison with the hospital's loss of eleven out of fifty heart-failure patients in seven months, the Shute Institute lost thirteen heart-failure cases out of one hundred and ninety-eight in twenty-seven months.

In a test of the Shute Vitamin E method, Dr. Wilfrid Shute suggests, at least half the patients should be "walking cases." Since more than half the patients in average stages of the disease are able to get around, this would still test Vitamin E on worse-than-average patients. The Shutes should be allowed to examine the patients and prescribe the initial dose, re-examine them in four weeks and adjust the dose if necessary, he adds.

Both Shutes say these conditions are necessary because a number of factors affect dosage and procedures in individual patients. For example, iron intake reduces the efficiency of Vita-

min E; a patient receiving insulin might be in danger of insulin shock if Vitamin E were administered without warning and supervision, since Vitamin E often greatly reduces the patient's insulin requirements. Blood pressure is elevated by Vitamin E at first, and patients with high blood pressure must be launched on Vitamin E gradually. A number of other conditions affect the Shutes' Vitamin E therapy, and none of these were taken into consideration, they say, in the Toronto test. Moreover, the patients in that series were given a flat three hundred international units of the vitamin daily, while in the Shutes' own practice the prescribed amount, depending on individual requirements, might vary from one hundred to six hundred units per day.

One of the criticisms made of the Shutes is that Vitamin E is too much like Old Doc Wampum's Snake Oil—good for too many diseases. The Shutes admit with a smile that it is almost embarrassing when a research scientist somewhere in the world comes up with a new disease or condition on which he has got good results with Vitamin E. But they point out that they have no control over the effects of Vitamin E—that they did not, for that matter, even discover the stuff themselves—and that they can only follow where Vitamin E leads.

The Shutes' theory of the action of Vitamin E on coronary thrombosis, the most lethal member of the heart disease family, is this: A clot forms in an artery near the heart, partially or wholly cutting off the ingredient which all muscles need for continued operation, blood oxygen. Deprived of oxygen, the top layer of cells in the area which depends wholly on the blood supply from that artery dies and scar tissue is formed to replace them. The poisons generated by the cells in dying "choke" the next underlying layer of cells, and its oxygen supply becomes inadequate for the carrying out of normal or near-normal functions.

The extent of the damage is in direct relationship to the tissues' requirement of oxygen. And that is where Vitamin E enters, the Shutes claim. By reducing, through some unknown means, the amount of oxygen a cell requires for normal function, Vitamin E minimizes the damage caused by oxygen deprivation. It enables cells to carry on with a smaller supply of oxygen than a Vitamin E-deprived cell needs, say the Shutes.

But Vitamin E is credited by them with at least two other virtues of interest to the potential heart victim: It hastens the formation of supplementary blood supply to deprived areas—the magical process by which the

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body rushes the construction of emergency blood vessels to a danger spot; and Vitamin E dissolves blood clots.

To thousands of Canadians who have no intention of thinking about their hearts for years to come, another aspect of Vitamin E will be of absorbing interest. Vitamin E, according to at least one noted coach and lay expert on health, seems to have a quite remarkable effect on athletic performance. Three years ago Lloyd Percival, director of Canada's nationwide Sports College and adviser on condition and nutrition to the Detroit Red Wings

hockey club, put the club on Vitamin E. It was three years ago that the Red Wings, admittedly an assortment of very good hockey players, started to make a shambles of the National Hockey League.

Percival considers his most remarkable test of Vitamin E was that carried out on a young would-be athlete, Pat Galasso. The boy was rated in general condition as "poor—extremely low endurance, recovery from effort very poor, strength low." This was after three years of athletic training, during which he had reached the high level

of his extremely modest capacities. After running four hundred and forty yards it took him three hours and twenty minutes to regain his normal pulse rate. He could do nineteen feet two and a half inches in running broad jump, averaged 6.3 seconds for the fifty-yard sprint, and had to quit a distance run at three quarters of a mile.

He was then put on three hundred international units of Vitamin E per day. In two weeks he recovered normal pulse after exertion six times as fast, added seven and three quarter inches to his broad jump, cut his fifty-yard time to 5.7 seconds, and ran one and two-third miles. Instead of his previous reaction of pallor, nausea, headache, and extreme discomfort in chest, Galasso declared he felt "real good, better than I ever have."

In his next test he improved again in every department, and the pattern continued for four more tests. Then Vitamin E was withdrawn. To prevent any chance of a psychological let-down, he was given capsules which looked the same, but contained no active ingredient. His performance immediately dropped. Back on Vitamin E, it went up again. The next time he was deprived of Vitamin E, his performance took a month to deteriorate. When Vitamin E was restored for two more months, the youth actually went out and won the eastern Canada broad jump with a leap of twenty-one feet ten and three-quarter inches—the best broad jump made in Canada in 1951. He ran second in the eastern Canada fifty-yard championship, in the fastest race he had ever run in his life. Last year Galasso, now a student at Queen's University, again won the eastern Canada broad jump.

#### Tobias Won the Mile

Another case that Percival considers remarkable is that of Charlie Tobias, a member of Percival's track team. "At the 1951 interscholastic track meet at New York Tobias couldn't do a thing," said Percival. "He worked hard, tried hard, but he lost weight and his legs became heavy. I can only describe his performance as dismal. In preparation for the 1952 meeting, Tobias didn't look any better. Three weeks before we left for New York I started him on Vitamin E. The result was nothing short of amazing—Tobias won the mile."

The patient of whom the Shutes are proudest is their own mother. At seventy-two Mrs. Shute senior had severe heart trouble, was unable to walk across a room. She became only the second patient to be treated with Vitamin E—and according to them one of the most spectacular. "It was," she said, "like a miracle. I was so much better that I could do things I hadn't done for years—even tend the furnace."

Now seventy-eight, Mrs. Shute is spry and active. "If," says Evan Shute, "giving our mother those additional years of happy and useful life were the only results of all that we have gone through—then it has been fully worth it."

Meanwhile the controversy continues unabated. The only thing a layman can be certain of is that the opponents of Vitamin E still far outnumber its advocates. A group of heart specialists, asked for their opinions on Vitamin E, declined to comment for publication on the grounds, as two of them put it, that it was "better to let the claims die down than to answer them." Medical advisers to the Heart Foundation of Ontario also had no statement to make on Vitamin E. "The foundation," said one, "was not incorporated for that purpose." ★



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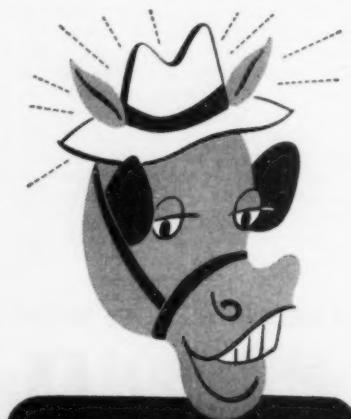
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## Backstage at Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

want one. General Van Fleet was even more candid with allied diplomats than he has been in his magazine articles; he had always been opposed to a truce in Korea and he hadn't changed his opinion. The Western allies believed his opinion was shared by other generals, perhaps even those who were negotiating with the Chinese at Panmunjom.

There were others who feared a truce not on military but on political grounds. They were afraid of the political conference that would follow a soldiers' armistice. The United States has not yet formulated a definite policy in the Far East. The only Far Eastern policy likely to be acceptable to a Republican Congress is most unlikely to be acceptable to the other Allied Powers. Therefore the longer a political conference can be deferred, the longer we all postpone an embarrassing situation.

Canadians were reassured to find that this was not the view of the Eisenhower Administration. President Eisenhower himself, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Omar Bradley, were all determined to end the Korean War as quickly as possible on any honorable terms.

Even more reassuring, perhaps, was the evidence that Congress had the same desire. When the atrocity stories first came out after the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war, Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire demanded an investigation. Nobody paid the slightest attention. It was evident that the American voter, and therefore the American Congressman, wanted the boys brought home as fast as possible. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's hopes for a major war in Asia, by which American troops would restore him to power on the Chinese mainland, found no echo on Capitol Hill.

Talks of this character, by the way, are no mere interchanges of personal views between two congenial individuals. Mr. St. Laurent took with him to the White House extensive and detailed briefs on every topic he intended to discuss. External Affairs officials had worked on these briefs for days, in Ottawa and in Washington.

Among the documents thus composed was the communique which was

issued to the Press, reporting what had gone on at the Eisenhower-St. Laurent conferences. One draft of this was completed, and circulated in Ottawa, at least a week before the Prime Minister's departure. A second and semifinal draft was distributed in Washington on the Tuesday, two days before take-off.

It's fair to add that the final version was brought up to date by additions and interpolations penciled in by people who had attended the conference itself, before it was mimeographed for release to the Press. Most of it, though, could have been handed out even if both men had been smitten with laryngitis and hadn't uttered a word.

ANY COUNTRY'S immigration policy is its own business, and Canada too makes a policy of excluding people who belong either to the Communist Party or to any of its recognized "front" organizations. Still, the new United States immigration law, the so-called McCarran Act, does seem to work sometimes more harshly than was ever intended.

An Alberta school principal, now a leading figure in his community, was unemployed in 1932. He got in with a Communist group and signed a party card. He soon quarreled with the comrades, got out of the party and later joined the CCF, of which he is still a member in good standing.

Last summer he took a year's leave of absence to complete his studies for a doctor's degree at Stanford University, California. He moved his wife and family down and spent two thirds of a pleasant, profitable year there.

A few weeks ago he got word that his visa had expired and that if he wanted to complete the university year he would have to return to Canada and re-enter the United States. He did so, leaving his wife and children at Stanford. When he got back to Alberta and reappeared at the United States border he was refused admission. He had once been a Communist Party member, they said, and therefore the law forbade him to enter the U.S.

M. J. Coldwell, CCF leader, took up the Albertan's case with External Affairs in Ottawa. They were sympathetic, but they didn't hold out any hope of being able to do anything for him. Immigration law is an internal matter, and the McCarran Act allows an immigration officer no discretion. It looks as if the school principal will have to let his two thirds of a year's work go to waste and, like Moses, stop at the frontier of the Promised Land. ★



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## Can the West Stand Peace?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

refused to let a public power contract to the British company which submitted the lowest tender. Among many editorials deplored this, none were more supercilious than those appearing in Canada. But less than a year ago, the Canadian government took precisely the same attitude toward a low bid from the Netherlands. The Dutch Minister of Economic Affairs, here to see our International Trade Fair, had asked Right Hon. C. D. Howe if Dutch firms might bid on Canadian defense contracts. Mr. Howe indiscreetly said "Sure."

Tenders were called for on a contract for army boots. By fast work on trans-Atlantic planes, a Dutch syndicate was able to put in a bid before the thirty-day deadline, and their bid turned out to be thirty percent lower than the next lowest bid, which came from a shoe factory in Quebec. Who got the contract? You get only one guess—the factory in Quebec. The Dutch were told, good-naturedly but firmly, that to accept their low bid was politically impossible.

Another case, even more recent and even more relevant, was the sale of Cuban refined sugar in Ontario. Sugar imports were threatening the markets of Ontario sugar-beet growers, who clamored for a higher tariff or an import quota. The government piously refused to raise the tariff or to impose anything so immoral as quota restrictions. But C. D. Howe got in touch with the Cuban exporters, and had the Cuban shipments stopped altogether.

### Adam Smith Isn't Enough

Canadian government economists will argue, with rather red faces, that "this was different." This wasn't a violation of the Geneva agreements, nor the kind of "blunt instrument" that a general tariff increase would have been. This was just a private personal deal for mutual advantage. Maybe they are right. But in any case, Cuban sugar in Ontario proved one thing: No country, not excepting Canada, will tolerate foreign competition that knocks out a large and important home industry. So we might as well stop preaching to the Americans, and urging them to do something we won't do ourselves.

Instead, we might concentrate on something more useful and constructive. We might try to figure out some alternative method that would give reasonable protection to American industries without shutting out imported goods altogether. "We've got to suggest some alternative," a U. S. government economist said. "It's not enough just to quote Adam Smith at them."

"You may tell me the U. S. economy is the strongest in the world, and that any American industries which can't compete are unimportant and uneconomic. That's true. But what do I say to a senator from Utah, who tells me 'my whole state is founded on those unimportant industries'? There isn't a single thing that Utah produces which can't be made cheaper somewhere else."

No American administration, Democratic or Republican, is going to adopt a policy that will put the entire state of Utah out of work. If you think a Canadian government would behave differently, ask yourself what would happen if American steel and coal knocked out the industry of Nova Scotia.

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But there are alternatives to mere restrictionism, and the U. S. government economist suggested one or two. He wondered how much it would cost to buy up the capital assets, retrain or pension off the workers, of uneconomic industries and whole industrial areas. He wondered if this would cost as much as the Marshall Plan, and if it wouldn't do even more good in the long run.

This is bold thinking in any country and not something to be carried out the day after tomorrow. Meanwhile, the only thing to do is to keep our heads and our tempers, and not expect miracles. "Neither we nor the British have yet faced the fact that we lost the American election," a Canadian official said wryly. "We keep thinking Eisenhower is a Democrat. He isn't, he's a Republican. The Republican Party has always been protectionist. It's just silly to think Eisenhower should, or could, tackle his whole party head-on and reverse the policy of the last hundred years. He can't possibly do it, and he'd weaken himself if he tried."

There's reason to hope, though, that time and the test of events may modify Republican policy. Already big business, the giant companies which are the real foundation of American prosperity, are converts to freedom of international trade and reduction of American protective tariff. The oil companies, steel companies, automobile companies want their foreign customers to earn enough to keep on buying American exports. They may yet convert a business-minded Congress, but it will take time. Economists in both capitals are unanimously glum, in private, but we might remember that they were equally glum in 1946. What sensible man would have predicted then that a Republican Congress would enact the Marshall Plan, the most enlightened single act of statesmanship in all history?

Today, therefore, a sensible man may hope that another Republican Congress may do other things which appear equally unlikely. Here are some of the things it might do:

1. Carry out President Eisenhower's own suggestion, in his great speech of April 16, that some of the money now spent upon arms might be spent building up the underdeveloped, underprivileged areas of the world. Much has already been done in this field, by the Colombo Plan and the Point Four program, which has not yet had time to bear fruit. It might not take much, relatively speaking, to raise the world's production level by a considerable fraction.

2. Adopt the British plan, or some other equally effective, to make the



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pound sterling freely interchangeable with the dollar. Such a scheme would cost the American taxpayer little or nothing so long as the pound remained strong, but would become very expensive if the pound became weak. Therefore it would be in the American as well as British interest to let Britain earn as many dollars as she can.

3. Reform the U. S. tariff structure and administration, perhaps on the advice of the eleven-man commission which President Eisenhower has already recommended, to allow an increase of American imports without ruining any important American industry.

4. Continue economic aid to European countries, perhaps in a different form and on a different scale, but enough to bridge the narrowing gap between their expanding purchases from the U. S. and Canada and their expanding sales. The important thing is that production everywhere, and trade among all countries, keep on expanding.

### The Inevitable Ups and Downs

Meanwhile Canada at least is in better shape to endure heavy economic weather than she has ever been before. Canada's population is half as big again as it was in 1929, when the stock-market crash set off the Great Depression. Real per capita income is up fifty-six percent, too, so the domestic market for Canadian farm and factory is twice what it was in the Twenties.

Canada has a program of social insurance that didn't exist twenty years ago. Unemployment insurance, floor prices for farmers, family allowances, old-age pensions combine to weave a safety net under the economy, a floor below which the national income cannot fall. It may be a low floor by present standards, but it would have looked like wealth and ease in 1932.

Canada has a new self-confidence in her own strength and ability. In the 1930s the late Hon. Norman Rogers, a real small-l liberal whose interest in human welfare was as deep as any man's, brushed aside a CCF motion for unemployment relief works because the scheme would cost one hundred million dollars, a preposterous sum. It's no longer preposterous. No Canadian government would hesitate today to launch public works on a mass scale to keep men working and money circulating. Things that were turned down in a time of full employment, like the South Saskatchewan River dam, would be virtual certainties in slack times.

None of these things are enough to make a depression impossible. We haven't solved the problem of the business cycle; a free economy still has ups and downs. It will take skill, forbearance and mutual co-operation to make Malenkov's "peace offensive" a Communist defeat instead of a Communist victory.

But it can be done. Economic surveys in Canada and the U. S. alike point to needs for peacetime investment—needs for more schools, more hospitals, more homes—which could more than take up the slack of defense spending. As for European nations, they have been complaining bitterly about the burdens of rearmament; presumably they can manage the burdens of peace.

The big question is whether we can work together for mutual prosperity as we have worked for mutual safety. If the western nations can have the same regard for each other's interests in peace as in war, then Malenkov's "peace offensive" will end in victory for our side. ★

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## MAILBAG

### WELCOME TO THE WEST INDIES



I have just finished reading Eric Hutton's article, *The West Indies Want to Join Us* (Apr. 15). In my opinion, it is one of the best articles *Maclean's* has had.

I am completely in favor of union with the West Indies. We have need of them and they need us. True, there would be a strain financially but I believe that Canada is capable, with her vast natural resources, of overcoming this.

Canada is becoming one of the great world powers and if so, she needs a much larger population; also she needs the products the West Indies can give her.—W. David Mitchell, Lombardy, Ont.

• I felt that the article covered the short-range advantages with remarkable clarity, but it omitted discussion



of the effect such a union would have on world trade.

To bring the West Indies into the Canadian dollar area would mean a gigantic reduction in sterling-area earnings. This would probably result in further reductions of sterling purchases in Canada, a further strain on the British economy, and a further degeneration in world trade.—Alexander Paton, Regina.

• This well-written and informative feature reveals the mutual economic and social advantages of an incorporation of the West Indies with Canada.

I challenge any democratic Canadian to visit a Caribbean island such as Jamaica and not be touched by the unhappy social conditions. Who can revel in the luxury of one of Jamaica's magnificent hotels without contrasting it with the crude wooden huts of the natives? Who can escape the imploring stare of the railway station vendor who begs for the tourist's shilling in return for a stick of tangerines?

Many of the Jamaicans feel a tie of sentiment and tradition with the British way of life. Yet many, in their poverty, are turning to a political system which is the antithesis of democracy. And we wonder why.—Norman Hayward, Islington, Ont.

### Financing the Festival

I would like to thank you for the article, *Shakespeare Gets a New Home Town* (May 1), and compliment writer Alan Phillips on a fine piece of work.

There is one item, however, which is rather drastically premature . . . "Canadian business—one third of it Stratford—has put up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, no strings attached."

Much as we would like this in the past tense, as yet it belongs to the future subjunctive. Stratford alone

has done a remarkable job in raising a third of the funds to underwrite the Shakespearean Festival expenses, but it cannot carry the entire financial burden. The festival is more than a one-town effort. Its nature, personnel and dimension make it a nationwide project on which rests much of Canada's reputation. We trust that it will have the full national support that it deserves.—H. T. Patterson, general manager, Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation, Stratford, Ont.

### Baxter's Friends and Foes

After repeated professions of objectivity in stating the alleged plight of the British Labour Party in his London Letter, Baxter observes: "Europe today is covered with the corpses of Socialist parties."

What are the facts?

In Britain, socialists are the Opposition, with more popular votes than the Government. In Norway, they form the government. In Sweden and Finland they form the government in coalition with farm groups. In Denmark they were the government, but bowed out to a coalition with an equal number of seats. In the Netherlands the Socialist Party recently emerged, for the first time, as the largest single party and heads a coalition government. In Belgium the Socialists, led by the well-known Paul-Henri Spaak, is the second largest party. With the division in the De Gaulist party in France the Socialists are today the largest single party of France. In Germany they are the Opposition with a very good prospect of being the government.—Donald C. MacDonald, Ottawa.

• When Beverley Baxter writes on political subjects he is completely unreliable and his memory takes leave of him.

In a recent article he tells us how his party was always in favor of the welfare



legislation put into effect by the Labour Government. And yet I can remember quite well the ridicule and the dire predictions of a nation of people living off each other. In fact we can even remember how impossible it was going to be for a Labour government to ever get into power in the first place.

Now Baxter is shedding more crocodile tears because he can't see any place for the Labour Party to go. Cheer up Baxter, the Labour Party will probably look after itself without your help as it did before.—Leigh R. Telfer, Ilderton, Ont.

• Would it be asking too much for my 15c if you could transfer the

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London Letter from page four to sixty-four, as the tripe he writes should not be published next to Blair Fraser's enlightened commentary.—A. D. Odell, Edmonton.

• Have just read what I call most abusive criticism on Baxter's article. Wow!!!—only a *big* man could take that. May you always have Baxter with you.—Henrietta M. Walker, Providence, R.I.

• We need more men like Mr. Baxter who will speak out honestly and clearly.—Gordon F. Hughes, Windsor, N.S.

• Tripe can be quite appetizing and wholesome if seasoned and cooked right and pleasingly served. B. B. is a fair chef.—George Kennedy, Ottawa.

• Baxter makes the remarkable statement that it is "unfortunate" Aneurin Bevan was born Welshman.

Permit me to assure him that Welsh folk, whether or not they support Bevan's policy, are well content to accept the judgment of cultured peoples throughout the world, and to regard themselves as being in no sense inferior to their immediate neighbors.—F. Douglas Warlow, Winnipeg.

• When I read with amusement the frothy letters of the critics of Beverley Baxter, I am reminded of the Spanish proverb which goes: "The dogs bark but the caravan moves on."—W. J. McCulloch, Burlington, Ont.

• Beverley Baxter mentions that during World War II "Princess Elizabeth was a WAAF or something in uniform." He has his uniforms somewhat mixed. Princess Elizabeth was a member of the ATS (Transport Division). She often donned overalls during her training and had to crawl underneath messy trucks and cars.—Mrs. Gwyneth M. Shirley, Cochrane, Ont.

• I was a voter in England in 1900 and my memory reminds me who was in the saddle throughout Europe—the inherent Tory evils of those days paved the way for Communism. Every measure of social reform we enact will take us one jump away from Communism.

It will take more than a B.B. gun fired from across the Atlantic to deceive

Canadians whose memory is not dulled by prejudice or false prosperity.—Jas. Owen, Port Perry, Ont.

• Beverley Baxter's pen is magic.—Nora Bruce, Stoneleigh, Ont.

• I wonder whether Mr. Beverley Baxter could be prevailed upon to write some articles on "Dukes I have *not* dined with." Surely there is here room for an interesting and quite lengthy series, and it would possess all the charms of novelty.—W. D. Woodhead, Montreal.

• Mr. Beverley Baxter loves to tell us all about his talks with kings, princes, and peers, and about the castles, palaces, and manors he has slept in. He never seems to want to tell us about the real people of England who live in cottages, hovels and council houses.—Quentin Waight, Seattle, Wash.

• They read him though, don't they? Maybe some day they will catch on.—M. G. Penfold, Toronto.

• I find Mr. Baxter's articles to be well written and interesting. But I really think that to be fair you ought to print the views of his political opponents . . . Let's have some British fair play.—J. D. Elliott, Timmins, Ont.

• The Mailbag poses the question: What to do with Bev! Bump him. Burn him. Bore him, or just brown him. Actually I think Baxter's a scoop.—H. P. Hebbes, Carceland, Alta.

#### A Sense of Balance

Your editorial, An Epitaph for Stalin (Apr. 15), impressed me very much. It was short, neat, concise and well-written. The attempt was made, if I interpret correctly, to achieve a sense of proportion—sense of balance—on a highly controversial figure. This is a quality which I admire greatly and which all too often is lacking in our thinking.—John Aird, Kingston, Ont.

• A disgrace and a distortion of fact . . . You state Maclean's cannot believe Stalin took evil pleasure from the murders. One of the most famous quotes given by Stalin was, "I can think of no greater pleasure than plotting an adversary's downfall, seeing him come

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Commemorative Issue  
To Follow Precedent

## The Coronation Postage Stamp

The use of postage stamps as we know them today was introduced in Canada little more than 100 years ago. It dates from 1851. At that time each one of the several colonies of British North America still administered its own postal system, and the Province of Canada, which then consisted of Ontario and Quebec, issued stamps in the denominations of three pence, six pence and one shilling. (Pounds, shillings and pence were the official currency in those days.)



The issue of postage stamps as commemorative emblems—a function quite supplementary to their normal one of indicating the prepayment of charges for the transmission of mail—did not develop as an element of Post Office practice until many years later.



In this momentous year, the Post Office Department again marks an occasion of great significance by the issue of a stamp to commemorate the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.



On the 1st of June, the 4-cent stamp reproduced above, displaying a profile of Her Majesty, will be available at all Post Offices in Canada. This stamp was designed by the eminent Canadian sculptor, Emmanuel Hahn, R.C.A., S.S.C. Its issue will again reflect the respect and deep devotion of the Canadian people towards their Sovereign.



This continues the practice followed on the previous occasion of the Coronation in 1937 of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Sixteen years ago the Commemorative Stamp, recalled in the reproduction below, was the corresponding 3-cent issue. A double-size stamp, it bore the likenesses of the late King and the present Queen Mother.



Commemorative Stamp of 1937



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General

to his end and then going to bed, sleeping the victor's sleep."—Edmund J. McKay, Toronto.

• The best indictment of the Communist mentality I have seen. A terrific job.—Jock Carroll, Toronto.

• About the stupidest thing I've read about that man and quite unworthy of your magazine.—Mrs. Grace W. Gleed, Okanagan Centre, B.C.

• I wonder if you appreciate your position in Canada, if you realize your responsibilities in forming public opinion. If you do, what did you hope to gain by such a naive, confusing and hopelessly stupid editorial?—Mrs. C. B. Shipton, Arvida, Que.

• Your editorial stood head and shoulders above any other editorial on that subject. I hope it was read carefully and thoughtfully by many people.—Mrs. J. N. D. Holden, Toronto.

• I am quite at a loss to understand this joining of names of Senator McCarthy with that of the Communist dictator Stalin.—Mrs. Myrtle B. Gooch, Winnipeg.

### That Buffalo Mystery

In the Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo (Dec. 15, 1952) Charles Neville was right when he said cattle paw the snow to uncover grass to feed on. I have seen it happen many times with cattle here at home.

What's more, the caribou (Newfoundland deer) does it to uncover the lichens on which it feeds. Does it seem strange that the buffalo should do it?—C. Keeping, English Hr. West, Nfld.

### Before the Firing Squad

The prize story, The Firing Squad (Dec. 15), was quite a story. However, it simply could not happen under existing Canadian military law.

Execution for desertion "in the face of the enemy" was discontinued by the Canadian Government during World War I, in 1917 I believe.—W. F. Routly, London, Ont.

Although Colin McDougall's story was not intended to represent a factual military execution, it is a fact that a Canadian private was executed in Italy in 1945.

### Who Stole the Chicken?

I quote from Robert Thomas Allen, The Dumbest Cluck on the Farm (March 1): "The chicken provided the U. S. Republican Party with its campaign slogan for 1932, 'A chicken in every pot.'

Henry IV, King of France (1589-1610) evidently plagiarized the idea from the U. S. Republican Party, when he said to the Duke of Savoy: "Je veux que le dimanche chaque paysan ait sa poule au pot."—Charles Schoenijahn, New Liskeard, Ont.

### Somebody Loves Us

I wish to congratulate you for a fine magazine, which I read in this order:

1. The Editorial.
2. Beverley Baxter's London Letter. I wouldn't miss it for anything.
3. Jasper cartoon. Always like to know what Jasper's up to.
4. In the Editors' Confidence. I like the little notes.
5. Blair Fraser. Sometimes I don't read his until the last because I think he's biased. He's a Liberal, in my estimation.
6. Parade. It is really interesting.
7. Mailbag. It is too. Then I read the articles and fiction.—Mrs. Albert A. Baggott, Magog, Que.

### Pointers on Pugwash

It is evident McKenzie Porter knows more about Cyrus Eaton (The Boy Who Listened to Rockefeller, May 1) than about Pugwash, his birthplace. "The skimpy little village" of Pugwash is nearly as large as some of our small towns and indeed is laid out like a town with five streets and three cross-streets . . . In the days of "wooden ships and iron men" Pugwash carried on extensive shipping and possessed a thriving shipbuilding business, even boasting its own weekly newspaper. And just a word of correction: The Margaret King School is in Pugwash Junction, not Pugwash.—Rev. C. R. Elliott, Bridgetown, N.S.

### Deep in the Soup

I was interested, intrigued and amused by Soups You Can Cut With a Knife (April 1). I would just like your writer to know that not all women always make those pastel-colored dain-



ties he dislikes. For years I have been feeding my husband a concoction known as Stoup—a not very subtle name for something in content, flavor and food value between soup and stew. We enjoy it very much but some of our relatives are afraid to try an icebox meal here because they heard me mention oatmeal as a possible ingredient!—Mrs. E. Pritchard, Toronto.

### Is Blair a "Rotten Tory"?

Your issues of recent years always knife the Liberal Party . . . I probably know more of the pedigree of Blair Fraser than he does himself: some honest Conservatives, some "rotten Tories"; he seems to be immersed in the latter solution.—T. O. White, Winnipeg.

• I read Blair Fraser's usually interesting and often penetrating remarks on Canadian affairs with considerable enjoyment. But his column from Washington (Feb. 15) suggests he has caught the prevalent American disease of ignoring smaller and less powerful sovereign nations in North America. By all means let us have criticism of Ottawa stuffiness and obstructionism . . . but Canada is sensitive to the presence of American armed forces on her soil—and justifiably so. The Canadian sensitiveness on this subject which Fraser thinks so amusing is based on a very real and profound threat not only to our institutions but to our sovereignty by our dear but maladroit and heavy-handed neighbor to the south.—Peter Waite, Halifax.

### Louis is to the Left

Louis St. Laurent's expression of shock and surprise in the cartoon on page 5 of your April 15 issue at finding the Social Credit in the Opposition is mild compared to the shock he will have when he finds that your artist has put the Government to the left of Mr. Speaker.—William L. Archer, Toronto. ★

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## WIT AND WISDOM



**TREAD LIGHTLY** Speech is similar to a wheel in that the longer the spoke the greater the tire. — *Calgary Albertan*.

**GLAD YOU'RE NOT HERE** Some folks write long letters about the fun they are having on vacation. Those having the fun don't have time to write. — *Sudbury Star*.

**BARE FACT** "Your mother wouldn't like it if she saw you in that skimpy bathing suit."

"I'm afraid you're right. It's her suit." — *Alaska Highway News*.

**KID STUFF** Your children would be easier to handle if you pretended they were the neighbors'. — *Brandon Sun*.

**ON SECOND THOUGHT** Most so-called "necessary evils" are far more evil than necessary. — *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

**CAR CONSCIENCE** The automobile is a great moral force: it has practically eliminated horse-stealing. — *Calgary Herald*.

**REFUEL** When you feel like a worn-out cigarette lighter, that means the spirit is there but the old spark's gone. — *Moose Jaw Times-Herald*.

**PLUPERFECT** These are trying days for the Russian propagandists who must recall that everything was perfect under Stalin but will be better from now on. — *Victoria Colonist*.

### JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

**TRAIN TANGLE** The businessman had been pacing the platform for more than an hour although the ticket agent had assured him that his train would be on time. Finally he strode angrily to the ticket window. "Why didn't you tell me this train was late when I asked you an hour ago?"

"Look here, mister," said the agent. "I ain't paid to sit here and knock the railroad." — *Fort William Times-Journal*.

**SORE HEAD** The chairman rapped for order while the restless crowd suffered a long-winded after-dinner speaker. A man who sat very near the chairman was hit on the head by the gavel. He muttered: "Hit me again, I can still hear him." — *Vancouver Province*.

**DEEP SOUTH** The tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the United States-Canada border an old woman's newly purchased farm lay. Surveyors finally announced that it was just inside the United States border. She was greatly relieved.

"I'm so glad," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe." — *Semans (Sask.) Gazette*.

**PIONEER STOCK** Teacher: "When I was no bigger than you, I could reel off all the prime ministers in order without hesitation."

Johnnie: "Yeah. But there was only Sir John A. Macdonald then." — *Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

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**M**AN IN Pleasant Home, Man., is now convinced it's all true what they say about women drivers. In a restaurant he overheard this breezy female comment: "Oh, I don't think parallel parking is so difficult. I just back up until I hit the car behind. Then I pull up until I hit the car in front. I do that several times and all of a sudden I'm parked."

A weary-eyed insomnia victim showed up at the out-patient clinic of a hospital near Seven Islands, Que. Hadn't slept a wink for three days and nights, he said.

He took his place in the long waiting-room lineup. Finally, nearly an hour later, the doctor called his name—but the patient didn't need him. He was sound asleep on the bench.

A London, Ont., radio announcer finished a newscast with a grim description of three accidents which, within the last twenty-four hours, had injured four people.

He paused for breath, then plunged into the next announcement: "Let's all help the Kinsmen Club keep this month accident-free in London."

The meter read eight dollars when the Vancouver taxi driver delivered a passenger to his far suburban home. This, the passenger said, he didn't have and couldn't get. "But wait a minute. I'll be right back and fix you up good," he promised and hurried indoors.

The startled cabbie looked up a minute later to see his fare bearing

A women's group near Sylvan Lake, Alta., threw a farewell party for a friend and, after a suitable speech, presented her with a gift. The guest of honor, a woman of few words, was quite overwhelmed. She blushed, fidgeted and finally turned to the woman who'd made the presentation. "I just don't know what to say—would you do it for me?" she pleaded.

Whereupon the speechmaker found herself saying thank-you for the gift she'd just presented.

A Canadian war veteran reports that even Korea has its lighter moments. One day he approached a



stretch of dirt road boldly labeled: MARILYN MONROE STRETCH.

Two miles and twenty-three sharp curves later another sign read: SEE WHY?

When Port Credit, Ont., opened its first liquor store the drugstore across the street was ready. The feature display of its show window was a large bubbling glass of a well-known headache remedy.

In Kelowna, B.C., the telephones switched to the dial system after years of the operators' "Number, please." But one elderly woman couldn't learn to distinguish between the busy signal and the ringing of the phone at the other end when a proper connection was made. So each time she called her grocer and the line was busy she waited.

Eventually the busy signal rang into the phone company's trouble room and a trouble shooter answered her call. After several futile attempts to convince her she wasn't talking to the grocer, the telephone men gave up.

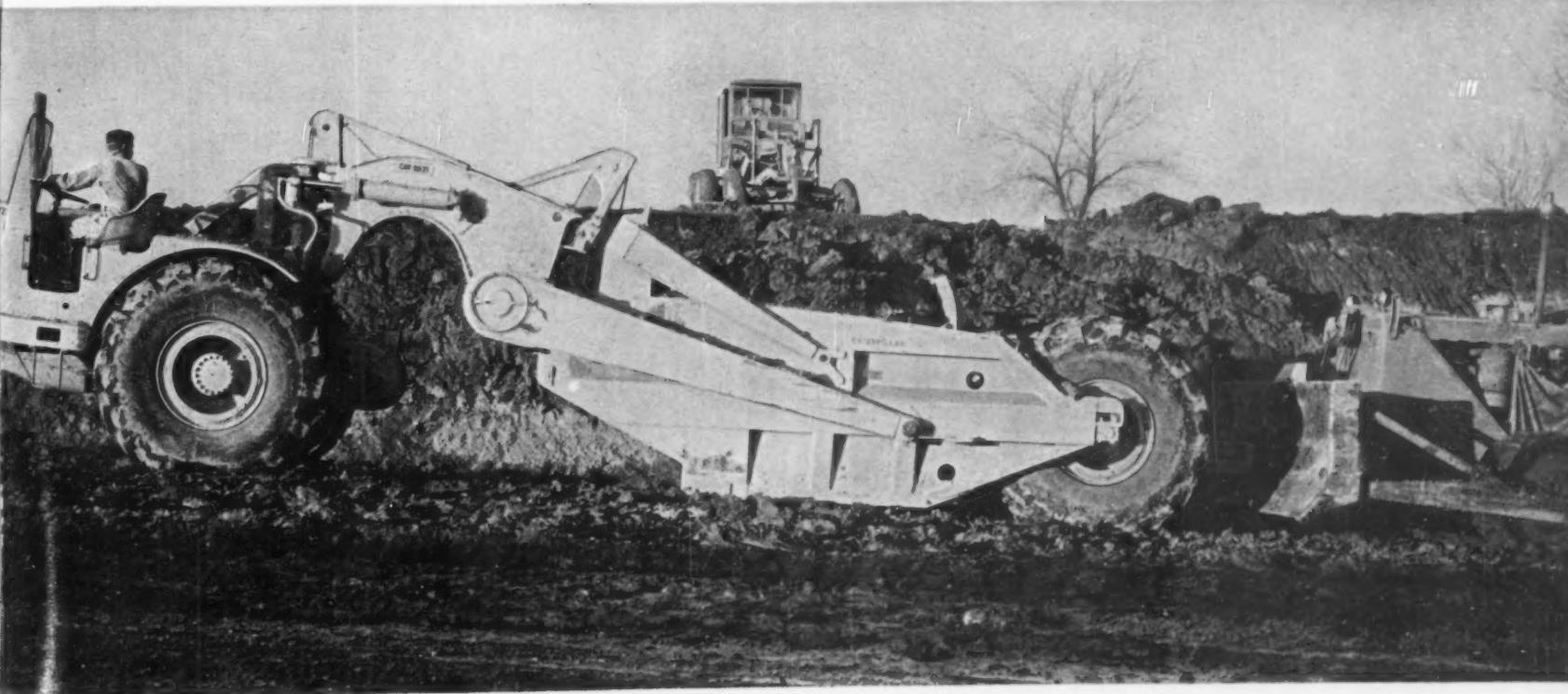
Now, when she gets the busy signal, they answer, take down her order and relay it to the grocer when his line is clear. So far, not one order has gone astray.

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